The Saturday Evening
POST
October 26, 1957 — 15¢

OCT 22 '57

The Day Texas City Blew Up:
DEATH ON THE WATER FRONT
By Milton MacKaye

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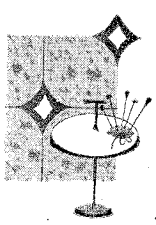
Floor is Armstrong Cork Tile, Style 410 in Mocha Tan.

it took a bit of brass... and a cork tile floor



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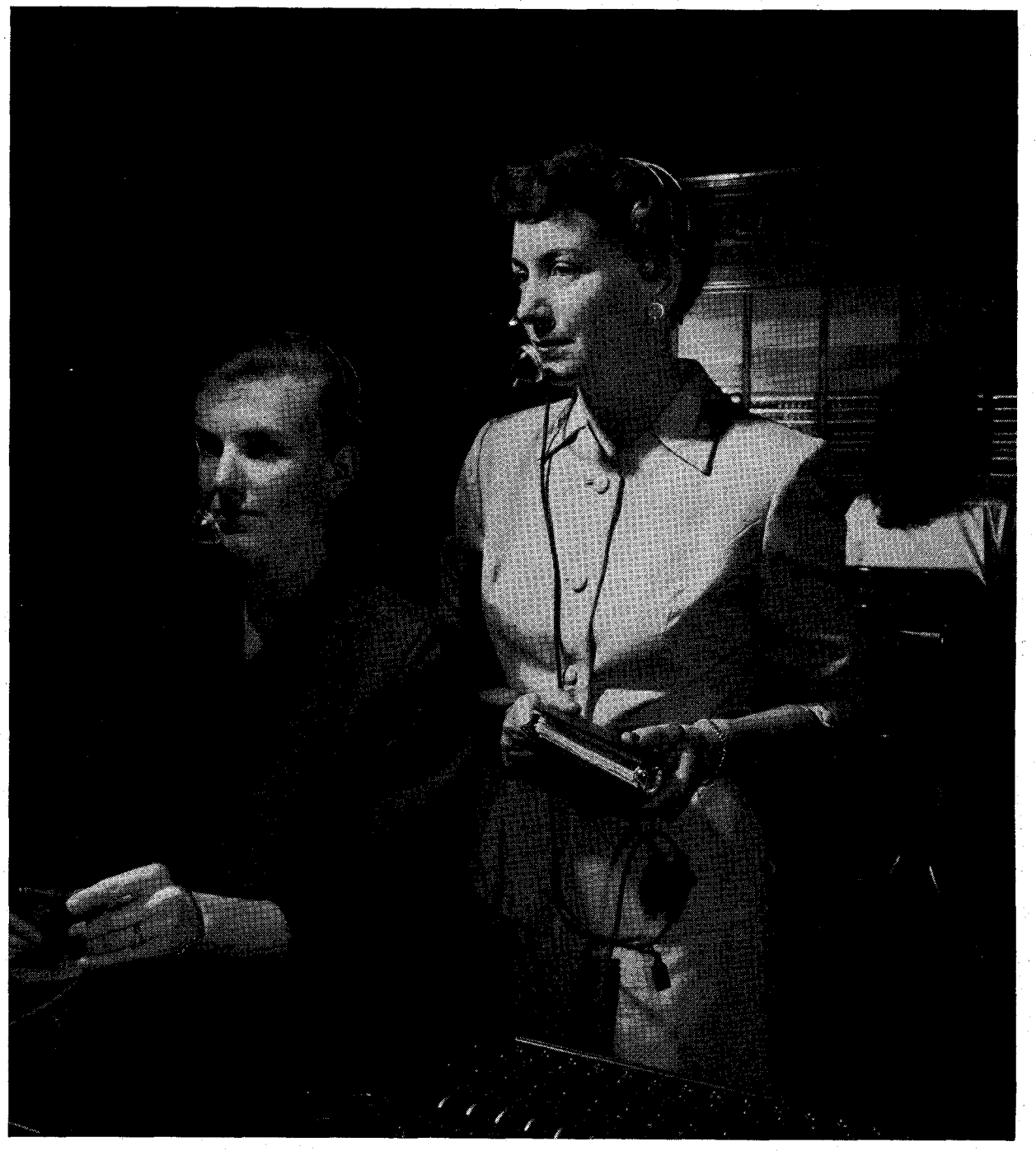
A Voice of Experience behind the "Voice with a Smile"



JEAN BULLENE LENDS AN ASSIST. *As a supervisor in the Garden Grove, Calif., telephone office, Jean conducts training and works with her group of operators in providing the best possible service.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

Day and night in your telephone company central office there are courteous, efficient women like Jean Bullene to help handle any unusual situation, and make sure your calls go through quickly and easily.

Know-how and team spirit make Jean (Mrs. Jack) Bullene well suited for her responsible job.

She helps train new telephone operators and is ready with immediate answers to any questions that arise in connection with the many local and long distance calls that go through each day.

She's a Voice of Experience behind the Voice with a Smile.

"I love this work," says Jean, "because I get a real feeling that I'm helping people in a very personal way. I know how important their telephone messages are and I'm proud to have a hand in keeping my neighbors in touch with family and friends here in Garden Grove and out of town."

Jean combines her telephone company work with a neighborly role in the life of her community. She has often observed that the spirit of service in the telephone company is contagious. And her many off-duty activities bear this out. When she's not busy with music, gardening and remodeling her attractive home, she pitches in on Cub Scout work.

As you can well imagine, Jean never has time to be lonely. But on the subject of loneliness she has this to say: "No one ever needs to be alone when there's a telephone handy. It's so easy to keep in touch with your neighbors or friends who are miles away."

JEAN APPLIES WAR PAINT *to her son as his Cub Scout den embarks on an Indian lore project. She has also worked with the Girl Scouts.*

Working together to bring people together

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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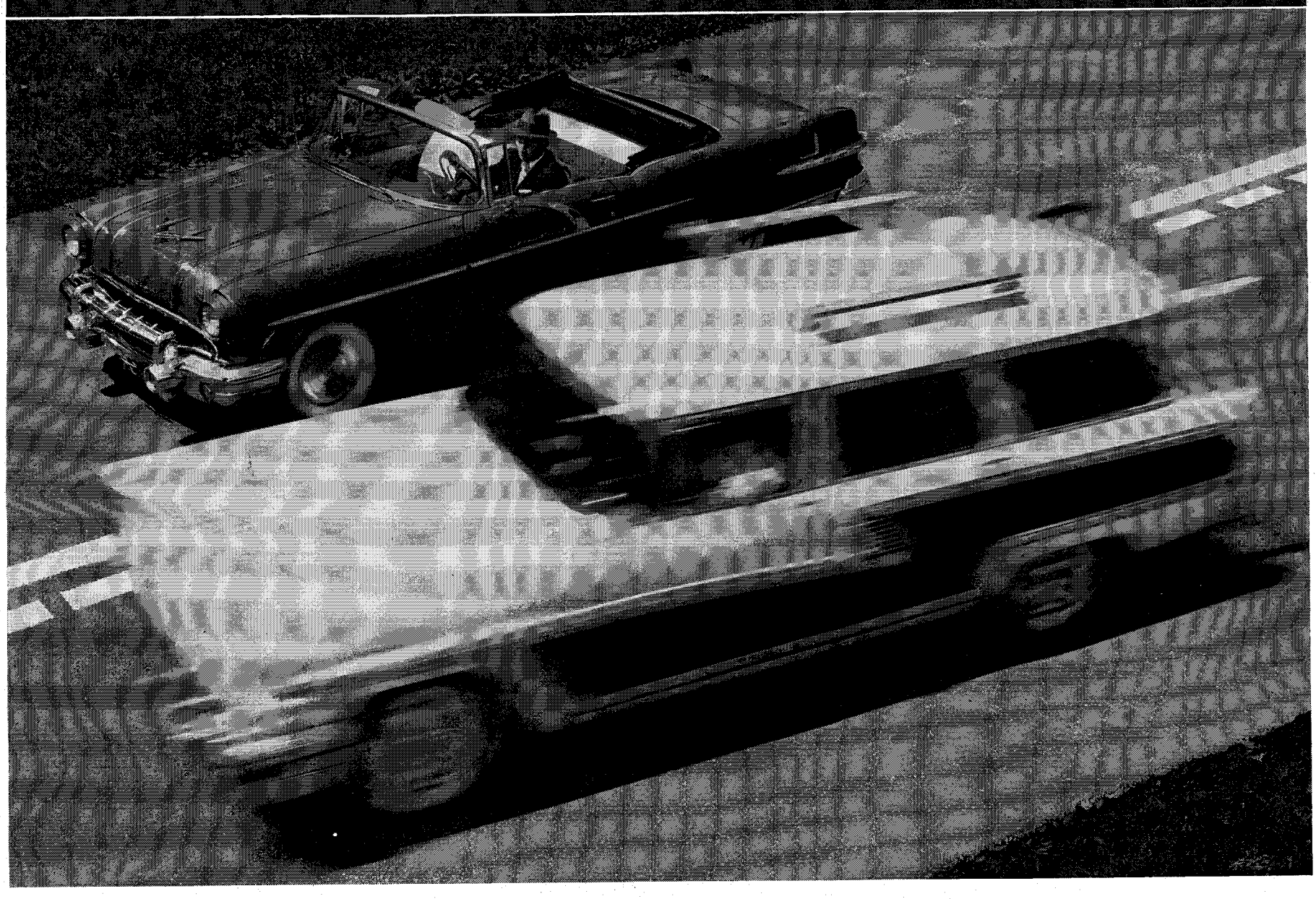

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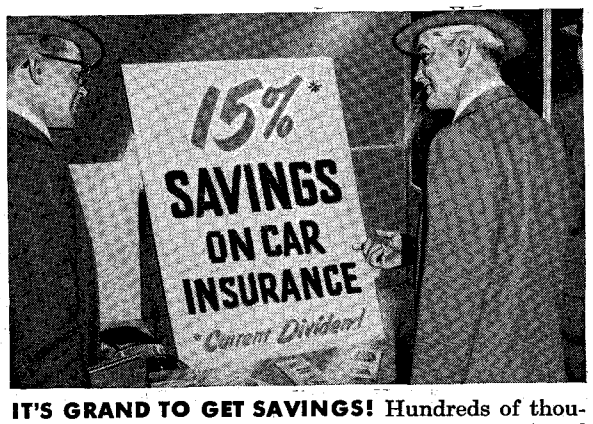

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IN THIS ISSUE

October 26, 1957 — *Vol. 230, No. 17*

4 Short Stories

Love is a Risk . . . . . *Nancy Pope Mayorga* 22
The Brushoff . . . . . *Peggy Simson Curry* 26
Trial Surgery . . . . . *Kenneth Landon* 31
The Child No One Wanted . . . . . *Neill C. Wilson* 34

7 Articles

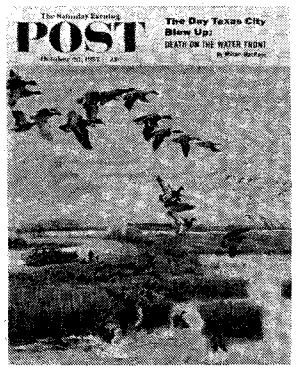
Death on the Water Front . . . . . *Milton MacKaye* 19
The Face of America: The Hues of Autumn
Photograph by Harland Sutherland 24
Johnny Can Read in Joplin . . . . . *Roul Tunley* 27
An American is Tried in Paris . . . . . *Toni Howard* 28
Pro Football's All-Around Man . . . . . *Stanley Frank* 30
Good Duty if You Can Get It (A Post Picture Story) . . . *John Burns* 32
They All Gave Me Advice . . . . . *Leonard Lyons* 36

2 Serials

Hornblower and the Star of the South (Conclusion) . . . *C. S. Forester* 38
Trouble at Midas Creek (Fourth of seven parts) . . . *Robert Ormond Case* 43

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse 52, 55, 67, 74, 82, 96
Keeping Posted 112



THE COVER

When Jack Frost whistles down the breezeways, right-minded birds take off toward the balmy Southland. Some human beings are depressed because they haven't wings to do likewise, yet, all told, it's probably nicer to be a man than, say, a mallard duck. This is a migratory flyway in the lakelands of Alberta, favored by birds of that feather which like to swipe their meals from grainfields and rest their weary bones on soft, or even hard, water. Down the Mississippi Valley this sky traffic will V-wing its way, and the smarter ducks that go clear to the Gulf Coast can take a gander at the New Orleans Mardi Gras. John Clymer says that you can't see him way out there in the tall rushes because he is bending over trying to get his gum boots unstuck from the mud.

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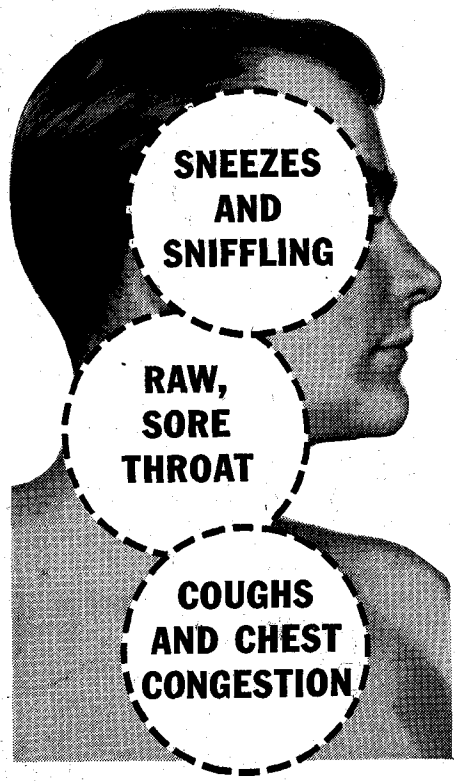

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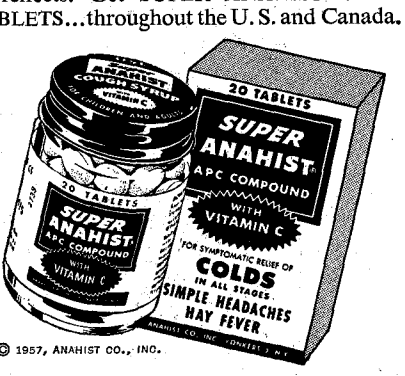
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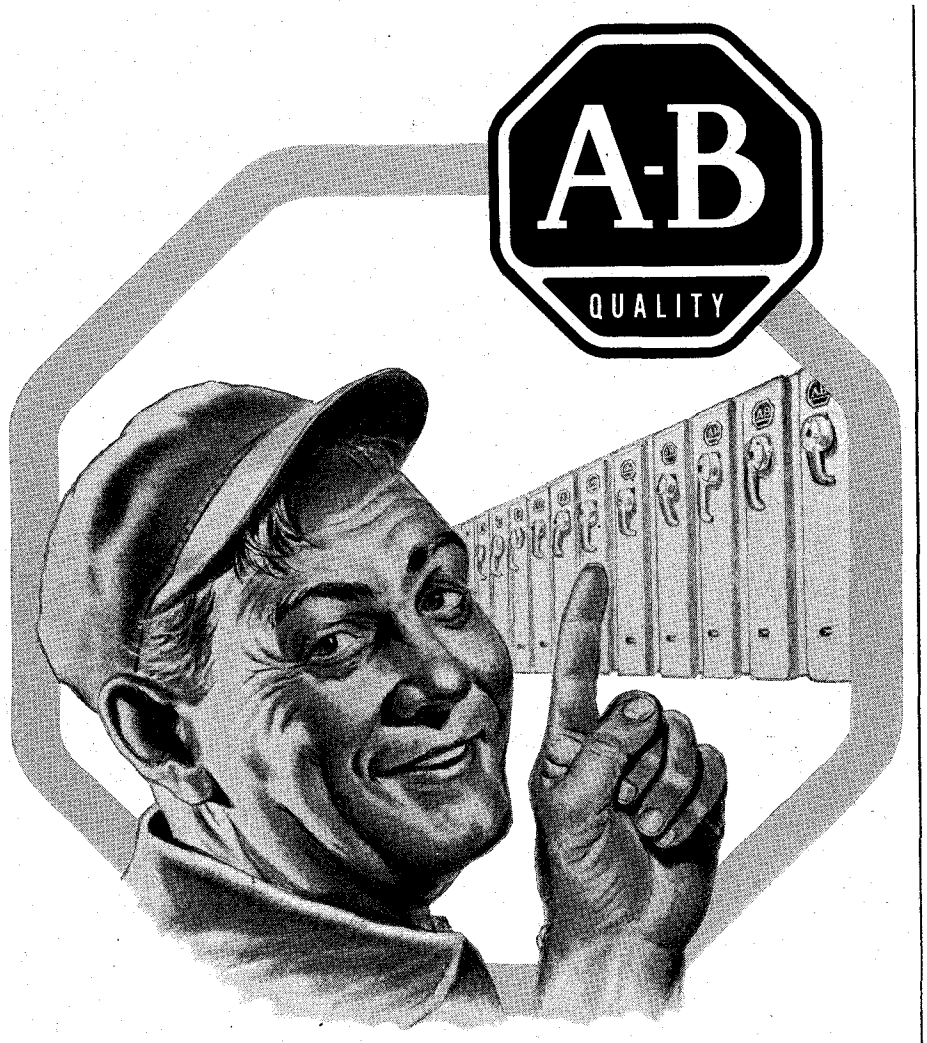

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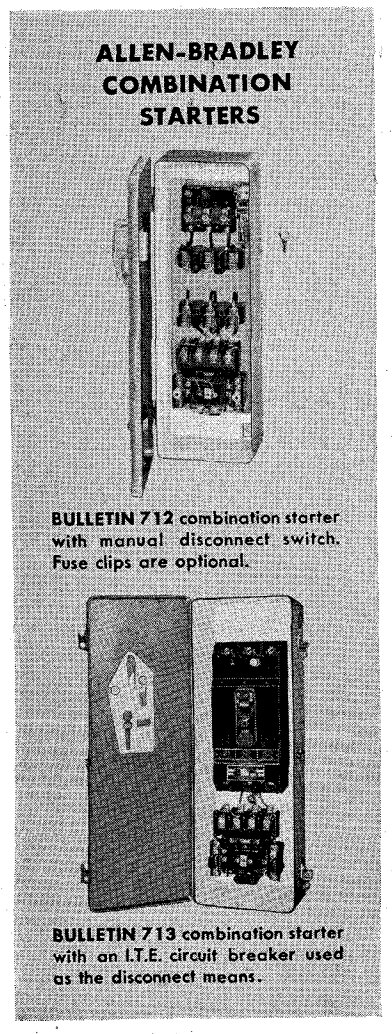
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Letters

What's the Best Way to Educate Kids?

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Herbert L. Brown, Jr., and John Keats for their passionate pros and cons on American public education (ARE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS DOING THEIR JOB?, September 21). . . .

As Mr. Brown hinted, the picture of American education cannot be painted in stark blacks and whites: "life adjustment" mass-produced vs. "silver-spoon" snobbishness. Schools of both types have trained useful, thinking citizens as well as snobs and boobs. Each system has borrowed ideas and teaching methods from the other. Let us hope that this healthy exchange will continue.

E. M. SIMMONS, JR.
San Jose, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

The controversy . . . resulted in a stalemate, as all such "wholesale" controversies must. . . . A writer may cite a particular school, public or private, and prove by citation of facts his specific charge: but when he attempts what Messrs. Keats and Brown rather arrogantly attempt by devastating generalizations, the reader is prone to become skeptical. After all, is not the controversy just another "academic" question lacking finality?

LABAN LACY RICE
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

The authors of both articles . . . thoroughly confused the issue by dragging in the private schools. What the private schools do or do not teach is of no concern to most of us. . . . Private schools vary much more than public schools, so no general statement of their level of instruction is justified.

C. E. BERRYHILL, M.D.
Readlyn, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

As a public school teacher in the Washington, D.C., area I felt most enlightened after having read the comments of both authors. Mr. Herbert L. Brown and Mr. John Keats presented their material in an organized, intelligent manner and it was my pleasure as an educator to read their statements.

MRS. ESTHER GITLIN
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

I agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Herbert L. Brown, Jr.—that our public schools today are certainly doing a splendid job considering present conditions.

MRS. ROSE CASTRONOVA
Montclair, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

I believe that Herbert L. Brown, Jr., conclusively proves John Keats' opinion that our public schools are extremely lax. Mr. Brown, by his colloquialism, does not seem to have a good command of English and does not justifiably confirm his statements. His belief that private schools are for the few sheltered and wealthy children of our country needs more research and thought.

MRS. WM. E. PICKERING
Bainbridge, Ind.

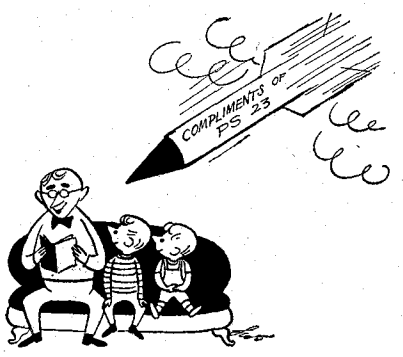
Dear Sirs:

As a senior in a private girls' high school, I would like to suggest to author Herbert L. Brown that "snob factory" is a poor definition of a private school and that "silver-spoon kid," "jerk" and "prig" are not very accurate synonyms for the students. It seems rather unfair to criticize parents who want more for their children than assembly-line education producing well-adjusted little robots.

PEGGY CRUIKSHANK
Duluth, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

While Mr. Keats and his offspring are sitting around thinking about the past,



and thinking over the meaning of a poem, the "robots" will blow them up with a hydrogen bomb!

MRS. THEODORE COOPER
Waukesha, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

I have never understood why the public-school proponents always seem to choose to defend public schools by attacking private schools, generally on the basis of "democracy." Is it not a right of freedom that parents should be able to choose the surroundings, educational, religious or social, in which they want their children to be raised?

W. J. B. STOKES
Princeton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Keats has hit the nail on the head.

MRS. MARY AGNES STARR
Richmond, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Having attended and taught in both public and private schools, I cannot help but come to the same conclusions as John Keats. Techniques and life adjustment are highly overemphasized in the public schools today.

MRS. HARLEY P. PARK
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

As a retired secondary-school teacher, I generally agree with Mr. Keats' premise. However, it is as impossible to overturn the Dewey, Counts, Overstreet Philosophy as to clean up organized labor or politics. "There's too much political gold in them thar school buildings, books and supplies."

STEPHEN BYRD
Brooklyn, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Do you remember the old grandmother's story which ends "My son, you will find that the next village will be much like this one"?

I would like to say to John Keats that the chances (Continued on Page 6)

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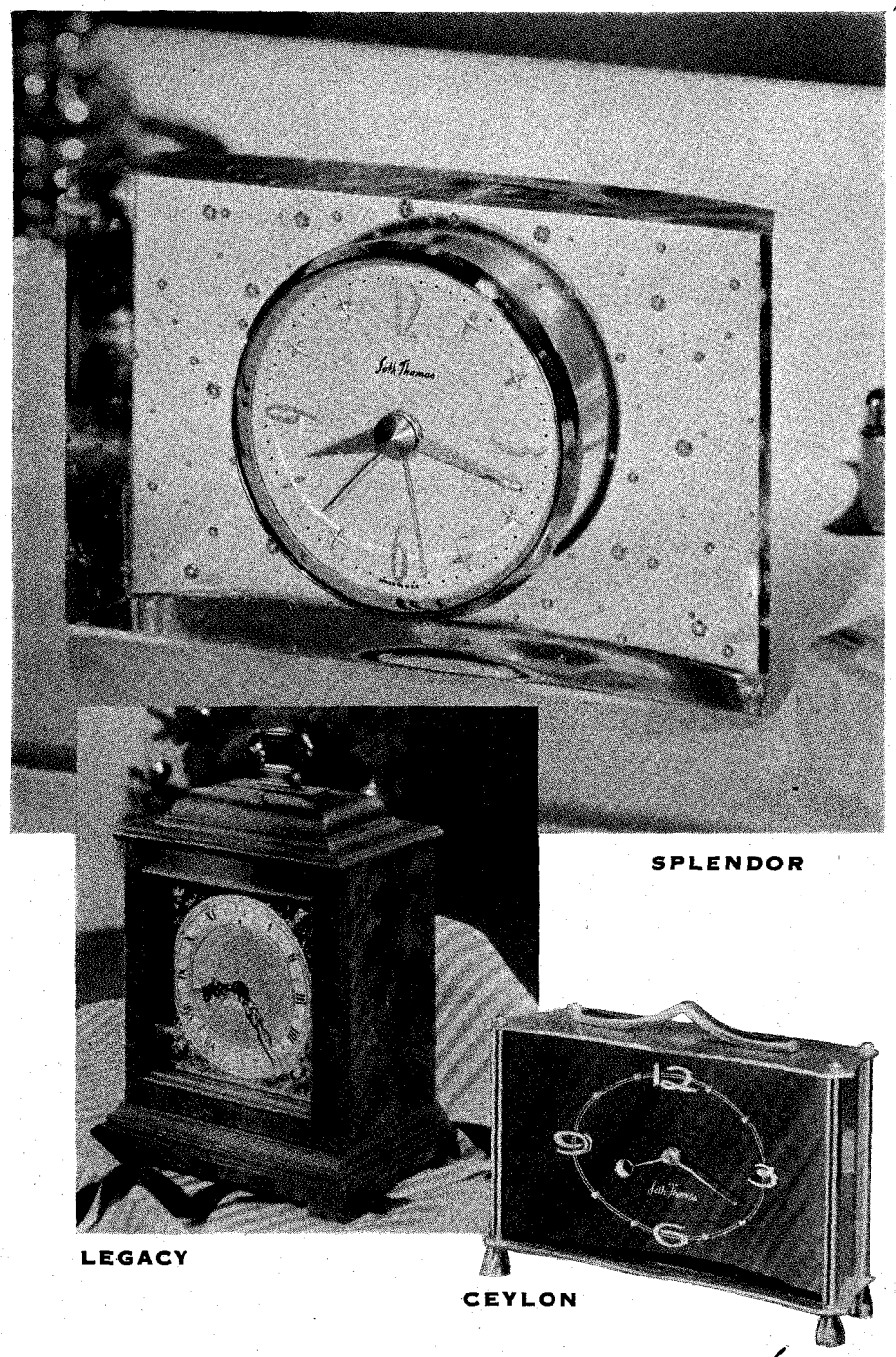

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Thomaston, Connecticut

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

are he'll be looking for the same things for his children in any school to which he sends them.

MRS. CHARLES E. DEMPSEY
Groton, N.Y.

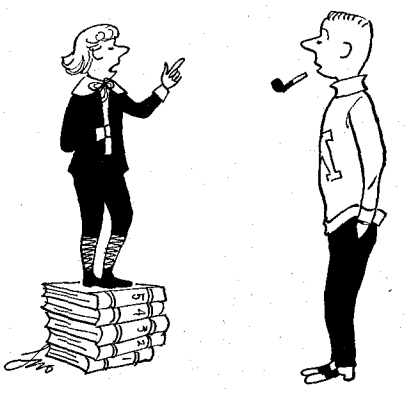
Dear Sirs:

It would appear that Mr. Keats spent his two years in educational research for the purpose of obtaining sensational reading material rather than for the purpose of obtaining educational facts.

L. P. DUENWALD
Superintendent, Wakonda Independent School
Wakonda, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

The question, ARE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS DOING THEIR JOB? brings to mind a book I own, Appleton's Fifth Reader, studied by my late uncle, W. J. Camp, when he attended school in Atlanta, in 1886.



Among the selections are The Necessity of Government by John C. Calhoun; Rienzi's Address to the Romans; The Skylark; L'Allegro; Carlyle's Definition of Man; Thanatopsis and many, many other classics. . . .

College students, including my son and daughter, and graduates have expressed amazement when reading the table of contents. They tell me that only third- and fourth-year college students study this type of material. Maybe our children don't have the mental capacity to assimilate the material the youngsters studied in 1886. Maybe, but we might give them the chance to try.

FAUGH H. BOWDEN
Eunice, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

Will you kindly let me know the title, publisher and publication date of Mr. Keats' book on America's public schools?

Our children have had exactly the same insipid program in our public schools as that described by Mr. Keats; they are now in a private school, although we can ill-afford the tuition.

THEODORE A. JONES
Hillsdale, N.J.

● *The title hasn't been chosen yet, but Houghton-Mifflin will publish Mr. Keats' book next spring.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Three cheers for Mr. Keats. I have a M.A. (for what it is worth except in teaching) and some of the things we had to agree with while taking education courses was sickening. Example: a punching bag is a good thing to have in a fifth grade to have boys vent their feelings—if that's not available, a teacher's arm would do.

My children will go to private schools as do the majority of teacher's in the Albany system.

MRS. JOHN P. MOUNTEER
Albany, N.Y.

That Kennedy Clan

Dear Sirs:

Please, gentlemen, don't stop with just one article on THE AMAZING KENNEDYS (by Harold H. Martin, September 7). This lad, John, is definitely on his way to the White House. He won't have to run for President—he'll make it just standing *still*!

MRS. DOROTHY HARTING
Greenfield, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I hereby nominate Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy as American Father and Mother of the year.

MRS. MARION CROWLEY
Kansas City, Mo.

No Stooge

Dear Sirs:

I just read your editorial in the September 7th Post, THE REDS NEVER RUN OUT OF INNOCENT STOOGES. Like so many such editorials and reactions, it produced in me a great weariness of spirit. I do not think that I'm innocent or a stooge. Nor am I a Socialist. My affiliations are clear-cut. I'm in this order a Church of the Brethren minister, professor and Democrat, and in this order of priority.

As a Brethren I am of pacifist background; as a professor of social science I believe that the Christian ethic must be universalized. Or, as clearly as I can state my belief, I welcome Communist contacts, for I'm convinced I can persuade as well as be persuaded. As a social scientist I believe that our way of life can risk freedom of speech, even for those who are hostile. At least, I prefer my opposition above ground.

KERMIT EBY
University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

● *We do not doubt Professor Eby's good faith. The editorial tried to show how the Communist Party had plans for the "American" Forum for Socialist Education, of which Professor Eby is a member, as the editorial stated.* —ED.

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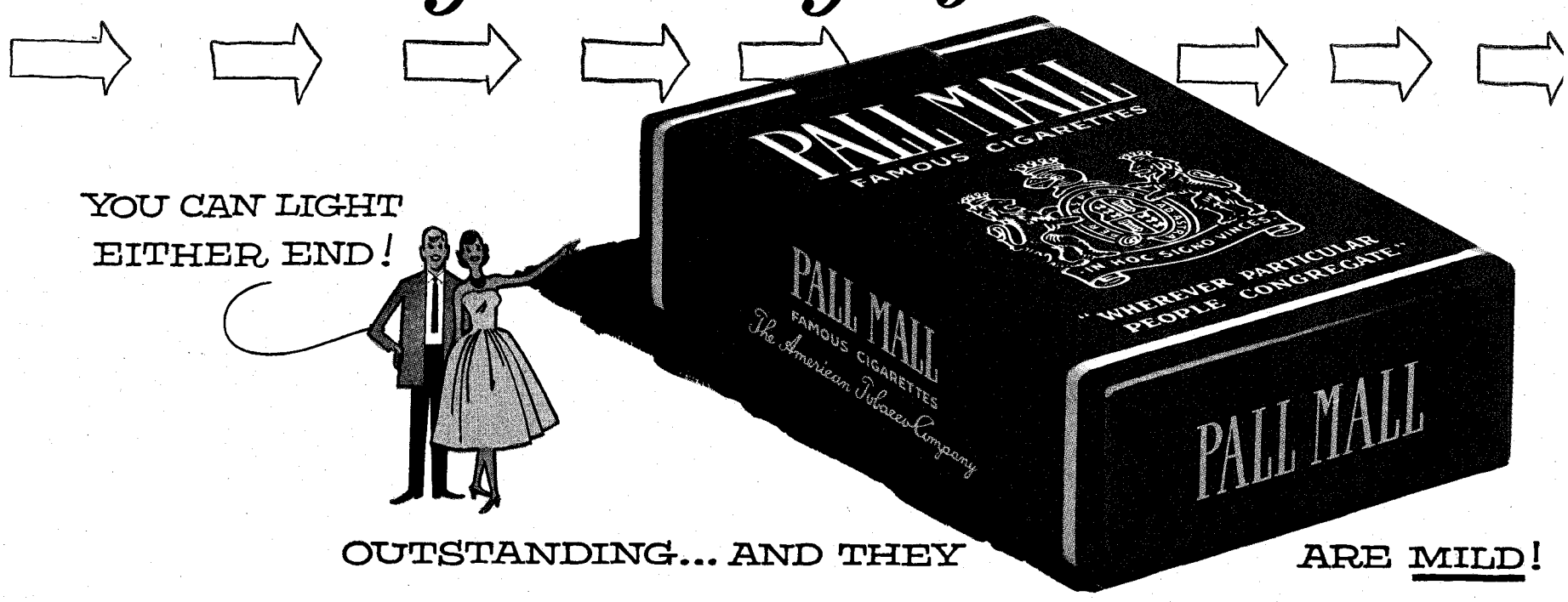

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Editorials

Integration Won't be Hastened by Military Action

Probably nobody will ever know whether or not there would have been any rioting around the Central High School in Little Rock, Arkansas, last month if Governor Faubus had let human nature take its course and held his National Guard in reserve as a last resort. The governor's professed view is that the subsequent rioting justified him in having called out the guard. Others, including President Eisenhower, condemn Governor Faubus for encouraging the rioters by preventing the Negro children from entering the school. The Saturday Evening Post shares the latter view. To put the thing mildly, the governor's part in the whole dreary performance contributed little to peace and order.

When the dust has settled and emotions have cooled, few outsiders will condemn the people of Little Rock for the action of a small mob. Although the great mass of Southerners do not believe in "integration," it is only a few of the hotheads who join mobs.

However, Little Rock is no longer the issue, because the opposition to "integration" is probably even more intense in other states in the Deep South than it is in Arkansas. The issue is the right, or at any rate the wisdom, of the Administration's effort to force this policy on the South by means of court injunctions followed by Federal military action. Surely most Americans, whatever their attitude on racial matters, must have been chilled by the news of the "invasion of Arkansas" and the subsequent proceedings, including the use of soldiers with fixed bayonets to escort children to school. If this can happen in an effort to force immediate racial integration in the public schools of a state which needs time for adjustment to such a revolutionary policy, is any state prerogative immune from violent Federal intervention?

If the use of military force had been an announced hazard which the states must take into account if they resisted integration, the Arkansas intervention might have caused less foreboding. But it came after assurances by the President that he could not "imagine any set of circumstances that would ever induce me to send Federal troops into a Federal court and into any area to enforce the orders of a Federal court." Furthermore, the "civil-rights" bill avoided a Senate filibuster only after one of its sections, which seemed to provide military enforcement of school integration, had been deleted from the bill. But when Little Rock reared its ugly head, the Administration resorted to the very measures which it had assured the Southern leaders were farthest from its thoughts. The decision to reverse this moderate attitude seems questionable. Despite the President's statement that Federal troops were needed to prevent the "dissolution of the union," the Wall Street Journal seems to us to have called the turn when it described the use of the military as "last resorts first."

The question remains, as Gov. Price Daniel, of Texas, put it in his telegram to the President: Is it to be Administration policy to send Federal troops to every school district in the South whenever a Federal judge, possibly "imported" from Vermont, decides to issue a court order? If that is to be the policy—and the judgment of men from Northern cities, where the Negro problem has not been handled with conspicuous success, is to be relied on exclusively—it is difficult to see any escape from long years of confusion under the harsh façade of military rule.

So that there will be no misunderstanding, perhaps we should repeat what has previously been said in these columns: The Saturday Evening Post believes that racial integration in the schools is both right and inevitable, but it also believes that it is a step which can be accomplished only by patience, understanding and education—and that it cannot be forced overnight.

Our experience with prohibition demonstrated the impossibility of reforming the habits and attitudes of men by force. And prohibition was based on an amendment in the Constitution adopted by the states and supported by a Federal statute. School integration, now generally described as "the law of the land," rests upon the decision of the Supreme Court in 1954 that all previous decisions were in error and that the Fourteenth Amendment is violated if white and Negro children attend separate schools. No statute has been passed which implements this decision. A new Supreme Court could reverse it. Nevertheless, under our system this decision is "the law of the land."

However, once it is assumed that, despite mounting evidence to the contrary, government by Federal injunction is the way to produce racial peace, the use of force follows as the night the day. Perhaps it will be less spectacular in future than the performance in front of Little Rock's high school, but force there will be. If anybody should call for a suggestion from us, it would be a return to policies more characteristic of the President, as implied in a remark which he made about a year ago: "When police power is . . . exercised habitually by the Federal Government, we are in a bad way."

The Right to Vote is So Much Rhetoric When People Don't Bother to Exercise It

In politics, the apathy of the American electorate is an old story. Recently, with the controversy over Federal aid in everybody's mind, a New Jersey municipality held an election for members of the school board. The total vote was 7½ per cent of those registered and eligible. An election in the suburbs of Chicago, with judicial posts at stake, drew only 12½ per cent of the possible vote.

But the same languid attitude is evident in other fields. In labor unions, even where the local constitution encourages voting and there are no goons to beat up dissenters, honest leaders have great difficulty in persuading members to come out and cast their ballots.

You might suppose that a university faculty, presumably composed of enlightened and responsible scholars, would show a better voting record. But this is not the case. This spring the Faculty Senate of the University of Pennsylvania met for important business. It adopted a Statement on Academic Tenure. The core of this resolution, as reported by the university newspaper, was:

"Membership in the Communist Party or conviction of teaching or advocating the forceful overthrow of the government of the United States, *as long as no action is brought up by the school faculty* (italics added), will result in no proceedings against the person." That is, the trustees or the university administration can take no action in respect to Communists unless faculty members formally request their intervention.

This sounds like admirable self-government. But let us see. The faculty Senate had about 600 members eligible to vote on such a statement of policy. Not more than 75—that is, 12½ per cent of the electorate—attended the meeting and voted on the resolution.

The merits of the manifesto are at least doubtful. But the point here is: How faithfully can the statement be said to reflect faculty opinion at the University of Pennsylvania, when only a few bothered to vote? The question is pertinent, since both the Association of American Universities (in 1953), and the American Association of University Professors (in 1948) have taken positions condemning the qualifications of faculty members who even take the Fifth Amendment as a means of concealing obvious political attachments.

For reasons that baffle the most experienced observers, people of every income level and in every field of human action simply will not use the greatest weapon that representative self-government has placed in their hands. The right to vote is distorted in Communist countries by intimidation and violence. But it can also be deformed in ugly ways, when public apathy allows active, organized minorities to speak in the name of the silent majority.

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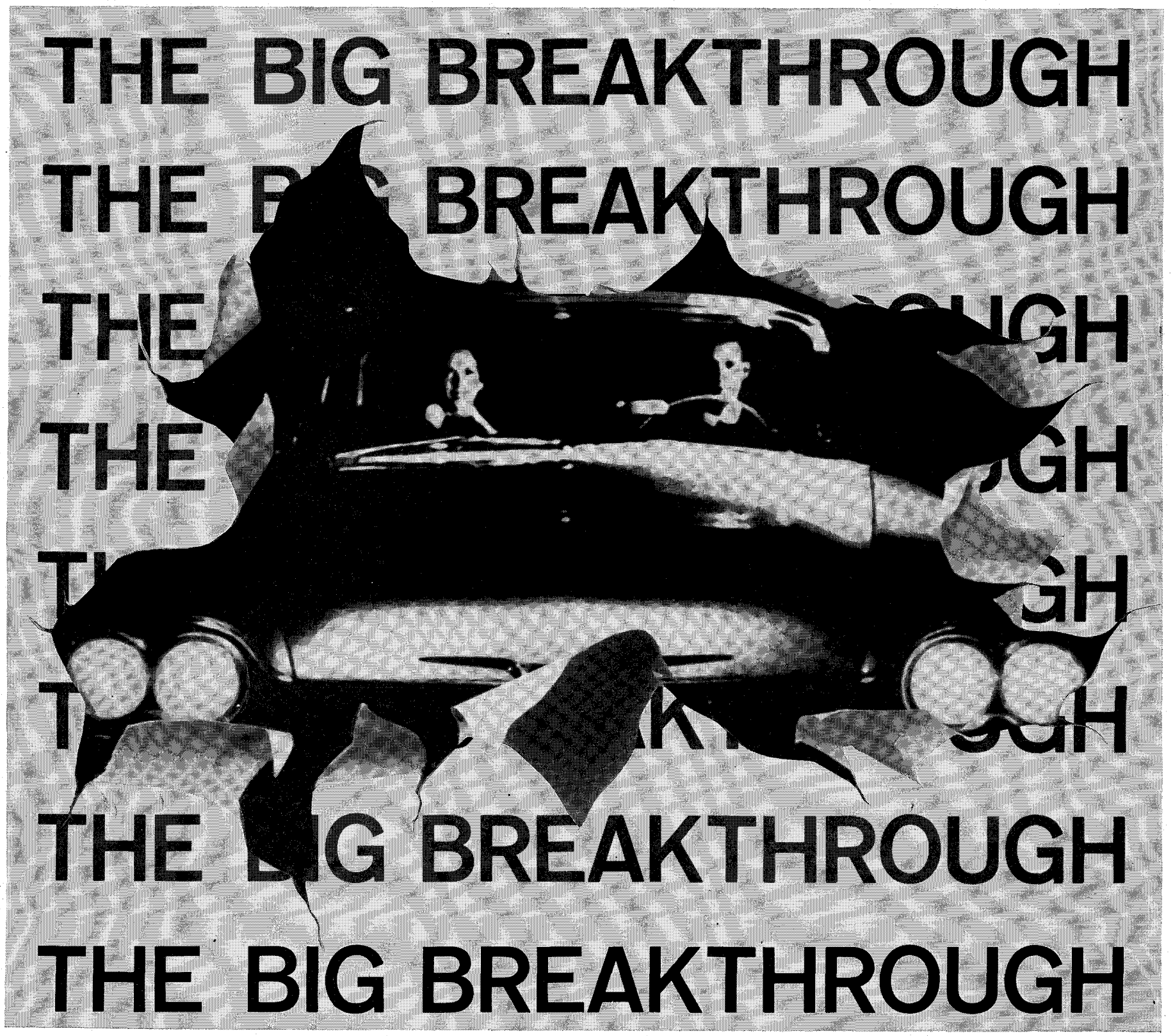

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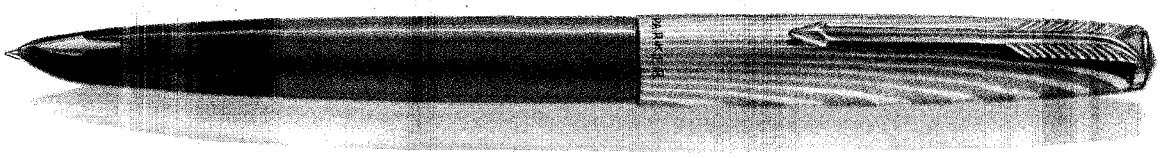

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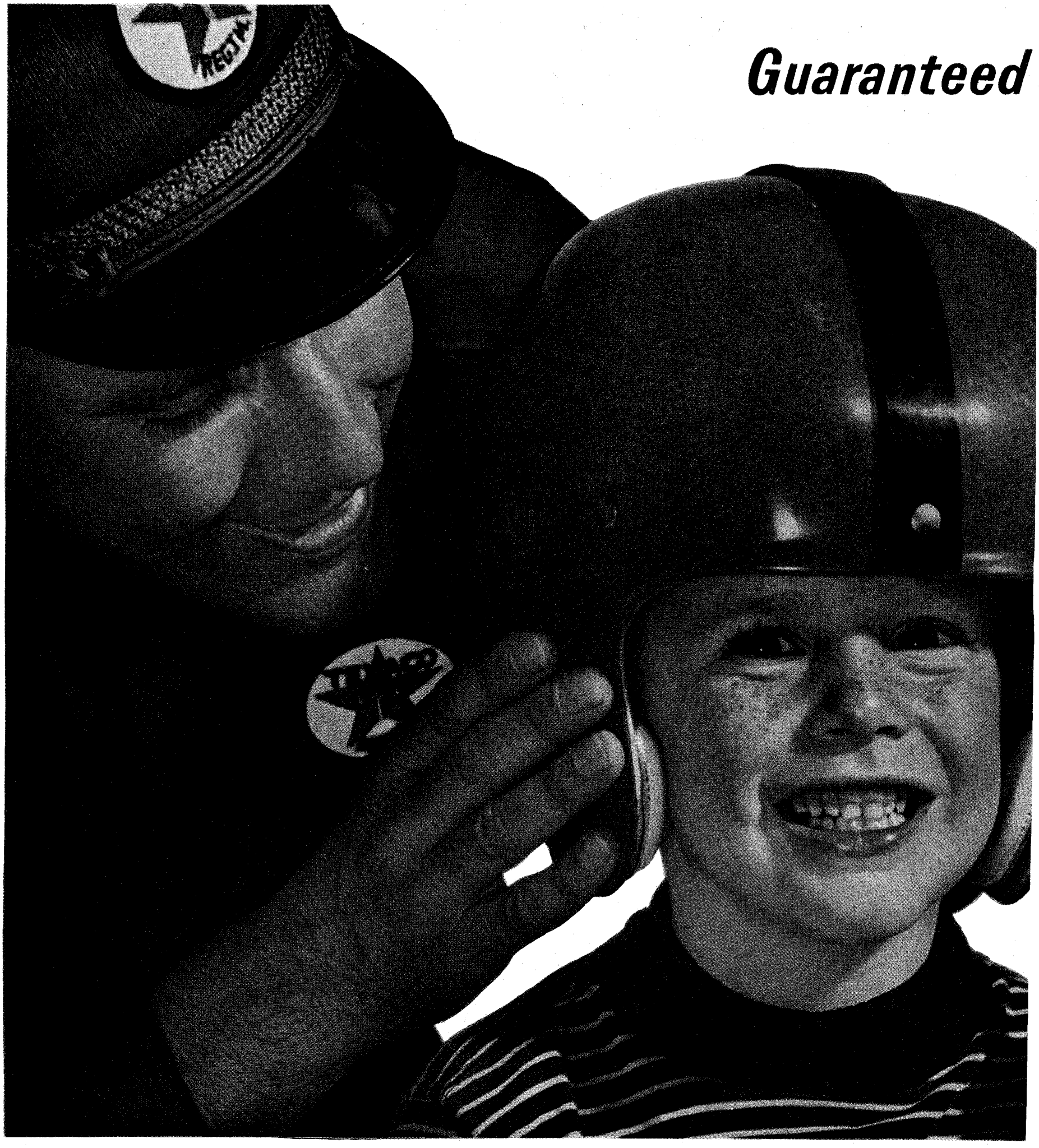

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4 You get your automatic transmission fluid checked. Your Texaco Dealer will bring fluid up to correct level or drain and refill at proper mileage – using superior Texaco Texamatic Fluid – the brand used by transmission manufacturers.

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9 You get safer driving. Windshield wipers and blades – also brake fluid, power-steering fluid, and lights – all are expertly checked.

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12 And – at the Tower of Power – fill up with new Texaco Sky Chief Su-preme, supercharged with Petrox, for all the knock-free power your engine, new or old, can deliver – or lively-powered, *regular-priced* Texaco Fire Chief. Both 100% Climate-Controlled for sure, fast starts, freedom from stalling and vapor lock.

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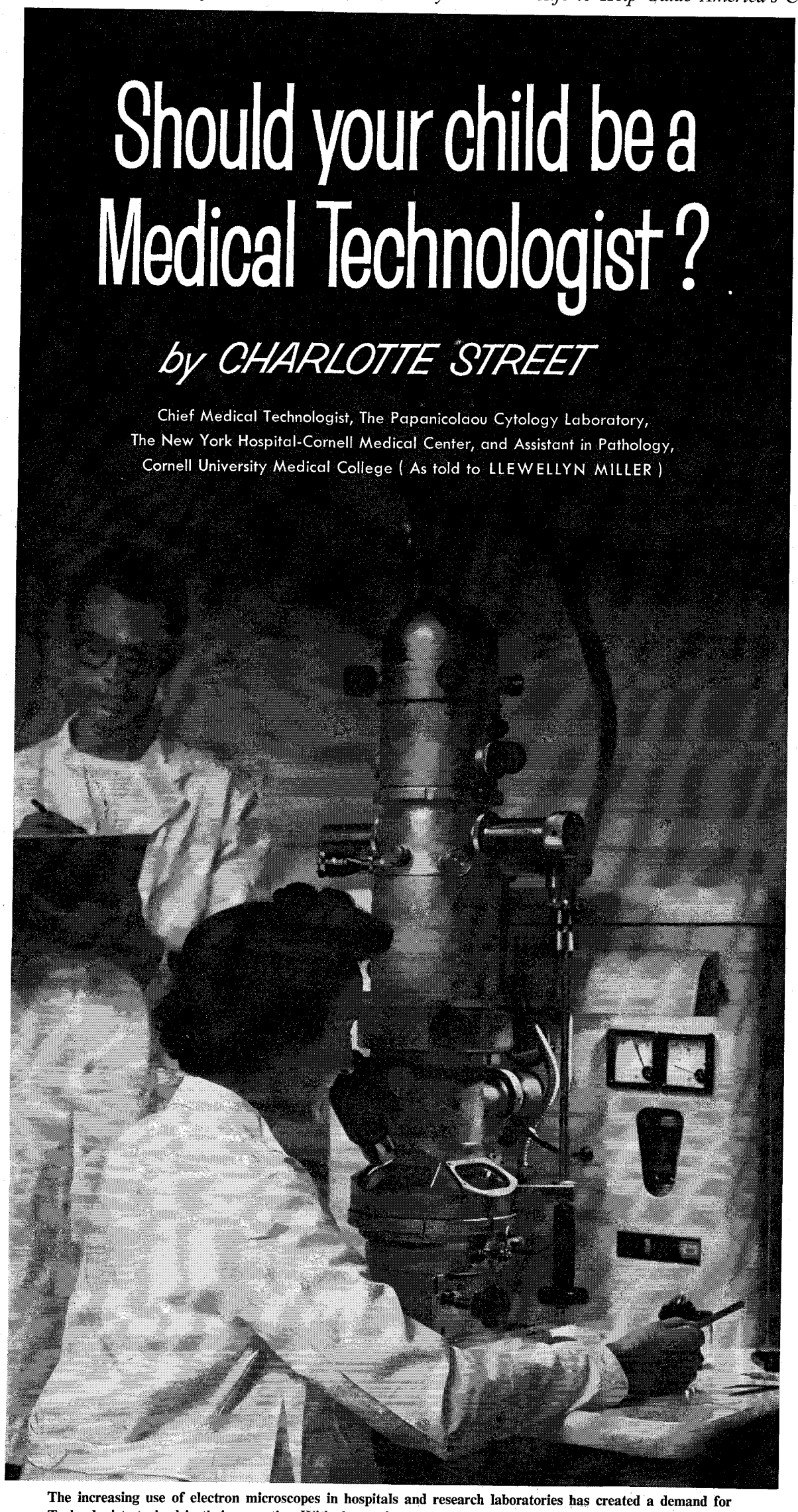
The 28th in a Series of Advertisements Presented by New York Life to Help Guide America's Children to a Better Future

Should your child be a Medical Technologist?

by CHARLOTTE STREET

Chief Medical Technologist, The Papanicolaou Cytology Laboratory,
The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, and Assistant in Pathology,
Cornell University Medical College (As told to LLEWELLYN MILLER)



The increasing use of electron microscopes in hospitals and research laboratories has created a demand for Technologists trained in their operation. With these microscopes, doctors can examine body tissues sliced thin as a millionth of an inch . . . study cells magnified as much as 150,000 times . . . detect polio and other viruses.

"EXACTLY what is a Medical Technologist—a special kind of nurse?"

That question is frequently asked by young people, and quite understandably.

My profession is one of the newest in the field of medical science. College degrees in Medical Technology have been granted for only about 35 years. Since most of our work is done behind the doors of laboratories, few people have a clear idea of what we do or realize how much our efforts contribute to those of physicians and research scientists, though we are neither doctors nor nurses.

Perhaps the best way to explain how many interesting, important and varied opportunities my chosen career offers to young men and women of suitable ability and temperament is to take you behind the scenes and show you some Medical Technologists at their tasks.

Let's start in a hospital.

A young woman in white is leaving the Accident Receiving Room. Her uniform is similar to that of a nurse, but without a cap. She has just taken a sample of blood from a child who has cut an artery. He is in critical condition, in immediate need of a blood transfusion.

She has life or death in her hands.

The doctor must use blood compatible with that of the child. Any other type may be fatal. So will delay.

She moves calmly, but quickly, to a near-by laboratory. With methodical speed she tests the child's blood, using slides, microscope and known typing sera. Her results show that Blood Type A, Rh positive is required. Seconds are precious, but all depends on her accuracy as well as her speed. She checks by cross-matching the child's blood with some of the same type from the Blood Bank stock. In a matter of minutes, she is in the operating room with the blood needed to save the child.

All of the work of Medical Technologists is not so dramatic in demand for speed.

Let's look elsewhere in hospital laboratories at the Technologists who are under less pressure. They are using test tubes, stains, chemicals and many delicate instruments. One may be making a blood count which will tell the doctor if his patient is threatened with anemia. Another may be making a liver function test to see if a patient has infectious hepatitis. Others may be checking for evidence of other maladies, such as cancer or diabetes.

Let's move into one of the big pharmaceutical houses. Here Technologists are making analyses of medications for purity and strength. Without the careful work of hundreds of such highly trained people, it would have been impossible to produce the great quantity of Salk vaccine, to give just one example, when it was needed to protect the children of the nation from polio.

Or look into a research laboratory where many of us find the greatest challenge and reward. There Technologists are assisting in experiments, working directly with distinguished scientists whose careers are dedicated to the search for new knowledge and new remedies. It is a great moment when a discovery has its final proof and the Technologist can say, "I saw it happen—and I helped."

Some of our work is routine, some has great variety, but all of it is equally important in that the Medical Technologist's highly specialized skills free the doctor for the many other duties for which he is so greatly needed.

Before World War I, most practicing physicians had to perform laboratory tests for themselves. Only in large communities could they call on a pathologist for aid. (A pathologist is a specialist—a physician who is sometimes called a "doctor's doctor." He is an expert in laboratory procedures. His knowledge helps those doctors who have concentrated in other specialties to make decisions as to diagnosis and treatment of disease.)

As medical knowledge grew and as many new drugs were discovered, pathologists were swamped with work. So were doctors who maintained their own laboratories. They could not keep up with the increasing demand for the tests that were becoming more valuable—and more complicated—with each passing year. Through necessity,

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they began to teach assistants to take over some of the laboratory duties which require great care, accuracy and special knowledge, but which do not demand all of the skills of a doctor. Still the laboratories were snowed under. The logical solution was to create schools to give standardized training in Medical Technology.

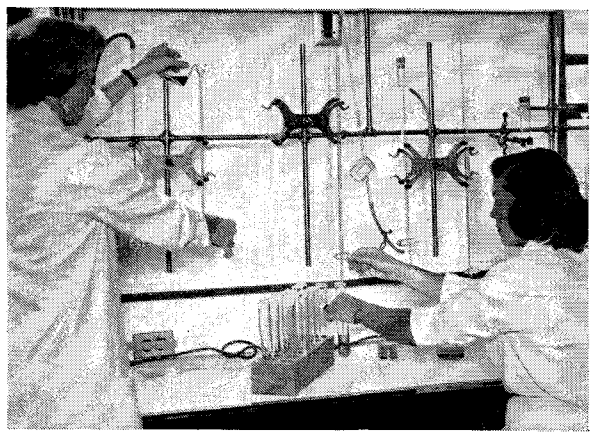
And so a new career in medicine came about.

Our profession is particularly attractive to girls, but is by no means limited to them. About ninety percent of Technologists are women, but the proportion of men is steadily increasing.

It has strong appeal to young people who are keenly interested in medical sciences, but do not want, or cannot afford, to devote the eight to twelve years of study and training needed by a doctor before he is ready to practice.

It also appeals to those who want to aid the sick, but would rather not work directly with very ill patients, as do nurses.

After as little as three years of study, a student may take a valued place in the team of healers as a Registered Medical Technologist.



Laboratory analysis of body fluids is an important part of Medical Technology. These Technologists are determining certain chemical constituents of a blood sample through titration.

Required training

There are short cuts to employment in laboratories, but the young person who wants a career as a Medical Technologist and a chance at the most interesting work and the highest pay—rather than just a job—needs a minimum of two years in college and another twelve months in a School of Medical Technology which is connected with a hospital, medical school, or State Board of Health and which has been approved by The American Medical Association.

Such preparation leads, after examination, to a Certificate from the Registry of Medical Technologists of The American Society of Clinical Pathologists and the right to place M.T. (ASCP) after one's name. In other words, the student has won the title: Registered Medical Technologist.

Some colleges give a Bachelor's Degree in Science after three years of college and one year in an Approved School of Medical Technology.

The student who wishes to specialize in one particular type of laboratory work may do so without taking the twelve months' course in Medical Technology, provided he holds a college degree and has taken certain required science courses.

A college degree obtained in either of these ways is the best start for a career, since it leads to more advancement and greater responsibility. Many young Technologists, however, go to work after three years of study and work for their degrees around the edges of a job. This is practical and convenient, since so many laboratories are in hospitals connected with universities.

Cost of training

One of the many attractions of my profession is that training is markedly less expensive than in many comparable fields. The cost of college preparation varies, of course, depending on the college chosen, but, of the more than 650 Approved Schools of Medical Technology, about two-thirds make no charge whatever for tuition.

Therefore, a student living at home can complete the necessary final year for no more than the cost of maintenance.

In many of the Approved Schools, students even receive a small stipend for the laboratory work they do as part of their training.

I know of no other field except nursing where training for so important a profession can be had for so little cost.

The financial future

There are nearly 24,000 Registered Medical Technologists (as well as many who are non-registered) in the United States today. It is estimated that 50,000 qualified laboratory workers will be needed by 1960. Therefore, graduates have immediate choice of many different positions—no need to worry about getting a rapid start when training is complete.

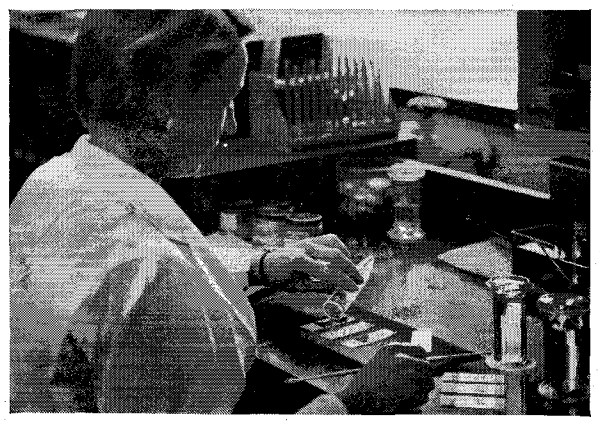
Salaries vary from one part of the country to another, as they do in all professions. The range for recent graduates is from $3,400 to $4,200 in hospitals. Positions in industry offer somewhat more. Those who advance to supervisory and teaching positions are well rewarded. Chief Medical Technologists and specialists in certain fields can earn $6,000 or more, and rate of pay is steadily increasing.

The girl who wants to take a few years away from her career to have a family will find her skills in demand when she wants to return to work. If her husband's career calls for a transfer to a new territory, she can find a position, usually with no delay whatever, in their new home town.

Requirements for success

There is a place for many different temperaments in my profession.

Boys and girls who like to be surrounded by people will be stimulated by the busy life of a hospital. In large ones, they will become specialists. If variety of tasks is of greatest appeal, a small hospital provides something different every hour of the day. Laboratory work in a physician's office or a clinic usually calls for some direct contact with patients. The more retiring person will enjoy the laboratories where long months may be devoted to a special research project. Those with a talent for teaching are in great demand.



The work of skilled Medical Technologists is of vital importance in today's fight against cancer. Here, at the Papanicolaou Cytology Laboratory, a Technologist prepares slides of samplings of cells shed from body tissues for microscopic study, which may reveal the presence of cancer long before it could be detected by other means.

But any young person who chooses any branch of Medical Technology must have certain attributes:

A natural interest in the sciences. Is your child showing keen interest and making good grades in biology, chemistry, and other sciences in high school? Does she question about *how* things work? Is she interested in *the reason* one ingredient curdles a sauce and another doesn't? Curiosity about the why and wherefore, interest in cause and effect are important in the laboratory.

Accuracy. Does your child follow instructions carefully and make precise measurements? The youngster who is satisfied with a slap-dash piece of carpentry or sewing will be happier and more successful in another profession. The Technologist must be a perfectionist. There is no such thing as being half right in a laboratory.

Reliability. Does your child carry through a task in faithful detail without supervision? Medical Technologists must be absolutely trustworthy. Lives often depend on their work.

Cooperativeness. Does your child do a fair share of work at home voluntarily? Does your child get along easily with older people, as well as those of the same age, and take criticism and suggestion good-naturedly? A Technologist is part of a team.

Capacity for patient, thorough effort. If your girl starts a piece of knitting, will she finish it rather than abandon it half done? Is she willing to go back and correct a mistake? Ability to complete a job, and do it well, is of prime importance in a laboratory.

Manual dexterity. Is your child deft? The Medical Technologist works with fragile glassware and delicate instruments. The laboratory is no place for a butterfingers.

Steady nerves. Medical Technologists sometimes work under heavy pressure. They must be calm and efficient under stress. The excitable child who panics in emergency is not cut out for the laboratory.

Everyone is not suited for a career in Medical Technology. Those who are will find a warm welcome, a valued place in the absorbing world of science and a respected place in the community.

They will also find a satisfaction beyond the many tangible rewards—the sure knowledge that their chosen life work is of importance to others, as well as to themselves, because even the smallest duty in the laboratory contributes, in some degree, to the safety, health and comfort of mankind.

nylic

HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities *to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.*

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Medical Technology is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship, the Armed Forces, Engineering *and* Food Retailing. *Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:*

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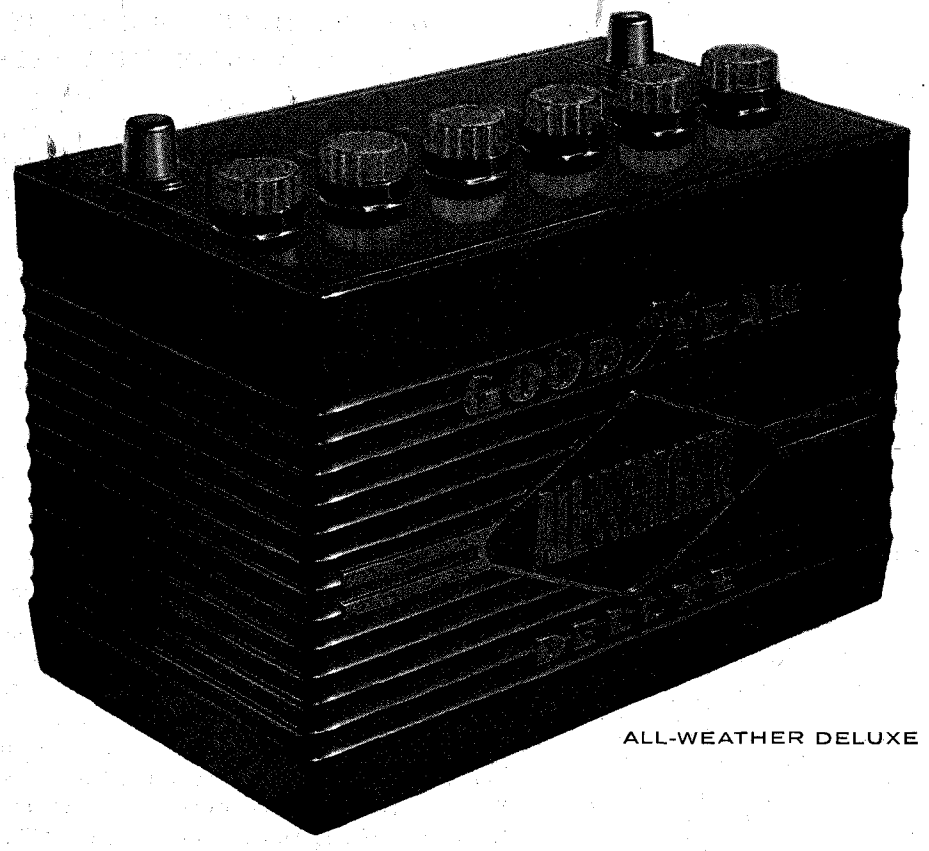
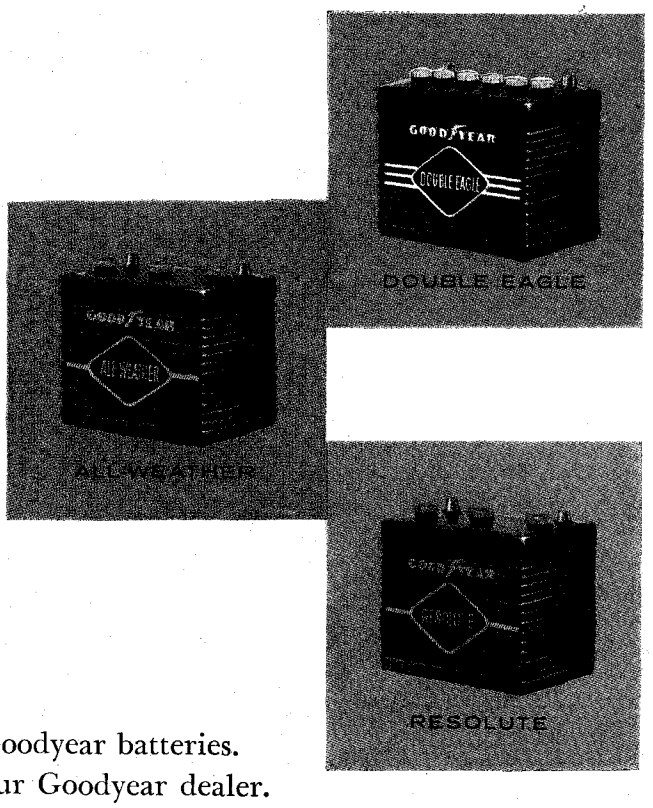


ALL-WEATHER DELUXE



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GOODYEAR

BATTERIES

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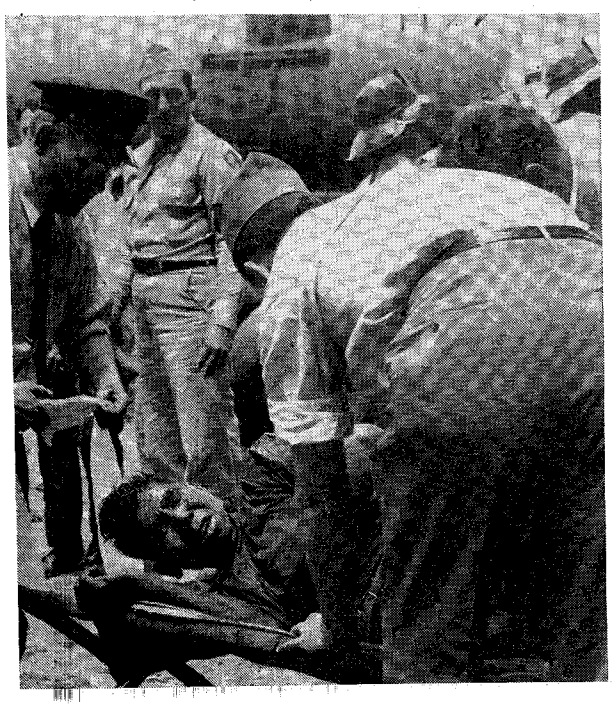
The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

In twenty-four frightful hours, 570 people were killed and 3000 injured as the series of violent explosions and fires demolished the Gulf Coast seaport.

Death on the Water Front

Here is the minute-by-minute account of the terrible blast that destroyed Texas City a decade ago. The holocaust was followed by a monumental legal battle that finally has ended, closing the books.

Rescuers worked on despite evacuation warnings. On that day America almost ran out of penicillin.



By Milton MacKaye

It was a clear, cool morning and a brisk offshore wind riffled the surface of Galveston Bay. From Texas City's landlocked harbor on the eastern shore, across water and low-lying islands, the downtown buildings of the city of Galveston, ten miles away, could be plainly seen. A bright sun gleamed on flat landscape and seascape. It was the morning of April 16, 1947, and in Texas City it seemed a good morning to be alive.

World War II had brought new industry, new life, new prosperity. Texas City grew from 5000 to a bustling 18,000, and hundreds of workers, unable to find living quarters, commuted by car from nearby towns. Here, to process the ores of Bolivia and the East Indies, the Government built the only commercial tin smelter in the Western Hemisphere. Here oil refineries raised towering catalytic cracking plants to produce high-octane gasoline for Allied planes. Here the Monsanto Chemical Company established a multimillion-dollar plant where styrene, a vital ingredient of synthetic rubber, was manufactured.

War and the memory of war receded, but prosperity did not. Returning servicemen found their places on Texas City's payrolls. Expanding Monsanto, Union Carbide, the oil refin-

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eries, recruited young scientific talent from the nation's top universities and technical schools. It was a young men's town and the wives they brought with them were young too. The Texas City Terminal Railway Company, next door to Monsanto on the water front, owned wharves and warehouses and diesel switch engines and tracks. The Terminal facilities provided jobs for stevedores and for Negro and Mexican unskilled labor.

Many of the laborers and their families lived near the wharves and the Monsanto reservation in flimsy, crowded shacks. Texas City was ahead in many things, but way behind in housing.

Almost everyone who wanted to work was working on April sixteenth. The day shift went on duty at eight. Long before that, a procession of battered jalopies—new cars were hard to get in 1947—began to cross the long causeway which links island Galveston with the mainland. At the Bon Ton Café on Third Street, seventeen-year-old Alfred Gerson fed early Texas City breakfasters, while he awaited with impatience the appearance of his parents, the café's proprietors, from the frame apartment house across the street. The Gersons were Houston people who had been there for only a few months, but they were prospering and they liked Texas City.

Henry J. (Mike) Mikeska was president of the Texas City Terminal, and had contributed greatly to the building up of Texas City as a deep-water port. An engineer graduate of Texas A. & M., sixty-year-old Mikeska took part in almost every civic enterprise, had been president of the school board for sixteen years and was father-at-large for the town.

Mike and his wife, Martha Jane, had spent the weekend at his boyhood home in North Texas and had intended to stay longer. Minor litigation brought him back. Martha Jane usually drove Mike to the office. But that Wednesday morning she stayed at the house to transplant violets they had dug up at the old home place. Mike left at eight o'clock and there was trouble at the Terminal soon after he arrived. The Grandcamp, a Liberty ship flying the French flag, captained and crewed by Frenchmen, caught fire. It had been in Texas City for five days loading ammonium nitrate fertilizer for the fields of France.

Three vessels were at the pier that morning. The Seatrain dock with its high crane was empty. The S.S. Grandcamp lay in Pier O. The American vessels Wilson B. Keene and High Flyer were in the slip beyond. The Wilson B. Keene was waiting to load flour for France. The High Flyer had already packed away 900 tons of fertilizer and knocked-down

Last rites were administered at a temporary morgue set up near the explosion scene. The dead left behind 844 dependents—many homeless and utterly without resources.

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boxcars for equipment-starved French railroads.

Henry J. Baumgartner was a big broad-shouldered man in his middle forties, father of four children and chief of the Volunteer Fire Department. He liked strenuous dancing and a strenuous domino game, and was the life of the party at the firemen's monthly get-togethers. Actually, Baumgartner was a purchasing agent for Texas Terminal, but was expected to leave his assignment whenever a fire occurred; it was part of his job. Towns which depend on chemical industries and oil refineries for a payroll have no illusions; there is always hazard. And Baumgartner and his colleagues were well-trained and experienced men. They knew how to fight ship fires, oil, benzol and propane fires. But there was no general current knowledge that ammonium nitrate would explode.

Even today, more than ten years later, there is no trustworthy report on how the Grandcamp fire began. At eight o'clock the whistles blew and the longshoremen and warehousemen went to work. At the Grandcamp it took about ten minutes to lift the covers from the No. 4 hatch. Some time after that, longshoremen noticed (Continued on Page 95)

Above: The SS Grandcamp burning. Her cargo—ammonium nitrate—was not yet known to be a violent explosive. Minutes after this picture was taken, the ship erupted.

W. H. Sandberg directed dockside operations after escaping death when the Grandcamp blew up.

Above: The wreck of the Wilson B. Keene, moored alongside the High Flyer, lies where she was cut in half by the second of the two major explosions on the water front.

For days after the blast, stricken survivors helped identify the dead. The picture below shows a young mother who had just found her husband's body.

After the Supreme Court ruled against aid to disaster victims, Representative Thompson introduced a bill to compensate survivors by a special act of Congress. It passed.

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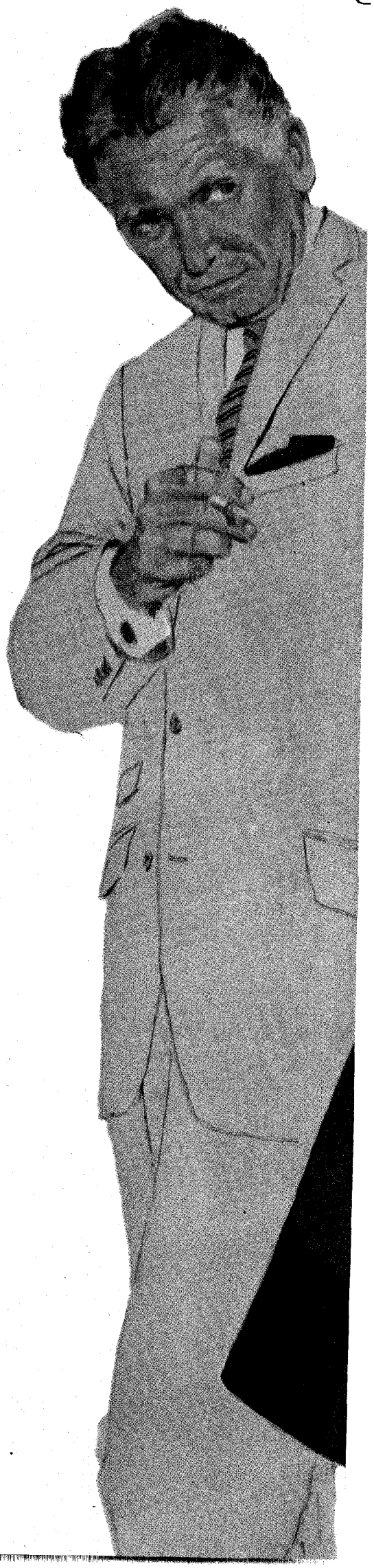
Her first marriage failed. She had no intention of taking

LOVE IS A RISK

By NANCY POPE MAYORGA



The West Holly Supermart was without air conditioning and stuffy with the accumulated heat of the long day. It was crowded with disheveled, short-tempered customers who had put off shopping till the last minute, hoping for a saving sea breeze. Through them, with decision, moved Cynthia Robb, unruffled, unwilted, cool like the breeze that hadn't come. She was a beautiful woman, tall, straight-shouldered, crisp in manner and dress. Her eyebrows were lifted as if in humorous acceptance of, but no surrender to, the hateful weather. She left a trail of involuntary smiles behind her.

When she came to the meat counter, the butchers, smiling in expectation, left their other customers to gather round. She bowed her head and gave them her cool, pleasant smile.

"Now, Mr. Henry," she began. She had a trained voice which carried without effort. The other customers turned to look. "I am having very special company from the East. I want a nice, large stewing hen, cut up. And you will please leave in all the little things that are supposed to be in, won't you?" She made a vague circular gesture, and added, "The last chicken I bought, my mother complained that something was missing."

The butchers laughed shamelessly, returned to their customers and explained, "You've probably seen her on TV. She plays parts like duchesses and society dames."

With the chicken double-wrapped because Mr. Henry liked her, and the liver left in, Cynthia walked to Bud's Repair Shop, where her car was awaiting her. It was a black '48 model with only its shining respectability to distinguish it.

"Is it ready, Mr. Schumacher? I told everyone at the studio that I was having a new universal joint. Some of my friends made very earthy comments."

Mr. Schumacher, whom everyone else called Bud, laughed respectfully. "Looks like you've blown a gasket, too, Miss Robb."

"Tst! I thought that was simply an expression meaning to lose your temper."

"No, ma'am."

"Will it run for a week? Please? I'm having a friend from New York, a very special friend."

"Well, she's spitting oil into the engine. One of them spark plugs may get fouled up and she may prove a bit reluctant to start. That's the long and short of it."

Cynthia lifted her chin, raised her eyebrows, and gave him a bright smile. "I'll chance it," she said, and her crisp tones made it sound like the great adventure.

From the repair shop, she drove up to Freddy's office, on the Sunset Strip. Freddy Gollomb was her agent. He had proposed to her twice in the last year. She lived in dread of his doing it again. It would not matter to her if she were not so fond of him. But she had moments when she was overwhelmed with tenderness for him. He was a lonely man. She was a lonely woman. She had moments, too, when she felt his physical attraction strongly, and drew into herself, on guard against it.

They were too old, both of them, she told him. He had been a bachelor too long. She was a creature of habit. Besides, she had tried it once and failed disastrously. And why should they jeopardize a fine friendship?

"Frantic arguments," he commented, looking at her with wise eyes in which there was just the trace of a smile.

Often she did not understand his words, and often she was afraid to ask their meaning. And if she didn't ask, he never volunteered.

Today, as usual when she entered, he looked up with the most (Continued on Page 90)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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another chance.

She had moments when she felt his physical attraction strongly, and drew into herself, on guard against it.

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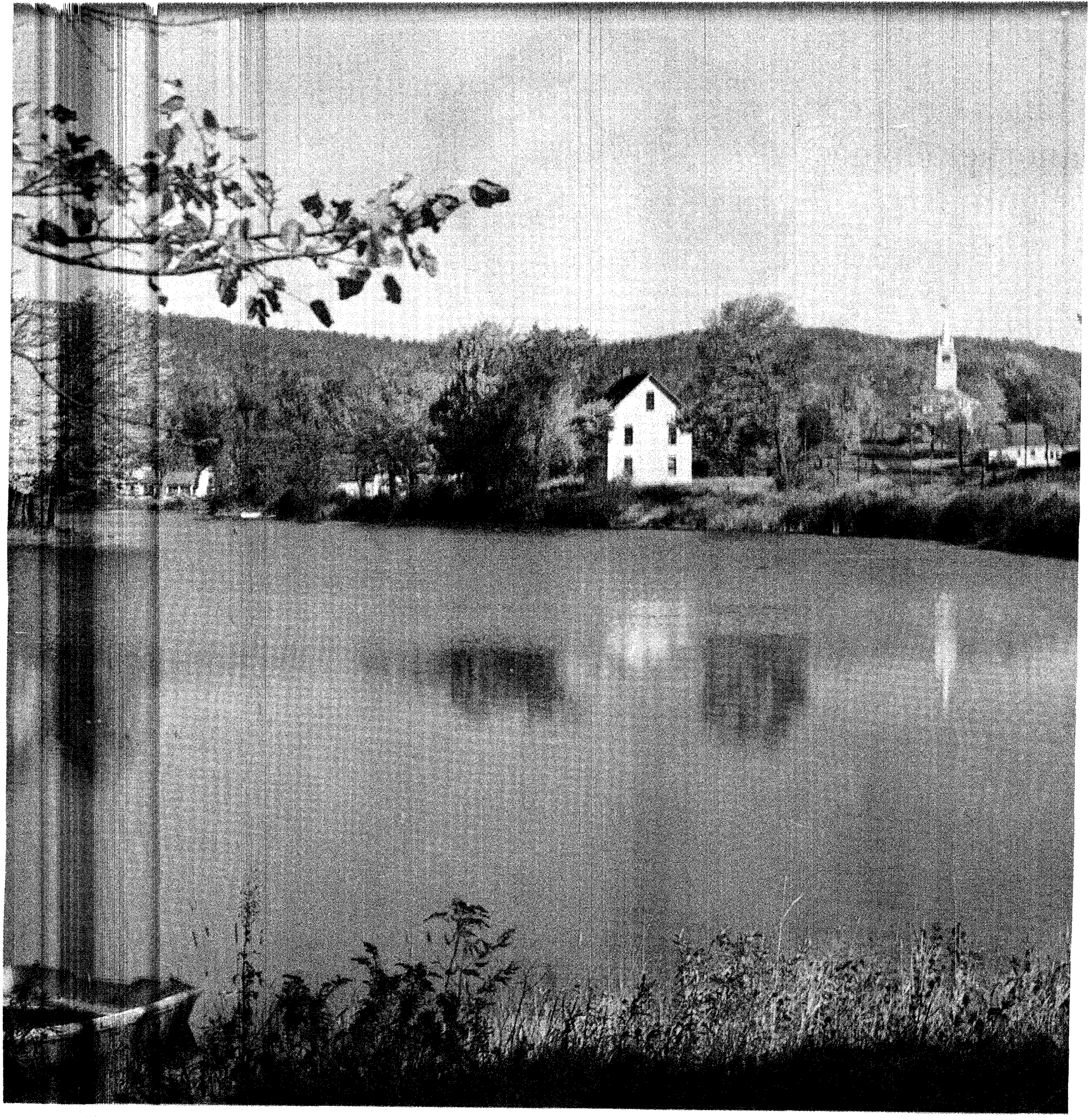

The Face of AMERICA

The Hues of Autumn

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The autumnal frost marches early through the woodland valleys of Northern New England. Smarting under its touch, birch and maple turn flaming red and yellow. Here, at East Andover, New Hampshire, November storms soon will strip the trees of their seasonal adornment, swirling the last colorful leaves through the air in a dying burst of gaiety. The scent of smoke now spices the rural air, before the cold west winds lay a thickening roof of ice over the quiet surface of Highland Lake. Then the Yankees of this countryside, their harvest chores complete, will dangle baited lines through the frozen surface to hungry fish below. But now, in a fragile moment of mid-fall splendor, late tourists, hurrying home to the cities' unlovely streets, pause before one of nature's artless, splendid achievements.

● Photograph by Harland Sutherland

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"You promised to go to the dance with me," he blurted out. Lola said, "I got a right to change my mind."

THE BRUSHOFF

The story of a tough guy who had to learn about people the hard way.

By PEGGY SIMSON CURRY

It was a summer when ranchers in the valley wrote to relatives they didn't give a darn about, and asked them to come for a visit. The ranchers mentioned how good the fishing was and how many young sage chickens had hatched out and would be of eating size by haying season. The idea was that some of these shirttail relations might be persuaded to hook up a team and help put up hay, for hired men were hard to find.

The boss didn't write any letters. He said all his relatives were women and scared of horses. Instead, we went to Denver when we got ready to put up the hay. We had some men at the ranch, but not enough. We had the old steadies—the Madson brothers from Steamboat Springs, Slim the stacker, the Swede sickle grinder, and Old Jack Patton, who drove a lead rake. And we had our share of the drifters who'd happened along at the right time.

The boss and I went down on the street in Denver where the newspaper had said men would be waiting for hire, and there they were, standing around in the sun. It was a seedy-looking outfit, I can tell you—some sobering up from the night before, some too old and frail for any kind of work, and some who looked as if they'd walked out of the hoboes' jungle.

The boss gave them the eye and was about to go on past when this kid came walking up the street and stood off by himself near the other men. He was a big, mean-looking kid with thick blond hair that was greased flat to his head, and eyes that were as clear and cold as our mountain lakes. He took out the makings and built himself a cigarette and let it hang in the corner of his mouth while he sized us up. His overalls were clean and faded, and I judged him to be around seventeen. He didn't have any fuzz on his cheeks yet.

"Well," the boss said in a low tone, "it's husky and alive. Wadda you think, Jeff?"

(Continued on Page 62)

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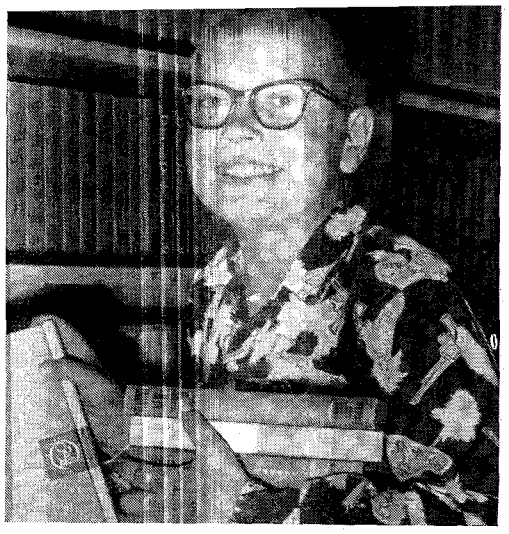


Bobby Seiler is a typical boy of ten—except that he happily read 206 library books last year.

Thanks to the unique system, pretty Cheryl Peck enjoyed reading 442 books in the fourth grade.

Johnny Can Read in Joplin

A remarkable school program has the kids of Joplin, Missouri, hitting the books fast and furiously—and they love it! Here's how the plan works.

By ROUL TUNLEY

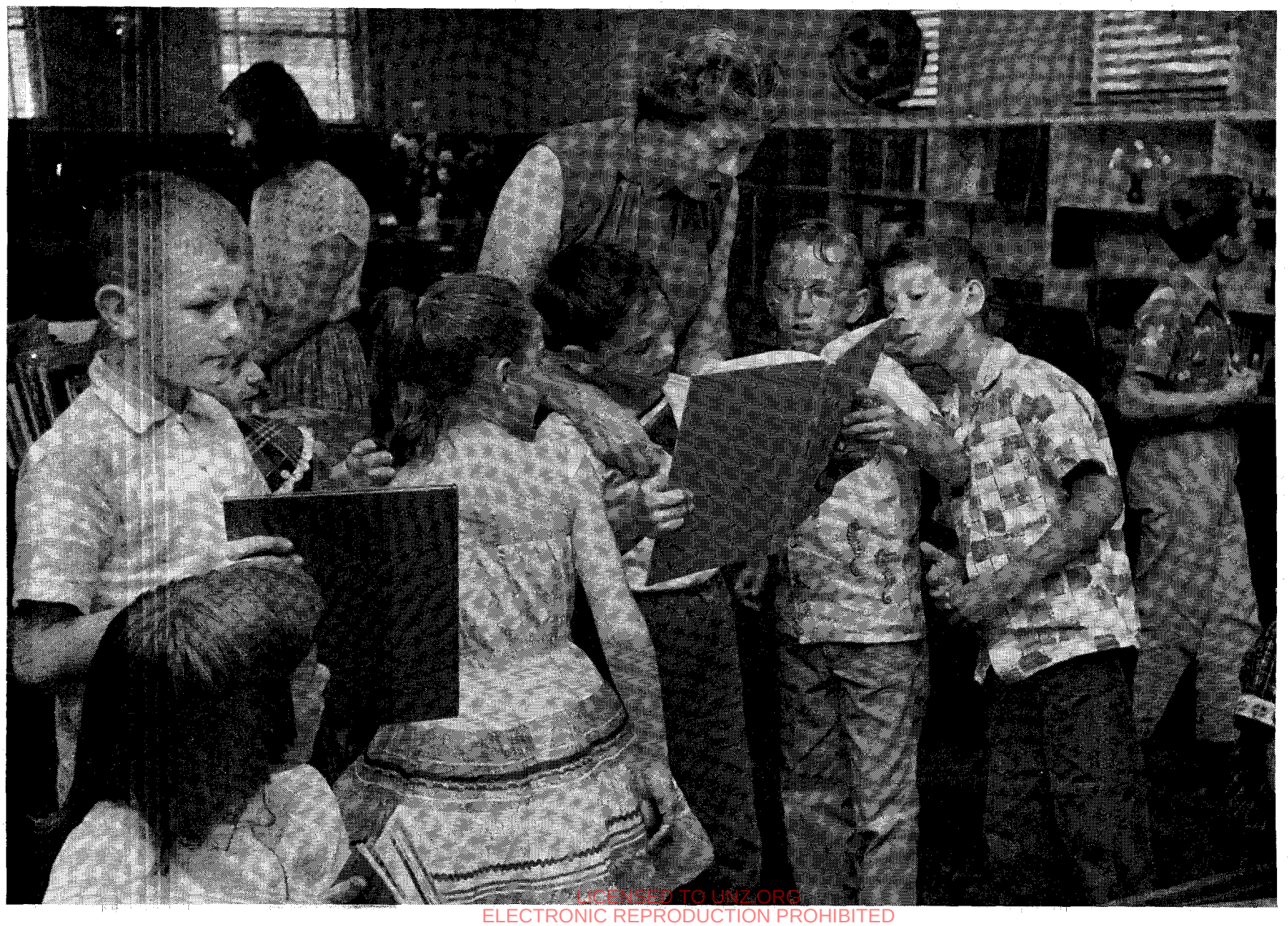
In a world increasingly addicted to pictures, the youngsters of Joplin, Missouri, have discovered the printed word—and they're intoxicated with it.

Imagine a child of ten—far from a genius—reading 200 books a year just for fun. Well, Joplin has such a fellow, a fifth-grader named Bobby Seiler, whose entire allowance of seventy-five cents a week goes for reading matter and whose library card is worn thin.

Not all Joplin's school children read 200 books a year, of course. Or even half that number. But in a typical elementary-school class, for example, I found thirty-four out of thirty-seven students who had read a minimum of eighteen books last year, excluding textbooks. Many pupils had read fifty. How many grown-ups can say as much?

After a week of studying the astonishing reading habits of the town's younger set, I think it's safe to say that most Joplin kids who have reached the fourth grade—the grade where the school's reading program shifts into high gear—love to read. Many will even pass up a baseball game or TV Western in favor of the published product. (Continued on Page 108)

Joplin small fry find the public library as exciting as the candy store. Children who read well, teachers report, do better in all their schoolwork.



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April 26, 1956: Joe Daigneault as he was brought into a Paris police station. The forlorn ex-soldier from Lewiston, Maine, had just stabbed his French wife twenty-six times.

An American Tried in Paris

The Crime:
Murder.

The Court:
Witty, learned, sophisticated.

The Victim:
A pretty Parisian showgirl, wife of

The Defendant:
A Yankee 3400 miles from home.

A Report From the Courtroom

by TONI HOWARD

PARIS.

The courtroom is sultry and crowded. The drone of hundreds of voices carries over the soft, steady sound of rain falling outside. Everyone—witnesses, newspapermen, bailiffs, lawyers, the general public—whispers, coughs and glances up at the big gilt clock over the judges' bench. It is 1:30 on a warm gray afternoon in Paris. The court clerk sounds three loud knocks. "*La cour!*"

Everyone in the courtroom stumbles to his feet and stands silent, facing the bench. A door in the oak paneling opens and in come three judges in the rich red robes of office. They are gray-haired, dignified men, and the tallest and most dignified of the three wears on his red robe the ermine lapels and facings of supreme authority, an uncomfortable honor on a day as oppressive as this. He is Monsieur le Président Raymond Jadin, judge of France's highest criminal court. And what he is about to preside over and we are about to witness is a typical murder trial in the Paris Court of Assizes. Typical, that is, except for the fact that the accused man is not a Frenchman, but a foreigner, an American—the first American

This picture is now affixed to Monique's gravestone. Joe found her on the street, married her and killed her.

To the French, Joe was a pathetic figure: a gentle man driven to violence by a faithless woman.

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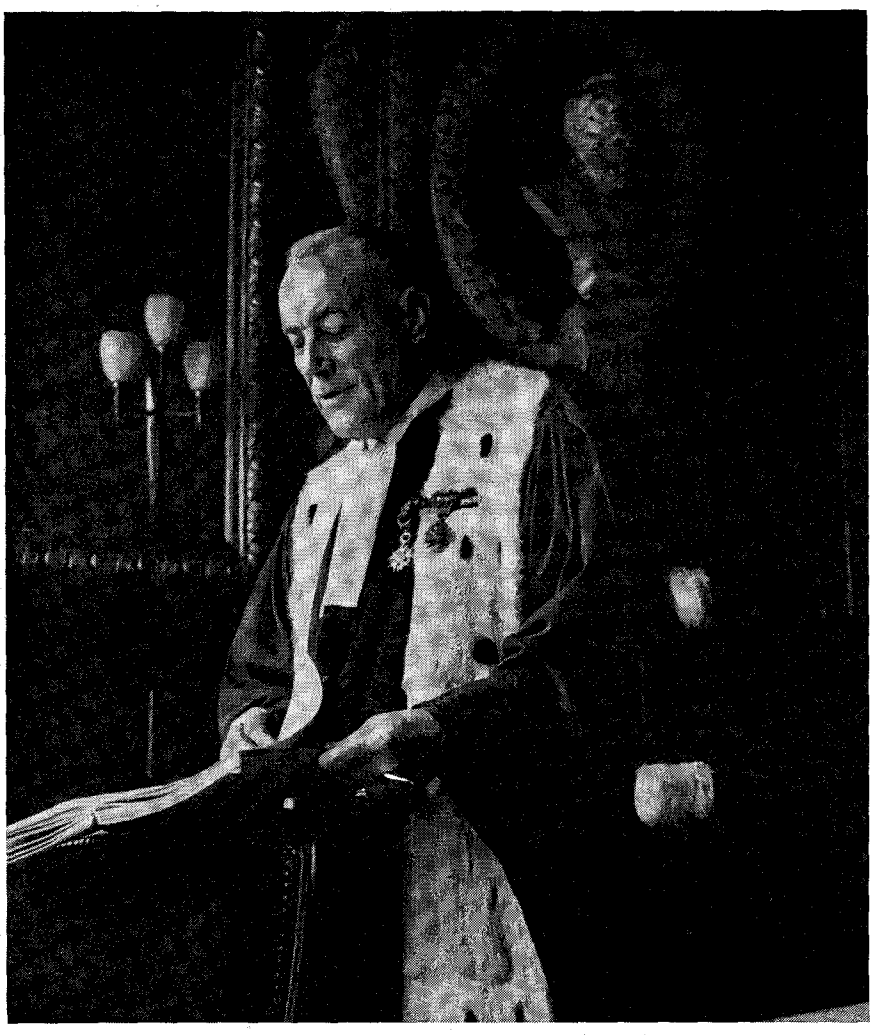
Le Juge d'Instruction, Alexis Zousman, played a dominant role in the Daigneault case. His exhaustive fifteen-month pretrial investigation determined the shape of the whole trial.



Monsieur le Président Raymond Jadin, judge of France's highest criminal court, later spoke of Joe as "a good boy, basically, but weak."

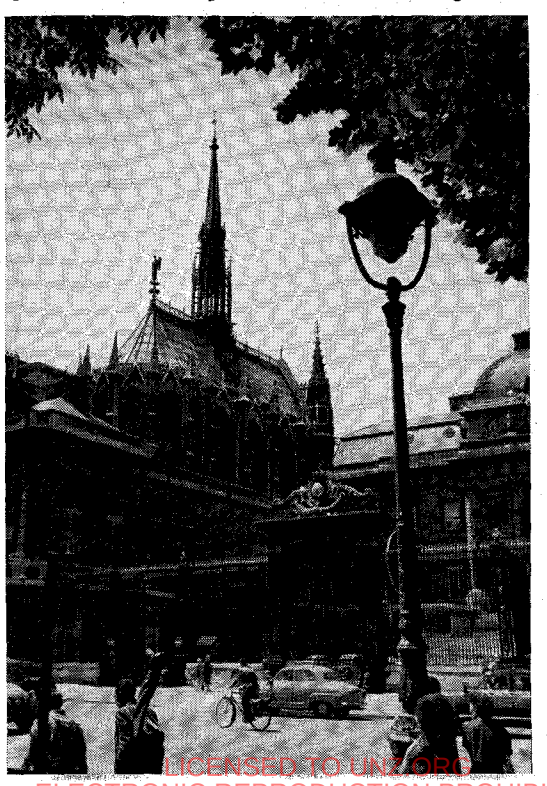
to be tried for murder before a French civil court since the Second World War.

Nothing in President Jadin's attitude shows that he is even aware of this. Once seated behind his bench, with his assistant judges on either side of him, he motions the courtroom to be seated and begins the business of the day—the judging of one more *crime passionnel*, the murder of a young French girl by her husband. From a side panel the accused American is led in, his handcuffs removed, and he is seated on the hard wooden bench of his box with two gendarmes behind him stoically staring at the ceiling. He is a slender, blond man, an ex-sailor and ex-soldier, and in the box he looks very young and pale, and in spite of his two guardians, very alone. His name, as the French could have predicted, is Joe—Joseph Daigneault—and at the age of thirty-two he is a widower by his own hand. On his thin, pock-marked face is fear, and more than fear, anguish. He is holding onto himself as well as the railing of the box as he gives his name, address, nationality, date and place of birth in answer to President Jadin's questions. He is admitting his guilt, throwing himself on the mercy of a French court for the murder of a French citizen. (In France there is no such thing as a formal plea of guilty or nonguilty. One either confesses or denies.) In the still courtroom his answers—in fairly competent French—are barely audible.

Now the jurors file in—seven good gray men in business suits—are roll-called, sworn, and take their places behind the crescent-shaped bench on either side of the three judges. There are a few more minutes of coughing and squirming, and then the court clerk gets up to read the Act of Accusation, or indictment. It is a document of human tragedy, but the clerk reads it like a child racing through a recited "piece" to get the promised chocolate:

"Whereas on the twenty-sixth of April, 1956, at eleven P.M., the body of Monique Parpus, twenty-seven years old, married name Mrs. Joseph Daigneault, was found on the floor of a room at 19 Rue Ste. Marthe in Paris, lying stretched out on her back with one leg slightly bent, in the middle of a large pool of blood. . . . Whereas in this puddle of blood was a large bread knife with a sharp, tapered point. . . . Whereas in the room when the police arrived, in addition to the accused, was present the mother of the victim, Madame Parpus, and a friend of the victim, Miss Renée Lotellier, who had seen the entire scene take place, and a Monsieur Gilbert Lapeyre, lover of the victim, who had intervened, but too late. . . . Whereas the autopsy revealed that Madame Daigneault had been struck with twenty-six blows of the knife at the level of the neck, the thorax, in the arms, shoulders and legs, and that death had been provoked by wounds to the left lung and the heart. . . . Whereas the accused has freely and fully admitted ——" The voice of the clerk mumbles on, the audience strains to hear. President Jadin puts on his horn-rimmed spectacles, takes them off, puts them on again.

Le Palais de Justice in Paris, where Joe Daigneault, an American citizen, went on trial for his life. The spire of Sainte-Chapelle rises in the background.



Across the court from the prisoner's box sit the newspapermen, desultorily reading newspapers or doing crossword puzzles. They are already familiar with the Act of Accusation, having read it in advance and written their pretrial stories—G.I. Joe Answers for Killing the Beautiful Monique or The Quiet American on Trial Today for Murder—so this preliminary to the trial is old hat to them. Then, too, the day is muggy, and it is the hour after lunch.

(Continued on Page 83)

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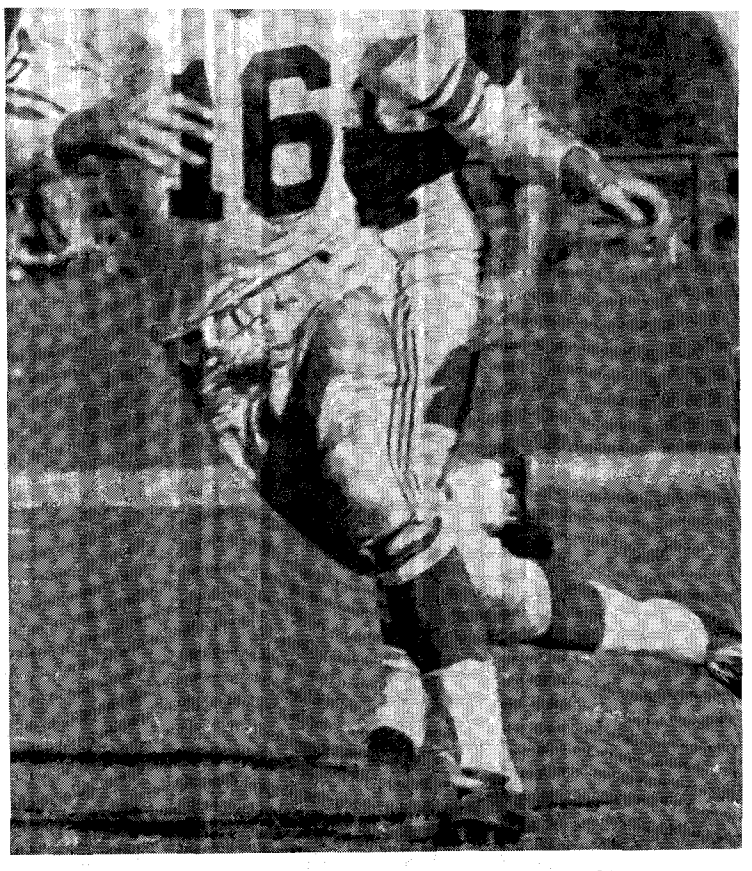
Gifford characteristic: The showy one-handed ball carry, a holdover from his college days.



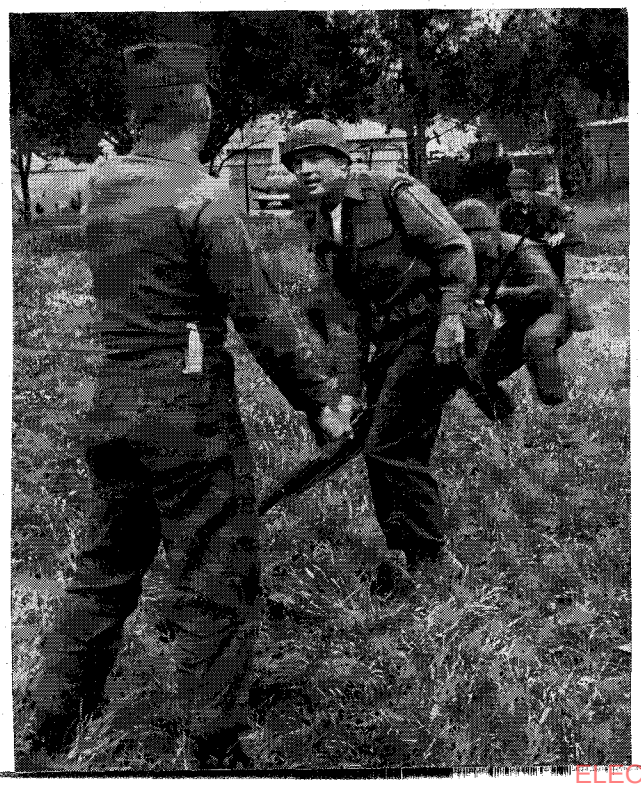
Sept. 1957: Frank caught the pass, but the Browns beat the Giants.

Pro Football's All-Around Man

Handsome Frank Gifford, the National Football League's quadruple-threat back, also possesses a unique array of off-the-field talents. Just look what he does in his spare time . . .

By STANLEY FRANK

Movie actor Gifford (facing camera) in rehearsal. "I am," he says, "if you must know the truth, a talking stunt man."



Among Gifford's other talents: Sports writing and weight-lifting (here, Mamie Van Doren).

That classic ideal of educators, the well-rounded man with a wide range of interests, is not always a good bet in this age of specialization. Consider the case of Frank Gifford, a professional football player with a diversity of semipro and amateur side lines. He didn't know whether he wanted to be an athlete, movie actor, TV commentator, building contractor, sports writer or novelist. He grew up to be a handsome young man of many parts, but until recently they did not add up to one solid, successful career.

Last year, with time awasting and his third child on the way, Gifford suddenly emerged as the top scorer and supercharger of the champion New York Giants. Although he previously had been a capable-enough performer to qualify for the eastern squad in three Pro Bowl games, Gifford had never ranked with the leaders in any phase of the business. In 1956 he did (Continued on Page 86)

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TRIAL SURGERY

The natives would never believe in the young doctor unless he passed a horrible test.

By KENNETH LANDON

"You've just witnessed a miracle, Ann," called Dr. Gerald Pomeroy to his wife, pedaling his bicycle through the night behind her. "When I went into that church I hadn't heard or spoken Siamese for fifteen years, and by the end of the service it all came back."

"Wonderful!" Ann called in reply. Everything was new and wonderful to her. "Just think," she said, "I'm the only white woman for a hundred miles!" and pedaled a little faster in response to the high excitement pulsing down her legs. Even the familiar ritual of a midweek service had seemed exotic and strange. "But it's lucky you and God understand Siamese. I'm afraid I never shall."

"What do you expect in a week?" he answered cheerfully. "After all, I was born here."

The road ran straight and dark, dipping and rising to the old Pomeroy house a half mile beyond the village end. There was no light but the stars—to Ann, the bright alien stars in the alien sky. Palm fronds rustled like silk, and the musky odor of nameless flowers passed on the breeze. They could sense the road rather than see it, running through the velvet blackness of the rubber gardens. Then these gave place on the right to the grounds of a Buddhist temple where a few flickering lights danced like fireflies.

Ann heard the rhythmic chanting of monks, the resonant bass of the older monks cut by the soaring treble of the novices.

"What are they saying?" she asked, and Gerald translated:

Be self your lantern,
Self your refuge.
Have no other refuge:
The doctrine your lantern,
The doctrine your refuge.

"That's beautiful," she said, "but the stars here are funny. Some of them seem to dance around. Look at that one just ahead. It seems to move back and forth across the sky."

Gerald saw it, too, and shouted, "Ann, jump!"

She was a girl who asked why, but she heard the sudden fear in his voice, and jumped, throwing herself sidewise, and pulling the bicycle by its handlebars into the ditch with her. Then between herself and the faint illumination from the temple a vast shape moved ponderously by with the eerie pad of great feet set down almost soundlessly, passing where she had been only seconds before. She heard Gerald from the far ditch calling in Siamese, his anger carefully

(Continued on Page 102)

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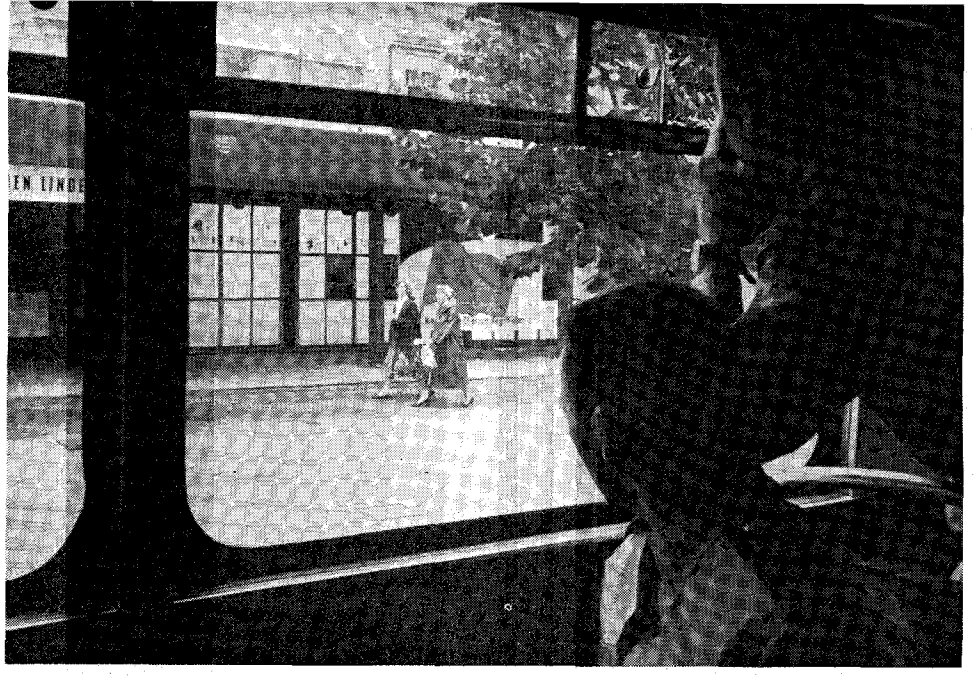
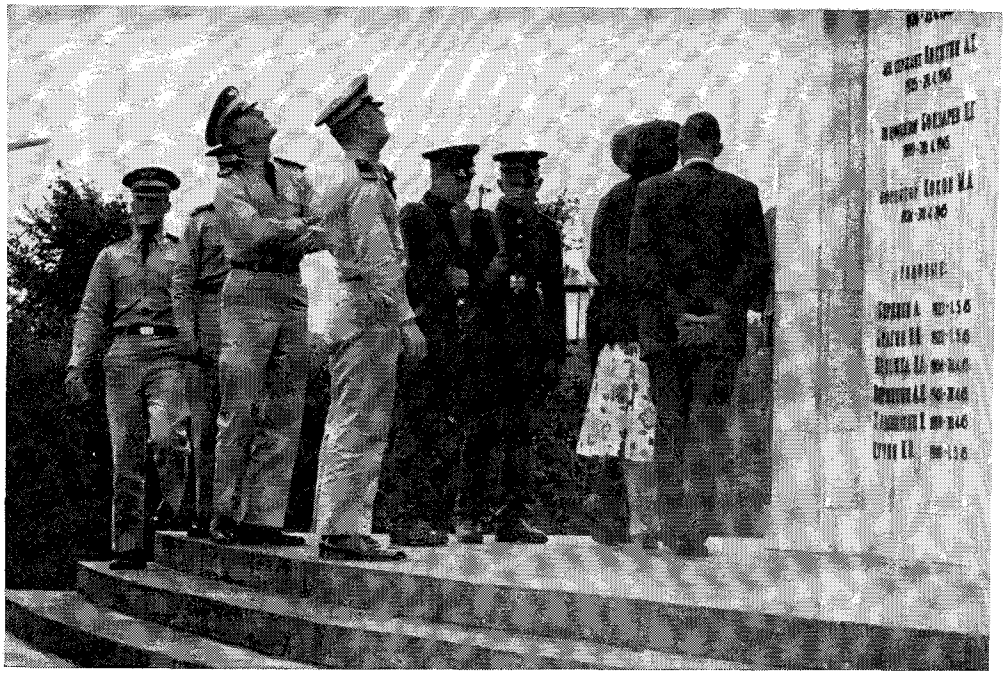


GERMANY: From a window of their sight-seeing bus, two Air Force cadets make an eager survey of the *Fräulein* situation in the Eastern Sector of Berlin.



GERMANY: The cadets are warily eyed by Soviet guards no older than themselves at the Russian War Memorial, which happens to be located in the Western Sector of Berlin.

A POST PICTURE STORY

Good Duty if You Can Get It

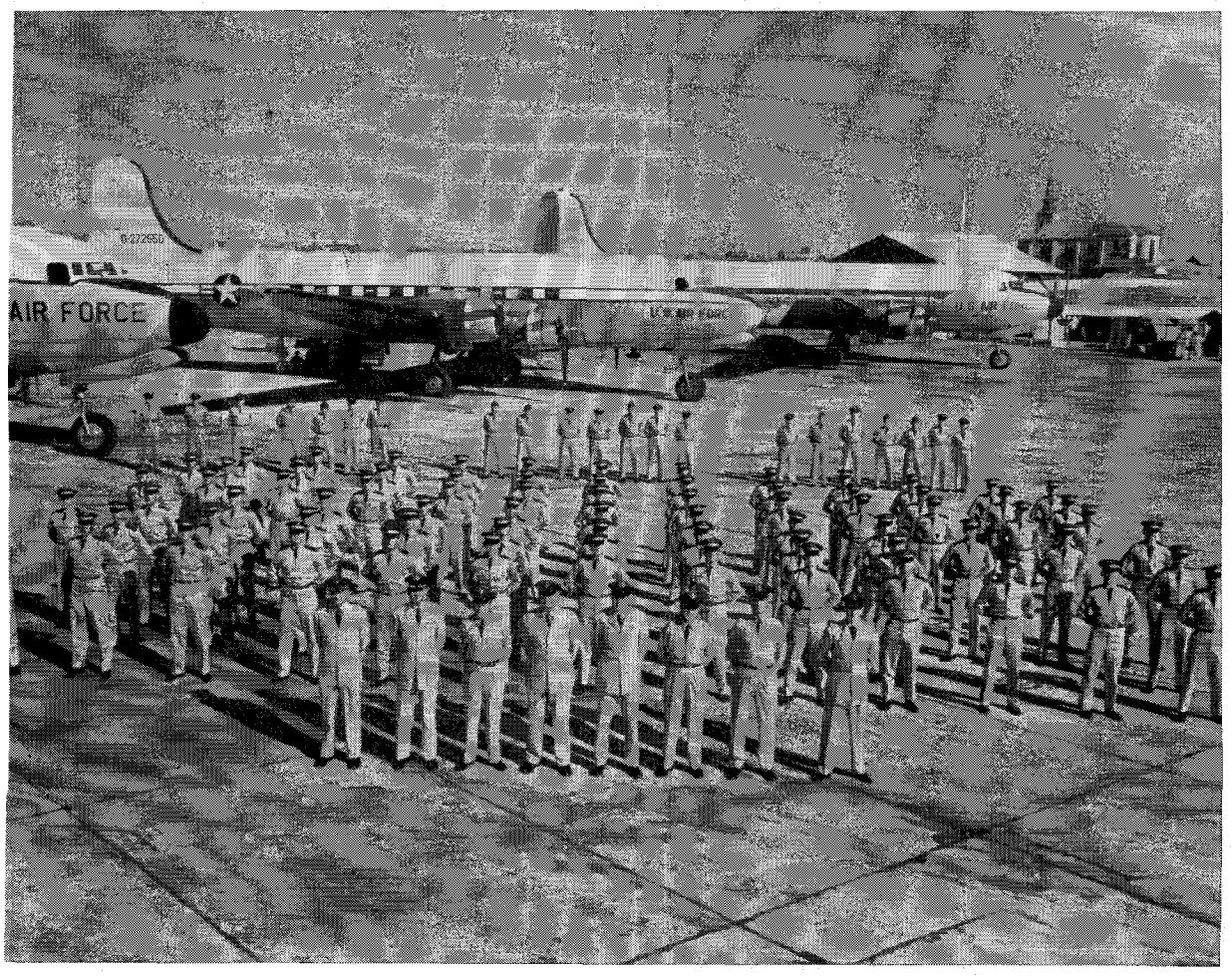
New ingredient in an Air Force cadet's education is a flying jaunt abroad which includes a novel combination of business and pleasure.

Photographs by John Burns

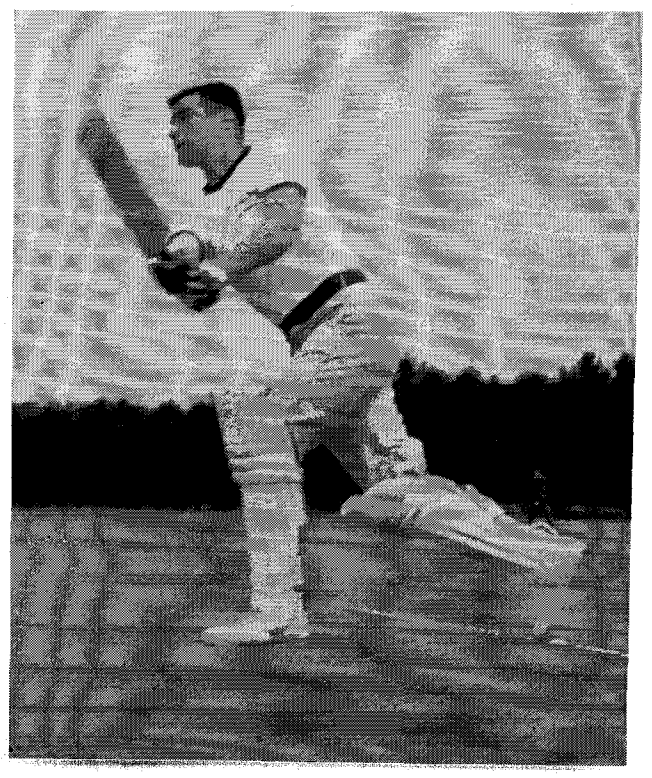
Few soft touches come the way of a cadet at the new Air Force Academy. He studies hard, plays hard and drills until his feet can be heard howling all over Colorado. Picture the joy, then, when seventy-seven members of the academy's first class learned they were off for a twenty-six-day tour of Europe, with Uncle Sam standing treat.

Unlike most tourists, who plod from nation to nation in routine order, the cadets were whisked back and forth across Europe, making three separate flights to Germany, for example, and two to France.

Object of the odyssey was to introduce the fledgling airmen to NATO and its chain of air bases stretched across the continent. At SHAPE headquarters outside Paris, Gen. Lauris Norstad, the Supreme Allied Commander of NATO Forces, enlightened the cadets on the momentous problems of defend-



SPAIN: The student airmen and their officers stand before their planes at Madrid's Getafe Airport.



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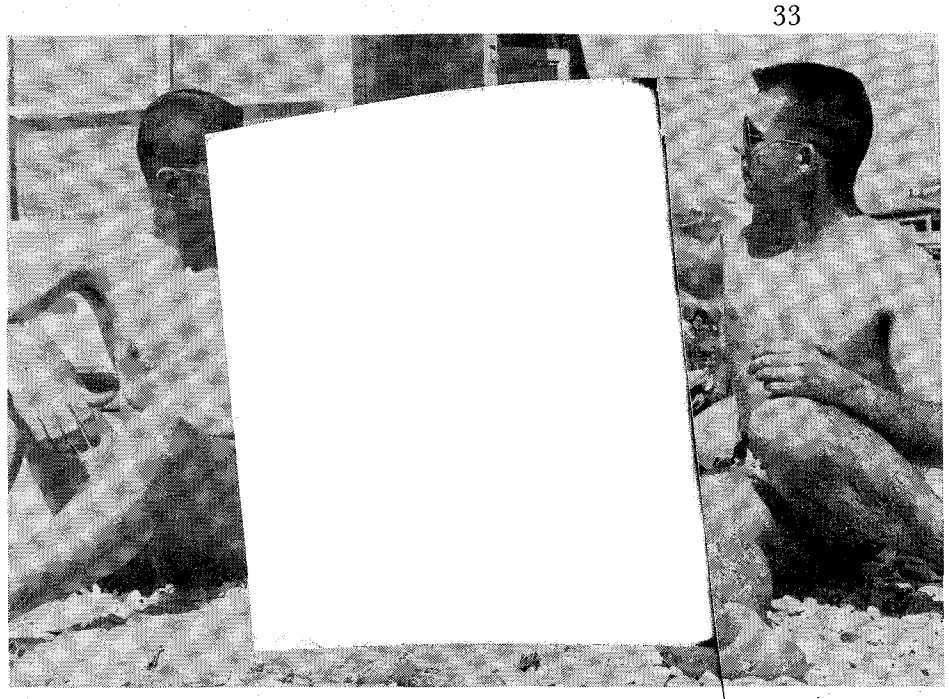
GERMANY: At Garmisch, an Alpine village, two cadets sing with young Germans, operetta-style; standing on chairs, arms entwined, swaying back and forth.



FRANCE: A sun-loving French girl marvels as Cadets Gary Carschnick (left) and Tom Rieslind describe the wonders of jet flight, at a Mediterranean beach.

ing Western Europe. In England, the R.A.F. put their latest aircraft through their paces, and at an American base in Germany the cadets witnessed a "count-down" demonstration of a Matador missile.

But when seventy-seven strapping young Americans—average age twenty—find themselves in exotic parts, frivolity is bound to break out. Fortunately, the Air Force proctors had arranged a fast-paced social schedule—sight-seeing, sports and dinner dances—to provide breaks in the training regimen. The cadets cheerfully came down from the wild blue yonder to meet the girls of the Côte d'Azur, and to take on young Britons at the British native games of football (soccer) and cricket. The party arrived in Garmisch in time for the harvest festival, and joined German farmers in celebrating the new crop. They saw a bullfight in Madrid, prowled the water front of Marseilles and made sorties to the Folies Bergère and Montmartre.

And at the Royal Air Force College at Cranwell, England, and at *L'École de L'Air* in Salon de Provence, France, the Americans worked and played with other young men who, with them, are soon to take upon their shoulders the responsibility of guaranteeing the peace of the free world. THE END

FRANCE: The French language presents a new kind of tactical problem to John Melancon (left) and Bob Chepolis.

ENGLAND: Don Madonna, of Denver, smashes one "over the boundary" in a cricket match with R.A.F. cadets. The British let the Americans beat them.

ENGLAND: Cadet George Clark, of Corpus Christi, Texas, picks up a bit of lore from a suave bobby before starting a tour of the Parliament buildings in London.

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There was a card on a string around her neck. It read: ZINNY BROWN—PUT OF AT MARIANBORO.

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Zinny was part of the disgrace that her mother had brought on the family. She was

The Child No One Wanted

By NEILL C. WILSON

Granny Hite was mad. Her cheeks glowed like ripe crabapples. Molly Trevitt was mad, too, but for a different reason. Eighty-two and forty-one, the two ladies perched on straight-backed setting chairs on the porch of Molly's azalea-spiced mountain dwelling. For seconds, each was speechless—a rare situation.

Granny Hite's mad was directed at a man and a woman who'd driven over the rattledy-bang road from Marianboro in a rattledy-bang buckboard to peek into Cat Track Hollow's barns and cabins. As if the Hollow hankered for such visitors. Her dander was also up at her exasperating neighbor, Grandsir Beckett, whose elderly mind had been so wropped up with a pointer pup he was training that he'd actually directed the pair to Granny's doorstep.

"And they tried to buy your frypan—the one with the long handle?" cried Molly incredulously.

"The one that my Great-great-great-aunt Mary Lee fetched here to Cherokee County as a bride."

"What did they offer you for it?"

"Twenty-five cents. I said to them, 'Not for twenty-five dollars would I part with that frypan.' . . . Did I ever tell you, Molly, the story of it?"

"Well, I always like to hear it again," said Molly, who was Granny's second cousin once removed. She folded her hands and prepared to enjoy the historic tale for the four-dozenth time. It almost stilled, for a moment, her own seethe and boil.

Granny accepted with gusto. It always did her a power of good, this recountal of how her spunky ancestor had met trouble more than halfway. "When the Indians feathered into her husband with arrows from four sides, and afterward came to the house for her, she knew she had to go with them, but she looked around for something useful for the journey, and there was that frypan—the one that had a good long handle, to reach over a cook fire with. When she left with those Indians, she could smell the smoke of her burning house for a mile. When night came and the savages made camp, they set her to run a gantlet."

Granny went silent a moment, to let this sink in. Molly's chair squeaked, so she was shivering deliciously.

"Not an ordinary gantlet," continued Granny. "This was going to be a she-gantlet. Great-great-great-aunt Mary was a good-looker, so all the squaws had cut real hearty whips and clubs. Shade-grown ash and bur oak and hickory with the knobs on. They were in a double line and more than ready. The chief made them wait, though, while Aunt Mary girded up her skirt. She tied it high, so her knees were free. She fixed to go through fast. She'd hung onto her frypan too. She'd not let go of it." Granny savored what was to come, as the Indian bucks may also have savored it. "Well, Great-aunt Mary started down that double line of yelling, club-swinging she-cats, and she went aspinning. With every twirl she laid that frypan to the side of some squaw's head—took 'em out like Grandsir Beckett shooting a row of bottles. Each one she banged knew for sure that the white race had landed on this continent. The braves nearly died from laughing. When Great-aunt Mary reached the end of the run she'd been larruped aplenty, but it was nothing to how she had laid about her, and the chief was so pleased he made her his top cook. That's what she was till settlers and soldiers rescued her. . . . Twenty-five cents," said Granny Hite wrathfully, "those snoopers from Marianboro offered me for that hundred-and-fifty-year-old pan, and fifty cents for the Hearts-and-Gizzards kiverlid on my bed! As if I'd sell anything of Aunt Mary's or my own wedding quilt!"

"Were they a little man with his hair parted in the middle and a big woman with an ostrich-feather hat? They were here too," disclosed Molly Trevitt.

"No!"

"Yes!" Molly was a tired-looking widow with sad eyes.

"How ever did they get up here?" It was three miles from Granny's cabin, every step rough and steep. The twinges to her knees from that walk would stay half the summer ahead, and she still had to get down the hill.

"They druv straight up the bed of the Run, her holding to the side rail, feathers all over her face. She said they have a store in Marianboro. Buy junk and sell antiques. High water and poison sumac couldn't stop 'em getting up here."

"And you sent them away faster than fast?"

"They didn't stay long."

Granny nodded in satisfaction. Cat Track Hollow was a hidden-away place whose sounds were chiefly of birds and running water, and rarely of wagon tires from beyond the mountains. Why, until the coming of those two business schemers, there hadn't been an invasion since a fateful swarm of lumberjacks.

Which reminded Granny. It was to check up on the lasting sorrow those tree fallers and rivermen had wrought that had fetched Granny here today.

"About Zinnia," Granny now said diffidently. Zinnia was Molly's daughter.

"She's gone," said Molly tonelessly.

"I know, dear." Zinnia Trevitt, barely sixteen and pretty as a sunny April morning, had run off with one of the loggers. Each of the five years since, Granny had climbed the path to ask her question, "Have you heard yet where she is?"

"She's dead."

Granny was shocked to the soles of her wool stockings.

"He says—the man who carried her off—he wants me to take the child."

"There's a child?" But of course there would be. "Only one?"

Molly's voice hardened. "I wrote him right back. I told him no." Her splint-bottomed chair squeaked harshly.

"You said no, Molly?"

Pent-up bitterness burst its floodgates. Bitterness of five

(Continued on Page 68)

Illustrated by R. G. Harris

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THEY ALL GAVE ME ADVICE

A Broadway columnist divulges the words of wisdom and warning he has received from Ernest Hemingway, Marilyn Monroe and dozens of other celebrities.

By
LEONARD LYONS

Edie Adams, star of Li'l Abner and wife of Ernie Kovacs (rear), bestows upon the author a special bit of backstage wisdom.

Jackie Gleason signaled to the bartender at Toots Shor's and ordered a drink. He sipped it casually, then studied the glass as if he suspected some foreign substance in the contents. He seemed utterly indifferent to the abuse being directed at him by Joe Benjamin, the one-time lightweight contender who was reputed to have challenged Jack Dempsey in a hotel suite when both were in their fighting prime.

Gleason stared at the glass. Once, years earlier, he had worked in a Newark café where he'd resented the comments of a ringside heckler and invited the man to step outside. The stranger, who accepted the challenge, could and did hit as hard as Tony Galento. In fact, he was Tony Galento, and quickly floored young Gleason with the same punch he later employed in flooring Joe Louis.

Mr. Benjamin continued his stream of invective while Gleason calmly contemplated his drink.

JOHN BARRYMORE

"Always be nice to the stagehands, so they won't drop anything on your head."

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"Jackie," I asked, "aren't you going to take umbrage at those cracks?"

"Umbrage?" Gleason replied. "Pal, never take umbrage unless you can lick the guy."

The peculiar nature of my profession as a newspaper columnist has afforded me frequent opportunities to be privy to similar practical advice; to garner wisdom never included in any university curriculum—unique counsel for diverse problems and circumstances; lessons from scholarly sages and frivolous eccentrics, usually born of the hard experience of Broadway nights and often propounded by those imbued with a blend of Proust, Plato and Piper Heidsieck.

"Encourage imitators," Salvador Dali once told me. "Not just two or three, but thousands. Imitation means reputation." In Yankee Stadium one afternoon I heard Johnny Lindell counsel a big-league rookie, "The first thing to remember is never to read the papers when your team loses." And Al Jolson once suggested to me, "Get a sun tan. No matter how bad things may be, they always seem better if you have a sun tan."

Edward G. Robinson, however, amassed a fortune while preserving a pale complexion, and put a great deal of his money into art. In discussing the difficult problem of how to begin a good collection, the screen star advised, "Have the guts and passion to buy your first good painting. That picture will dictate your second good purchase. And the two, in turn, will tell you which others to buy."

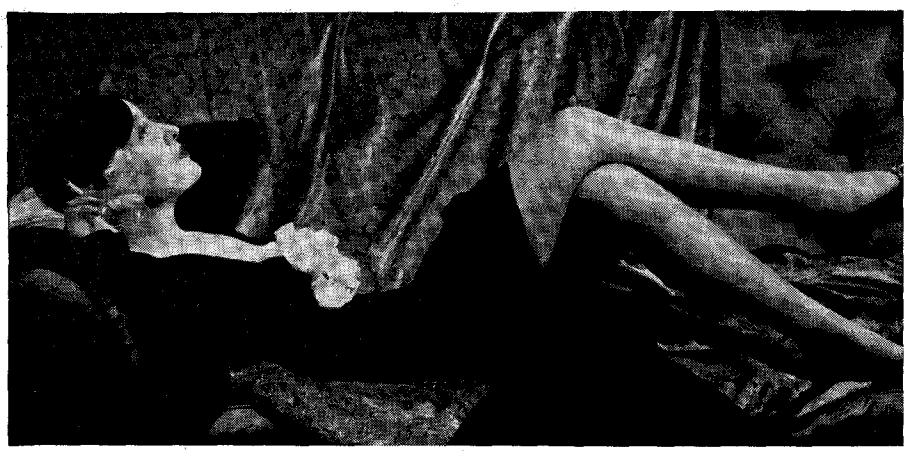
When, in time, the rising market swelled the value of Robinson's collection to several million dollars, the actor considered this undeniable proof that he'd invested wisely. Dissent was heard from Henri Bernstein, the late French playwright. "You die, and your heirs may not like the paintings and sell them at auction," he said. "It's wiser to invest in good wines, race horses, night-club gaiety and beautiful women—so that when you die, it all goes with you. You cannot sell beautiful memories at auction."

A nationally known songstress was acquiring beautiful memories one night in the candlelit Champagne Room of El Morocco—until the darkened corner where she sat was suddenly illuminated by the flare of a brandy flame from the crêpes Suzette she had ordered. All eyes immediately were drawn to that corner, where the songstress was discovered supping with a married gentleman. "I've learned my lesson," she confessed. "Never order crêpes Suzette when you're out in a dark place with a married man."

Ina Claire met and married a California lawyer and retired happily to his San Francisco home. A playwright tried, in vain, to lure her back to the Broadway stage by assuring her that the play would (Continued on Page 54)

BILLY ROSE

"Never invest your money in anything that eats or needs repainting."



PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE

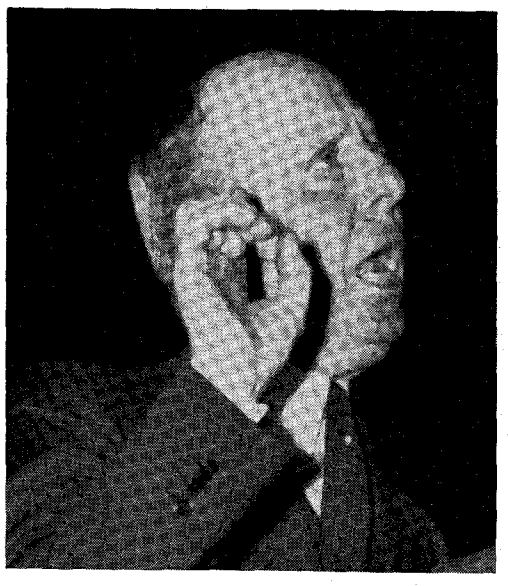
"Never become interested in a man under 40. He hasn't yet had a chance to correct his mistakes."

ETHEL BARRYMORE

"A Broadway opening is like childbirth. No one can do it for you. You've got to go through it yourself."

GYPSY ROSE LEE

"A stripper should wear something long enough to keep the police away, yet short enough to lure the customers in."



FRANK HAGUE
(late mayor of Jersey City)

"Every time a politician gets specific, he loses votes."

ROBERT MERRILL

"If you think you've hit a false note, sing loud. When in doubt, sing loud."

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HORNBLOWER AND THE STAR OF THE SOUTH

By C. S. FORESTER

If the daring scheme failed before they could get under way,
the massed harbor batteries would pound Hornblower's frigate to splinters.

Rear Admiral Lord Hornblower, commander in chief of His Britannic Majesty's ships in West Indian waters, was humiliated. His flagship, the Clorinda, had been outrun by the Spanish slaver, the Estrella del Sur, in a chase seen by all the city of San Juan. With Spain about to join in the suppression of the slave trade, every slaver was trying to run cargoes before the ban took effect. The Clorinda's captain, Sir Thomas Fell, was particularly disappointed by his failure. It might cost him his command, as well as the head money paid by the British Government for slaves freed on the high seas.

Hornblower conceived a dangerous plan to capture the Estrella, and ordered his secretary, Erasmus Spendlove, to suggest it to Sir Thomas. The idea was to attach a drogue to the rudder of the Estrella. With her speed cut and her rudder possibly broken by the drag of the sea anchor, the Estrella would be fair game. But if the Spaniards uncovered the plot, the consequences would be dire.

CONCLUSION

The cabin was soon crowded with people as the work was put in hand. Spendlove came

The two strong swimmers, their faces blackened, had slipped overside from the guard boat.

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first; after him, Gerard was sent for, and then Sefton, the first lieutenant. Next came the sailmaker, the armorer, the carpenter and the boatswain. The sailmaker was an elderly Swede who had been forced into the British Navy twenty years ago in some conscienceless action of the press gang, and who had remained in the service ever since. His wrinkled face broke into a grin, like a shattered window, as the beauties of the scheme dawned upon him when he was told about it. Spendlove was busy sketching out with pencil and paper a drawing of the drogue, with Gerard looking over his shoulder.

"Perhaps even I might make a contribution to this scheme," said Hornblower, and everyone turned to look at him; he met Spendlove's eye with a glassy stare that forbade Spendlove to breathe a word to the effect that the whole scheme was his original idea.

"Yes, my lord?" said Fell.

"A length of spun yarn," said Hornblower, "made fast to the tail of the drogue and led forrard and the other end secured to the chain. Just a single strand, to keep it tail end forward while Estrella gets under way. Then when she sets all sail and the strain comes ——"

"The yarn will part!" said Spendlove. "You're right, my lord. Then the drogue will take the water ——"

"And she'll be ours, let's hope," concluded Hornblower.

"Excellent, my lord," said Fell.

Was there perhaps a mild condescension, a tiny hint of patronage, in what he said? Hornblower felt that there was, and was momentarily nettled at it. Already Fell was quite convinced that the whole scheme was his own—despite his handsome earlier admission that Spendlove had contributed—and he was generously allowing Hornblower to add a trifling suggestion. Hornblower allayed his irritation with cynical amusement at the weaknesses of human nature.

"In this stimulating atmosphere of ideas," he said modestly, "one can hardly help but be infected."

"Y-yes, my lord," said Gerard, eying him curiously. He had caught the echo of mock modesty in Hornblower's tone, and was on the verge of guessing the truth.

"No need for you to put your oar in, Mr. Gerard," snapped Hornblower. "Do I have to recall you to your duty? Where's my dinner, Mr. Gerard? What will Lady Barbara say when she hears you allow me to go hungry?"

"I beg pardon, my lord," spluttered Gerard, entirely taken aback. "I'd quite forgotten —— You've been so busy, my lord ——"

"No time now, Mr. Gerard," said Hornblower. Until the need for distracting Gerard's attention had arisen, he had been equally forgetful of the need for dinner. "Let's hope his excellency will offer us some small collation."

"I really must beg your pardon, my lord," said Fell, equally embarrassed.

"Oh, no matter, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower, waving the apologies aside testily. "You and I are in the same condition. . . . Let me see that drawing, Mr. Spendlove."

He was continually being led into playing the part of a peppery old gentleman, when he knew himself to be nothing of the sort. He was able to mellow again as they went once more through the details of the construction of the drogue, and he gave his approval.

"I believe, Sir Thomas," he said, "that you have decided to entrust the work to Mr. Sefton during our absence ashore?"

Fell bowed his agreement.

"Mr. Spendlove will remain under your orders, Mr. Sefton. Mr. Gerard will accompany Sir Thomas and me. I don't know what you have decided, Sir Thomas, but I would suggest that you bring a lieutenant and a midshipman with you to his excellency's reception."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"Mr. Sefton, I am sure I can trust you to have this work completed by the time of our return, early in the middle watch, I fancy?"

"Yes, my lord."

So there it was all settled, except for the dreary interval of waiting.

"Dinner, my lord?" suggested Gerard eagerly.

"I'll call for Giles if I want some," Hornblower said, looking round the crowded cabin. He wanted to dismiss this horde of people, and sought words to do so politely.

"Then I'll attend to my other duties, my lord," said Fell, suddenly and surprisingly tactful.

"Very well, Sir Thomas; thank you."

The cabin emptied itself rapidly; Hornblower was able by a mere look to put an end to Gerard's tendency to linger. Then he could sink back into his chair and relax, sturdily ignoring Giles when he came in with another lighted lamp for the darkening cabin. He was in half a doze when a knock on the door preceded the arrival of a midshipman.

"Cap'n's respects, my lord, and the shore boat is approaching."

"My compliments to the captain, and I'll be on deck at once."

The shore boat was bright with a lantern hanging over the stern sheets in the midst of the darkness of the harbor. It lit up Mendez-Castillo's resplendent uniform. Down the side they went, midshipman, lieutenants, captain, admiral, in the reversed order of naval precedence, and powerful strokes of the oars carried them over the black water toward the city, where a few lights gleamed. They passed close by the Estrella; there was a light hanging in her rigging, but apparently she had completed her watering, for there was no activity about her.

Nevertheless there came a continuous faint wailing from up her open hatchways. Perhaps the slaves there were mourning the departure of those of them who had been taken from them. It occurred to Hornblower that these unfortunate people, snatched from their homes, packed into a ship whose like they had never seen before, guarded by white men—and white faces must be as extraordinary to them as emerald-green ones would be to a European—could have no idea at all of what lay in store for them, any more than he himself would have if he were to be abducted to another planet.

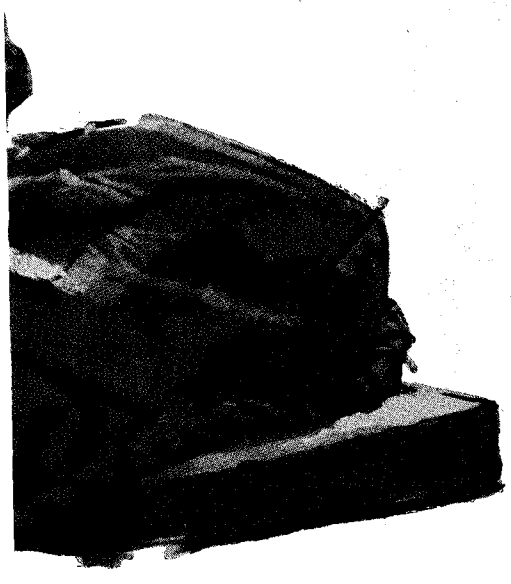
"His excellency," said Mendez-Castillo beside him, "has had pleasure in deciding to receive your excellency with full ceremonial."

"That is most kind of his excellency," replied Hornblower, recalling himself to his present duties with an effort, and expressing himself in Spanish with even more effort.

The tiller was put over and the boat turned abruptly round a corner, revealing a brightly lit jetty, with a massive gateway beyond. The boat ran alongside and half a dozen uniformed figures (Continued on Page 74)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

"It would be best if your ship were to remain in this harbor until after the Estrella sails," said Ayora firmly.



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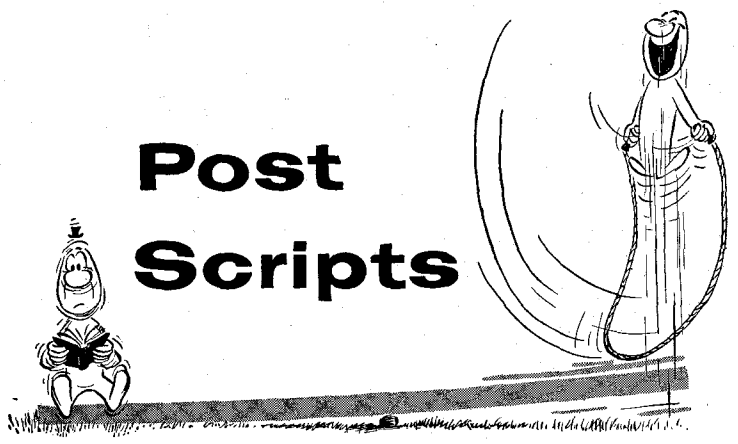
Post Scripts



A Dogtrot in Six-Eight Time for Mothers Who Can't Foxtrot

One, two, tie his shoe,
Find his yo-yo, hide the glue;
Three, four, open the door,
Muddy feet, scrub the floor.

Five, six, pick up sticks,
Marbles, string and broken bricks;
Seven, eight, getting late,
Claims it's ages since he ate.

Nine, ten, should begin
To wash him clean for tucking in;
Little man, you laugh and play,
While mother has the busy day!

BOB HARMON

"And if Elected—Good-by"

With Congress adjourned, emancipated senators and representatives are scattering in all directions, looking for something to investigate. NEWS ITEM

It's my belief that too little attention is being paid these days to our legislative process. Congress is often misunderstood, and too frequently its true functioning is clouded by the swirling mists of oratory and debate. To bring our legislature a little more clearly into focus, I have struck off the following drama, which is available, royalty-free, to patriotic organizations everywhere:

SCENE: *Senate cloakroom. Two men, identifiable as* SENATORS *by the foreign stickers on their brief cases and the cameras hanging from their shoulders, meet and shake hands warmly.*

FIRST SENATOR (*Jovially*): Well, by George, this seems like Paris—or was it Cairo? Fancy running into you here—of all places.

SECOND SENATOR (*Beaming*): This is a surprise. What on earth brings you to Washington?

FIRST SENATOR: Poor schedule from Paris to Honolulu. I got stuck with a two-hour layover here.

SECOND SENATOR (*Nodding sympathetically*): Well, the Capitol is a good place to sweat it out.

FIRST SENATOR (*Eying colleague's camera and brief case*): Are you coming or going?

SECOND SENATOR (*Sighing with relief*): Going, thank heaven. I've been here two days.

FIRST SENATOR (*Incredulously*): Two *whole* days?

SECOND SENATOR: I had intended to stay only one, but I had to pick up some fresh committee assignments and it took longer than I thought. Funny thing happened to me in New Delhi. (*Laughs with embarrassment.*) I ran out of assignments.

FIRST SENATOR (*With confidence*): That's a problem I don't have to face as long as I'm investigating national anthems for the Security Subcommittee. You'd be surprised how many countries have national anthems.

SECOND SENATOR (*Enviously*): I guess so. (*Quickly*) I don't suppose there's a chance of a vacancy on that committee any time soon, is there? This running back to Washington for new assignments is not only a bother but it's a needless expense to the taxpayer. We have to think of him, you know.

FIRST SENATOR (*Testily*): Don't tell me that. I turned down a trip to Antarctica last winter to save the taxpayers money. I went to Havana instead—only half the distance. But there may be a vacancy if Smedley doesn't run again. He really isn't qualified for the Senate anyway; he gets airsick, he has trouble sleeping away from home, and he doesn't even own a camera. How he got elected I'll never know.

SECOND SENATOR (*Gravely*): He certainly sounds totally unfit for elective office. (*Picks up bags.*) Well, can I give you a ride to the airport?

(*They exeunt right, as a new* SENATOR *enters the cloakroom from the Senate floor. His arm is still raised from the swearing-in ceremony and it is bare to the shoulder, a convenience enabling him to receive his injections simultaneously with the oath of office. He is hurrying.*)

CURTAIN

CASKIE STINNETT

The Strange Case of the Bareback Halfback

Oh, the competition's great when the squads
from Tech and State
Take the gridiron in their annual collision;
It's a knockdown, drag-out game, but it's
really rather tame
In comparison to what ensues at home when I
proclaim:
"Daddy's going to watch this game on
television."

Thanks to some macabre scheming, other
channels all are teeming
With productions in which children find
pure bliss;
There's a circus on Eleven and puppet show
on Seven,
Not to mention (for the housewife) something
called "Your Cooking Heaven"—
All of which are much too popular to miss.

So I spend the afternoon in an attempt
(forestalled) to tune in
And encourage Alma Mater in her try;
But the halfbacks, while I'm staring, suddenly
seem to be paring
Carrot sticks or riding bareback or else
something just as daring—
When the game is finished, brother, so am I!

DICK EMMONS

GUESS WHO

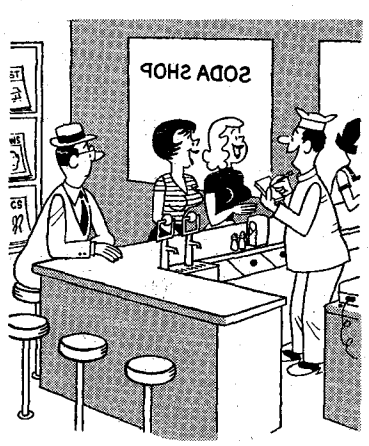
By BILL HARRISON

. . . . has his picture in the paper

. . . . had to be dragged to the studio

. . . . came with his grandfather

. . . . has been burning leaves



. . . . was next

. . . . doesn't mind telling her age

. . . . has a new convertible

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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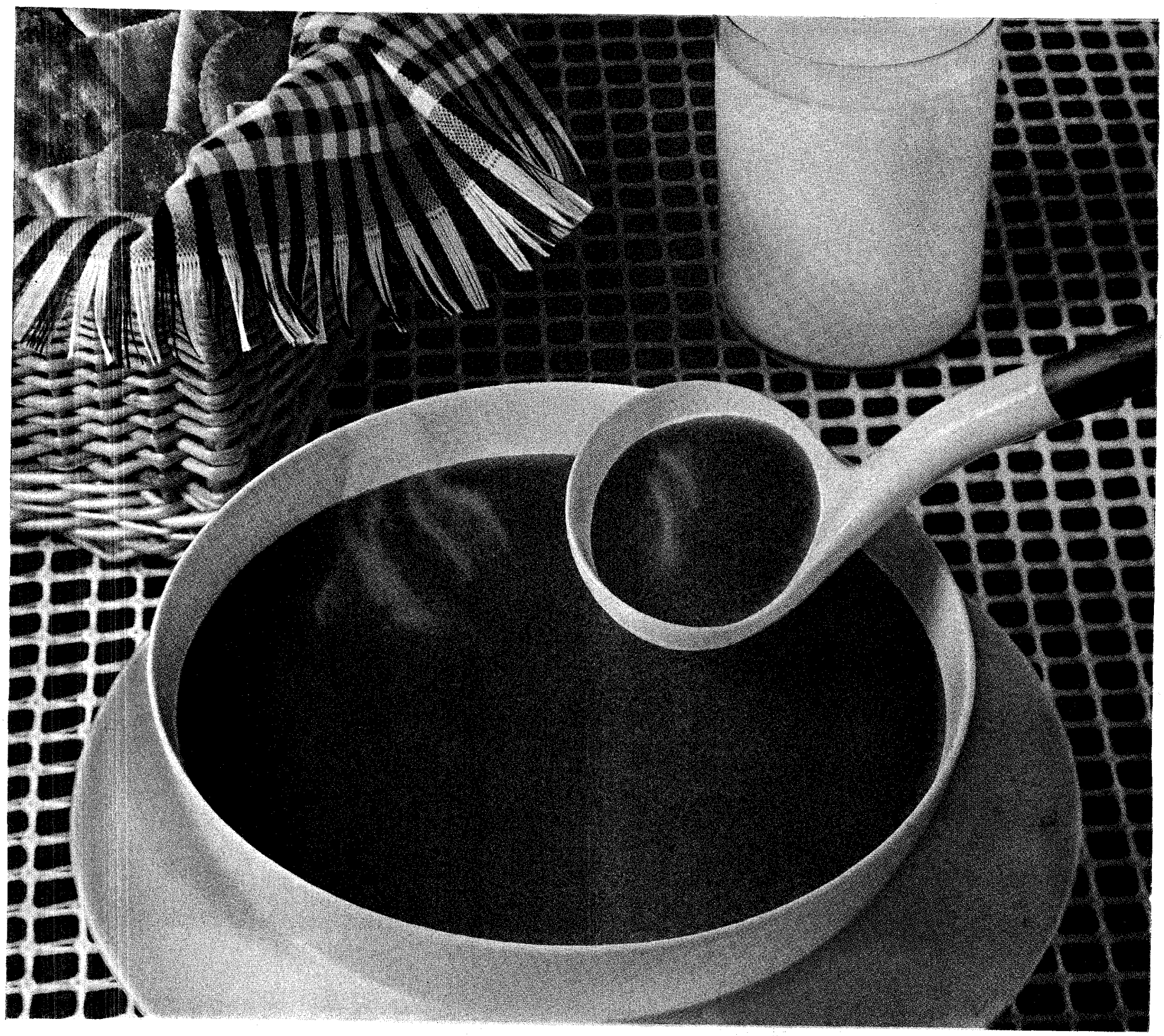
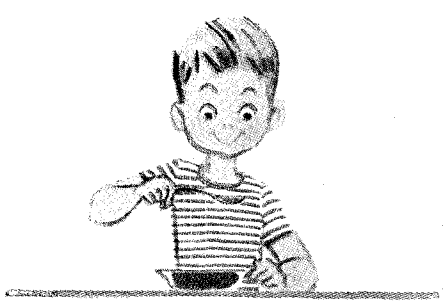
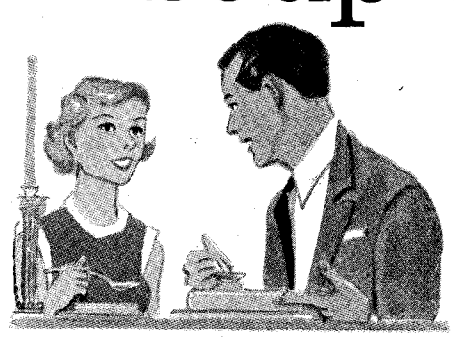


Have you had your soup today?



MORNING. Wake 'em up—warm 'em up—add a bowlful of their favorite soup to breakfast. That's a quick and easy way to give your children get-up-and-go. Especially that souper-favorite—Tomato Soup!

NOON. What's a sandwich without soup! Good, warming soup—Campbell's Tomato Soup! That's a taste that makes everything taste better . . . the fresh, red ripe flavor of the famous Campbell Tomato.



NIGHT. Campbell's Tomato Soup starts off any meal with the pleasantest things you can think of: warmth and cheer—bright tomato flavor (nobody can match that Campbell Tomato flavor) . . . and nourishment.

M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good! Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!

So . . . once a day . . . every day . . . Soup— *Campbell's*, of course!

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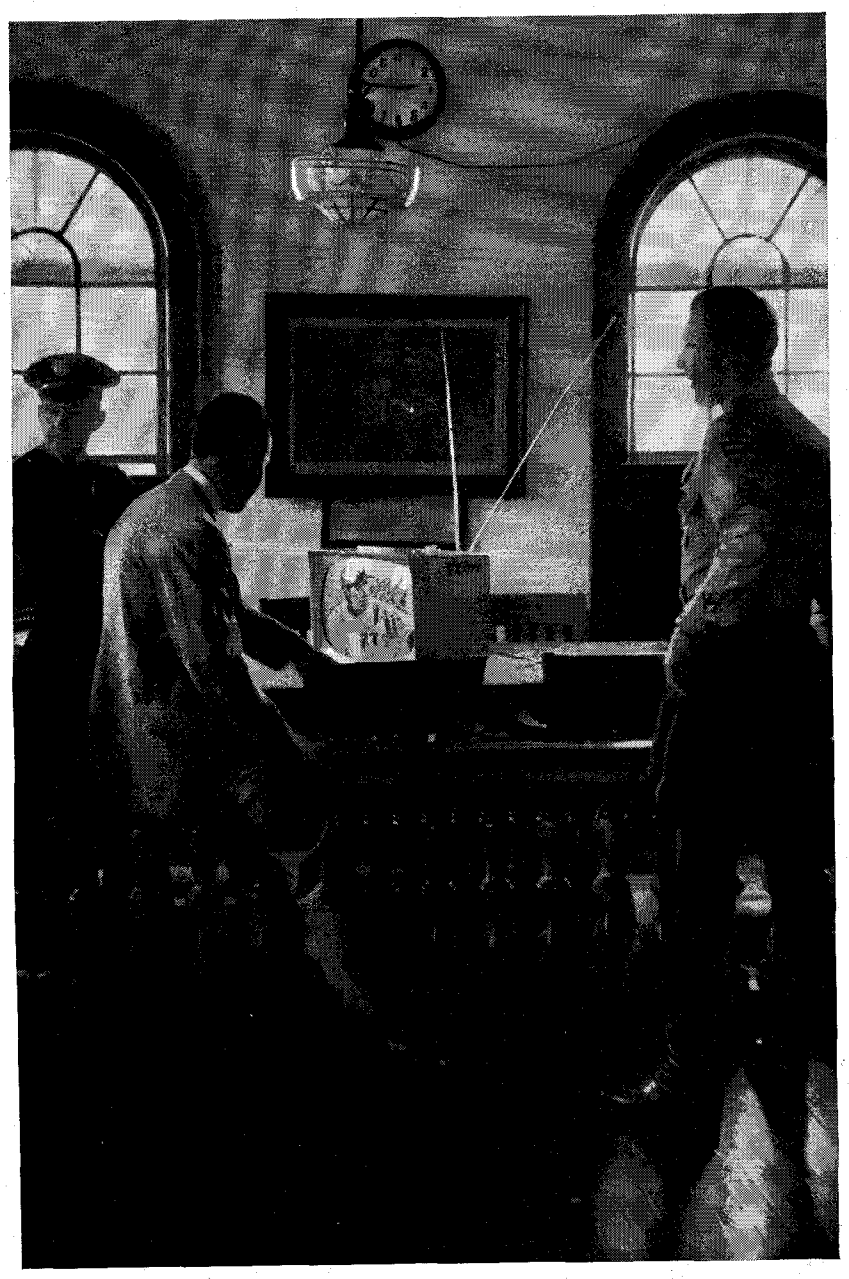
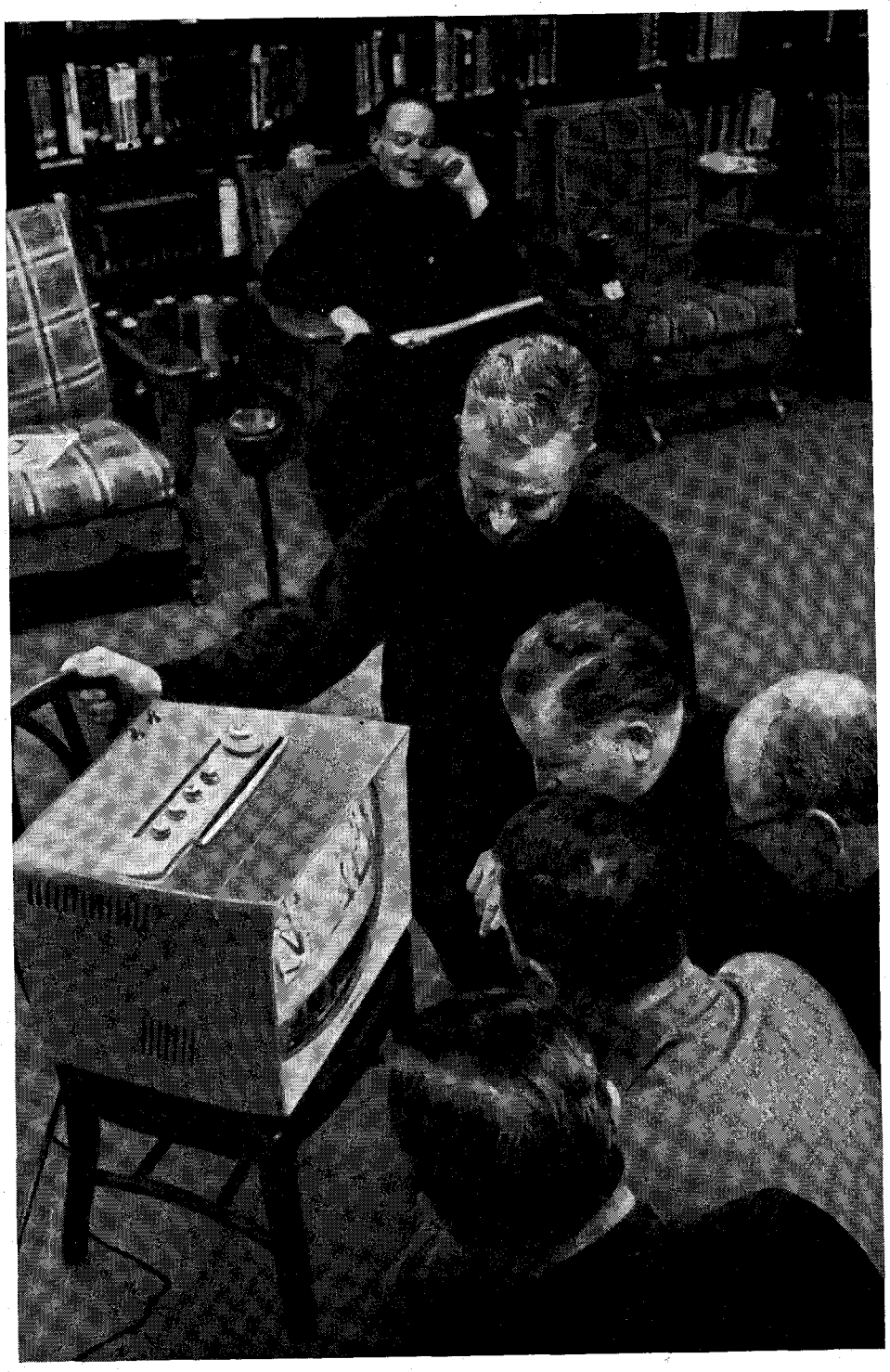
Big-Screen General Electric Portable with 17-inch (over-all diagonal) tube, 155 square inches of viewable area. Retractable handle, built-in telescoping antenna, aluminum cabinet. Three color choices: Turquoise & Mist Green, Beige & Tawny White, Charcoal & Mist Gray.





General Electric Big-Screen Portable

PULLED IN A SHARP PICTURE FROM 62½ MILES AWAY

We don't claim performance like this in every locality. But, using its own built-in antenna, this 30-pound performer got Philadelphia stations at Mantoloking, N. J.—62½ air miles away (left). With a roof antenna the General Electric Big-Screen brought in New York at the Cranwell School in Lenox, Massachusetts—119 air miles away (right).

Police Station—Mantoloking, New Jersey . . . The Big-Screen Portable got Philadelphia stations—62½ air miles away. More amazing, as the police chief pointed out, it did this with "horns"—his term for its built-in antenna.

Cranwell School—Lenox, Massachusetts . . . The Jesuit Fathers, who teach here, kindly let us try the General Electric Big-Screen hooked up to their rotating roof antenna. It brought in New York just as well as their console does—from 119 air miles out.

That's documentary evidence that the General Electric Big-Screen Portable *works wherever a console will* . . . goes where a console won't.

Why such great performance? This portable has a new tetrode tuner that packs even greater picture power than before.

The Big-Screen Portable is *light*. It weighs a mere 30 pounds. It's *trim*, too. Thanks to its 110° picture tube, the Slim Silhouette cabinet measures just 15 inches front to back. And it has a *bigger picture*—155 square inches of picture.

Better see the portable that brought in a sharp picture from 62½ miles away on its own antenna—and from 119 miles away with a roof antenna. It's waiting for you at your General Electric dealer's. Right now.

Retail prices will include Federal excise tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHF at small additional cost. Prices subject to change without notice. General Electric Company, Television Receiver Department, Syracuse 8, New York.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

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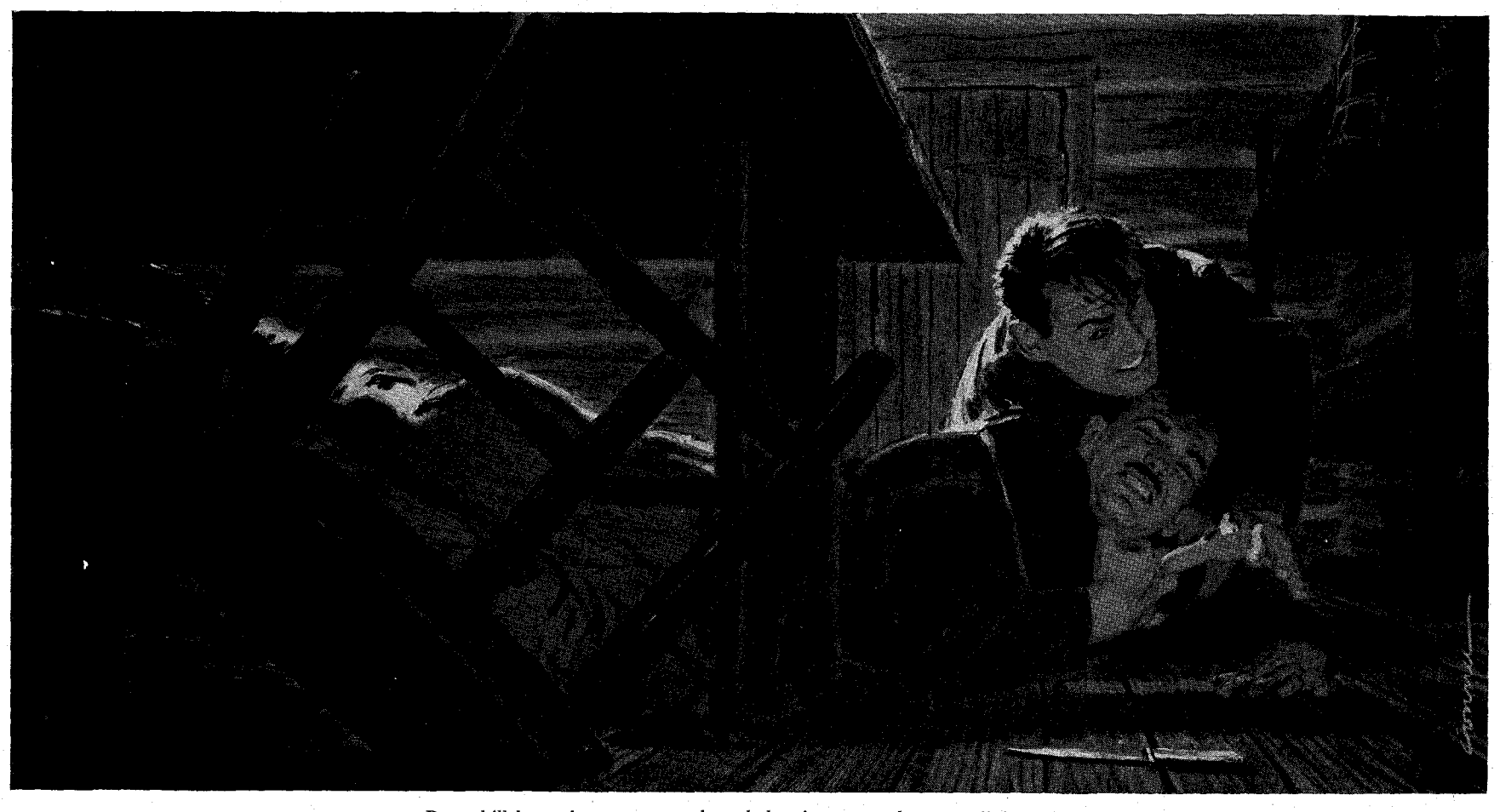

Ravenhill knew he was trapped, and that it was too late to call for help.

Trouble at Midas Creek

Devereaux wanted Ravenhill out of the way—for good.

By ROBERT ORMOND CASE

"I'd like to slit your throat, Ravenhill," Devereaux said bitterly, "but it can wait. Let's talk business."

Ravenhill, dashing adventurer of the North, nodded agreement. This, he knew, was the time to bargain. A letter, falsely incriminating his friend, Homer Wilson, on a murder charge, had fallen into the hands of the unprincipled Devereaux. As long as Devereaux held the letter, he could force Homer to remain a fugitive from the Mounted Police and blackmail him and his daughter, Pat, for a share of Homer's secret gold strike. First, Ravenhill would try to buy the letter from Devereaux. But, failing that, he had another plan. He would deliberately start an avalanche roaring down on Homer, who, at the last minute, would duck into a hidden tunnel and later conceal himself in Ravenhill's plane. The murder charge would "die" with Homer in the avalanche. But the plan was risky. Better, thought Ravenhill, sitting in the prospector's cabin at Midas Creek, at least to try to trade with Devereaux.

IV

Shorty, at Ravenhill's right, was eating industriously. Ravenhill leaned toward him and spoke in low tones, "In a moment or two get some wood, old chap. And see if it's still snowing, eh?"

Shorty nodded. Presently he went out and staggered back with a huge load of wood, stoked the ravenous stove, dusted his hands and resumed his place.

"It's coming down by the tubful," he told Ravenhill guardedly. "I hope it don't let go too soon up there."

"No wind?" Ravenhill asked.

"No wind," Shorty returned. "Keep your fingers crossed."

When the meal was over, the hermits cleared the cluttered table, refilled the coffeepot and put a brimming skillet on the stove to heat dishwater. This almost emptied the water bucket, and a debate ensued as to whether Boggs and Blackie, the camp water carriers, should plow down to the water hole to replenish the supply. Or should they wait till morning?

Devereaux broke in impatiently, "What the hell, Riv? Let's get going."

The affronted hermits glared at him, but Ravenhill nodded agreement. "I'm dog-tired," he told them. "Let the water wait till morning, and finish our discussion, eh?"

The hermits shrugged submissively and seated themselves at random. Ravenhill got out his cigarette case and passed it around. "Let's review the situation here, briefly," he said. "Perhaps we know what stakes are on the table, but perhaps we don't. When Devereaux popped up, Shorty, what did he want from you? I mean all you gentlemen, collectively."

"Our dust," Shorty said.

"And if you refused, what then?"

"He turns Homer over to the Mounties," Shorty said. "Which also gets us in bad with John Law. We're in bad enough already."

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"Let's clear that point, for Devereaux's benefit," Ravenhill said. "This involves an area into which I wouldn't dream of intruding under any other circumstances than these," he told Shorty apologetically. "In the event Devereaux has his way, however, it will be shouted from the housetops. I must know where we stand—how each of you stand with the law. I appear to be the only one in the dark. . . . Shorty?"

Shorty squirmed, and gave LaDue a furtive glance. "You take it, LaDue," he pleaded. "You don't have to, but ——"

"I will take it," LaDue said at once. "M'sieu Ravenhill, what I tell you now is not even known to these good people, my only friends." He indicated the other hermits. "This one knows," LaDue said, his black, liquid eyes fixed on Devereaux. "It is the summer after you have made the fool of him in Nome. I am working on a dredge on the Kougarok, which is north of Nome, as you know. There is a young woman, also a breed, who has learned in the mission school to cook and sew."

"Fine woman," Devereaux said. "Rosy-cheeked. A little too hefty for my tastes."

LaDue had been sitting with the others. He now rose up and stood erect, folding his arms. "And would you also say," he asked Devereaux almost gently, "that she was a good woman?"

Devereaux shrugged, plainly willing to avert a personal encounter. "I wouldn't know," he said. "I just went up to move into your cabin that night, LaDue. It was part of the deal. Breed gals don't interest me," he added, as though saving face in some obscure way. LaDue stood motionless, then resumed his place on the bench.

"This is difficult for me, m'sieu," he said, facing Ravenhill fully. Ravenhill was shocked to see his eyes brimming with tears. "We must lay it on the line, however. . . . I have built my cabin. We are to be married, this Claudette and I. That is her mission name: Claudette. But Devereaux wishes my cabin. He will have a poker game there when it is payday at the dredges. I will not sell this cabin. So he drinks with me—I do not know he is not my friend—and then we play poker. I lost the cabin to him, and all that is in the cabin—except Claudette."

"A straight game, too," Devereaux said.

"So I do not tell Claudette," LaDue went on. "I am ashamed. But after a week I go to her people, who are down by the river drying their salmon for the winter. They tell me Claudette has gone to my cabin, to learn why I have stayed away. I go to the cabin, and I can hear them talking. No, I hear Devereaux talk, and Claudette has laughed."

"And if you'd just walked in like a white man," Devereaux said, with a touch of contempt, "and asked us how come, and what we were talking about, you wouldn't have gone berserk. I'd just told her I wouldn't want the cabin after payday, you could have it back—and told her not to let you play poker any more. She agreed to this—and laughed."

"Is this true, Devereaux?" LaDue asked. Then he shook his head. "But no, it does not matter now. . . . I wait with my rifle for Devereaux to come out, m'sieu. But he has heard me at the cabin door—though I do not know this. So Devereaux has persuaded Claudette to wear my summer parka, and to leave the cabin first—though I do not know how he has persuaded her."

"Nothing to that," Devereaux commented. "I told her I'd won all your stuff, including the parka—and she could have that parka. She put it on and hurried out, for fear I'd change my mind."

LaDue nodded. "There is brush around the cabin, with a path cut through it. I see the parka only above the brush. I think it is Devereaux, but when I shoot, she screams, then falls, and I know it is Claudette. I run to her and kneel beside her. She is still breathing, but her eyes are closed. I have put my rifle down, and Devereaux jumps out of the cabin and takes my rifle. 'Get going,' he says, pointing with the rifle toward the river. 'I will tell the boys at the dredge camp. They have a walkie-talkie there and will call the marshal at Nome. But you'll have a head start,' he tells me. 'Get down to Nome, along the coast, and fly south.'

"I do not know why Devereaux has permit' me to escape," LaDue concluded. . . . "You will explain now why you have let me go, perhaps?" he asked Devereaux.

"To get you out of the way," Devereaux returned. "I didn't want you squawking about that cabin deal. It wasn't legal. But I needed the cabin. I knew the marshal would hang the shooting on you—which he did."

"So I am charged with murder in Alaska, m'sieu," the breed said simply, spreading his hands. "I am sorry."

Ravenhill at once sensed something askew, something unfinished or unrevealed about this story. The Mounted Police did not know LaDue's record, certainly, or they would never have permitted him sanctuary here. Ravenhill glanced questioningly at Devereaux, but Devereaux volunteered nothing.

"O.K.," Shorty growled, clearing his throat. "Let's get on with it. My jack pot was penny ante compared to yours, LaDue. Me and my partner was running a beanery in Anchorage," he told Ravenhill. "This low-life partner took a powder one night—vamoosed with all the cash we'd saved up to pay the bills. My creditors swooped in and forced me into a legal bear trap they call bankruptcy. I had five sides of beef cached away in a cold-storage joint which I hadn't listed amongst the assets. I didn't know it was a Federal offense to hold out these measly sides of beef. They was worth maybe five hundred, and my no-account partner had taken three thousand. There's been a fugitive warrant out for me ever since."

"But surely, old chap ——" Ravenhill began, then checked himself. He was about to point out that Shorty, with a little capital, could easily make restitution to the ancient creditors, satisfy the court of his good intentions and thus clear the record. But Shorty had no capital, yet.

"Sanderson?" Ravenhill prompted.

"Mine was a Federal offense, too," Sanderson said gloomily. "Worse than Shorty's, though. I was broke in Seattle, and shipped out as a deck hand on what I figured was a schooner outfitted to trade with the natives north of Nome. Turned out they were seal poachers heading for the Pribilofs. The Coast Guard cutter run us ashore near Goodnews Bay and we all took to the brush. They caught everybody but me. I kept running till I hit here, plumb out of breath."

"And you've been resting ever since," Shorty put in. "Resting and eating. You got your wind back in a hurry, though."

"Boggs?" Ravenhill prompted.

Boggs had plainly been preparing himself for this shattering moment. He looked beseechingly at Shorty, the perspiration bursting forth on his heavy features.

"O.K., O.K.," Shorty soothed. "I'll tell it. They had a string of claims somewhere along the John Day, in Oregon," Shorty said. "The dredges were working up the creek and the corporation wanted their claims. Boggs and Blackie figured to sell 'em all but discovery, which they aimed to keep on working. But they didn't read the claim descriptions the slick lawyer drew up, and when they was ready to clean up at the end of summer, someone from the sheriff's office clapped a restraining order on 'em. They had to stay off the claim. They don't know it till then, but they'd sold the claim. So they sneaked back that night and cleaned out the riffles and run for it. They figured it was their gold, but John Law says they stole it."

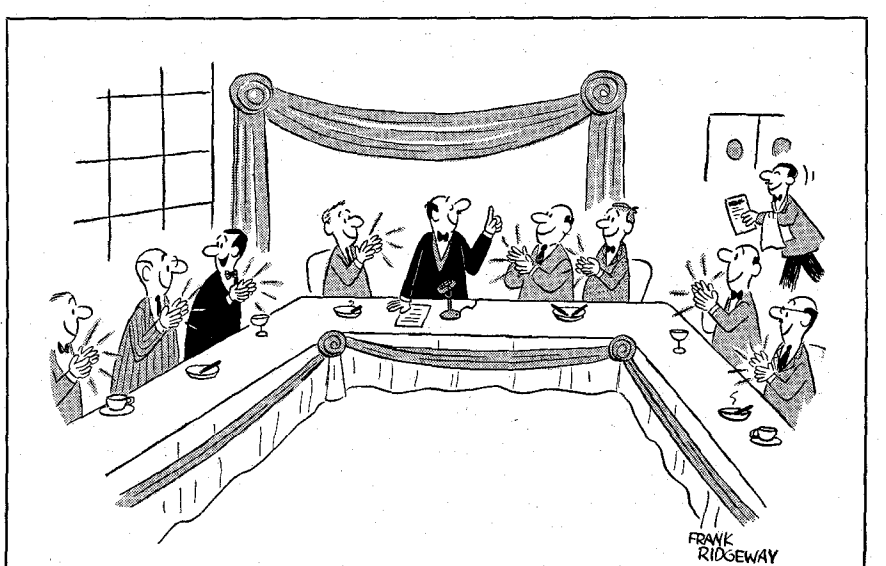
Ravenhill lit another cigarette and puffed on it contemplatively. Each of these brushes with the law—except LaDue's case—had one thing in common: a moral rather than legal justification. And if all the hermits, including LaDue, were permitted to stake the probably rich—almost certainly rich—claims below Homer's discovery claim, they would have the wherewithal to buy their way back to freedom.

Was this the time, Ravenhill wondered, to announce Homer's strike to the hermits? He decided against it. They would certainly vote in a body against any concession to Devereaux, as far as sharing in Homer's strike was concerned.

"Well, gentlemen," Ravenhill said, stifling a yawn, "I have the picture. Your records aren't so black as I'd imagined—except LaDue's. His situation's bad, I'm afraid."

"Then you may count me out," the breed said at once. "If there is hope for these others, but not for me, I will withdraw. They have been kind to me, and I do not hurt their chances, so I will leave Midas Creek—if I can. If you can manage things, m'sieu, when the Mounties come, so that this one, this Devereaux ——"

(*Continued on Page 46*)



"'I'll get the check'—now that's what I call an after-dinner speech!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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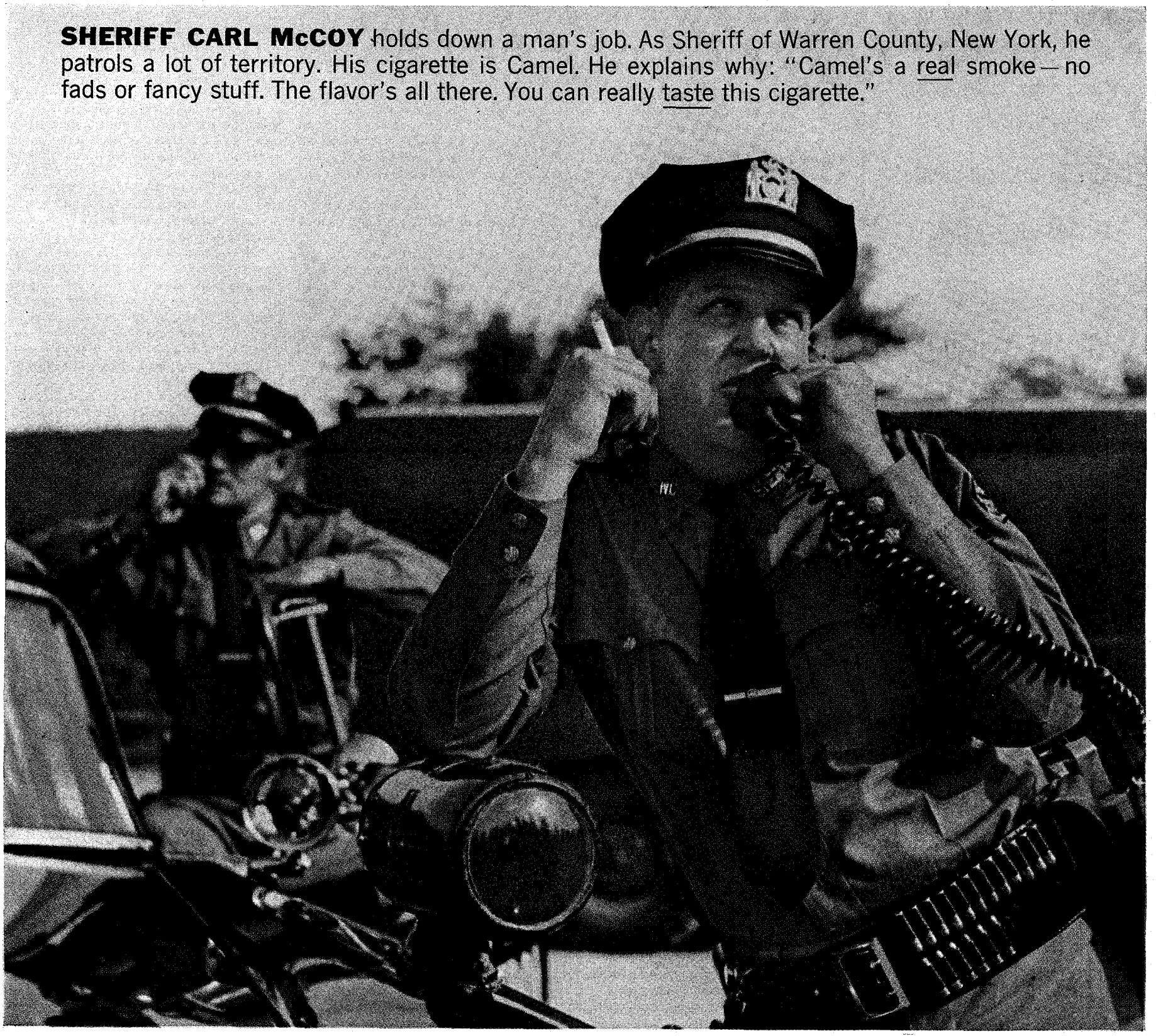

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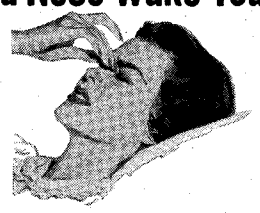
Stuffed Nose Wake You Up?



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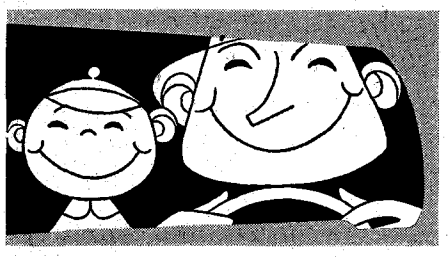

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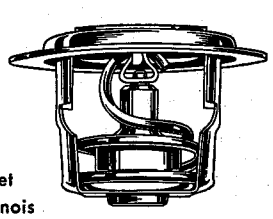


The DOLE VALVE COMPANY
6201 Oakton Street
Morton Grove, Illinois

(*Continued from Page 44*)

"It can be managed," Ravenhill said confidently. "Devereaux isn't interested in putting you all behind bars. . . . Now, if you gentlemen will retire," Ravenhill told the hermits, "I'll proceed to make the best bargain possible. I make no guarantees, of course. Any agreement we reach is subject to your approval in the morning."

"Except you do not pay extra for me," LaDue reminded. "Someday, I hope, I will make my own bargain with Devereaux."

Ravenhill nodded and turned to Shorty. "You heard my conversation with Homer and Pat. You'll assure your lads that I've complete authority to proceed?"

"The sky's the limit," Shorty returned.

"I'll vouch for that, too," Devereaux said unexpectedly. Ravenhill glanced at him and saw the true malignance back of his smiling front. "It'll cost you an amusement tax, Riv, as I said before."

"It is not for me to ask," LaDue said, frowning a little. "I speak only for these others. Perhaps I am too simple in my thinking. But when you have so few chips with which to play this game, why do you bargain, m'sieu? Why do we not take this letter?"

"Nope," Shorty said at once, flatly. "Give Riv a chance. We've nothing to lose. Let's get going, boys," he directed, rising. . . . "You sure you want to bunk here, Riv?"

"If you'll bring over a couple of blankets," Ravenhill said, glancing at the side bunk, "I'll be quite comfortable."

"I'll get 'em now," Shorty said.

Shorty herded the other hermits out, keeping up a facetious exchange with Sanderson.

Ravenhill and Devereaux were momentarily alone. Ravenhill rose to his feet and began to take off his leather jacket, eying the stacked dishes.

Devereaux growled, "Forget 'em, Riv. Later. After Shorty's come with the blankets and gone."

Ravenhill shrugged and seated himself again. He glanced at his wrist watch: close to midnight. It had been many a long month since he'd known such physical weariness as at this moment.

Shorty stamped back in, bearing two rolled blankets wrapped in a small tarpaulin to protect them from the snow.

"I'll see you in the morning," he said. "Come and give the snow a look. You've never seen it coming down so fast."

Shorty led him through the darkened woodshed to the door which opened on the back stoop. They stood close together there.

"It's thinning," Shorty whispered. "The sky will be clear in another hour; I'll bet on it. You're supposed to be up on the ridge at nine?"

"Right," Ravenhill returned. "Which means I must leave here at eight. And here's how we'll give Devereaux the slip," he directed hurriedly. "Follow me back as far as the inner door there. Reaffirm that I'm having breakfast with you, over at your cabin. If the snowfall's over, it will be early—say a quarter to eight. If Devereaux goes to your cabin later, demanding to talk to me, refuse to let him in. Stall him until the avalanche—if it rolls!"

"It'll roll—unless it lets loose too soon," Shorty predicted. "I'll get the boys out to see it, at the first crack from up there."

"Be sure they see Homer," Ravenhill warned. "So they can swear to what happened."

"And if it don't happen," Shorty reminded grimly, "if there's any slip-up, we put Devereaux through the wringer?"

"Yes," Ravenhill returned. "It's our only recourse. . . . Ready, old chap?"

"All set," Shorty said.

They came back into the woodshed and Ravenhill began to gather up an armload of wood. The inner door was open. Shorty said loudly, "See you for breakfast, Riv. If the snow's stopped falling—around eight?"

"My word!" Ravenhill pretended to be aghast. "Why so blighted early?"

"Why not?" Shorty returned. "D'you think Sergeant Graham's gonna wait till it stops snowing in Whitehorse? He'll take off the minute he gets word it's clear over the Stewart."

"You're right," Ravenhill said regretfully. "Very well, old chap. Eight o'clock it is."

"Sleep sound," Shorty told him. He turned away at once, closing the inner door behind him. Ravenhill waited until he heard the outer door slam; then advanced with his burden of wood to the stove.

Devereaux rose up, yawning and flexing his leg muscles.

"I'm stiff as a plank," he complained. "Sitting there so long, keyed up for action. And you didn't help any," he added pointedly. "Going along with their bluff that they're tough, fire-spitting monsters. The rickety old goats!"

Ravenhill said nothing, waiting. He was standing by the stove, cigarette in hand, his back to the post's front door. Devereaux halted at Ravenhill's left, facing the stove. "You didn't tell your rickety pals what happened at Nome," he said. "That time you and I tangled. Why not?"

Ravenhill shrugged. "Why should I? It was no credit to me. I merely hired a thief to catch a thief."

"It was a big game," Devereaux said. "I'd worked toward it for months. Then you sat in—and hired a slicker from Outside, this baby-faced 'mining engineer,' to cross me up. I figured he was on the level. I figured I could handle you. But the two of you cold-decked me. . . . Tell me, Riv, as between cutthroats"—he made it sound jovial, but his eyes were fierce and smoldering—"what was your take? There was better than twelve thousand on the table."

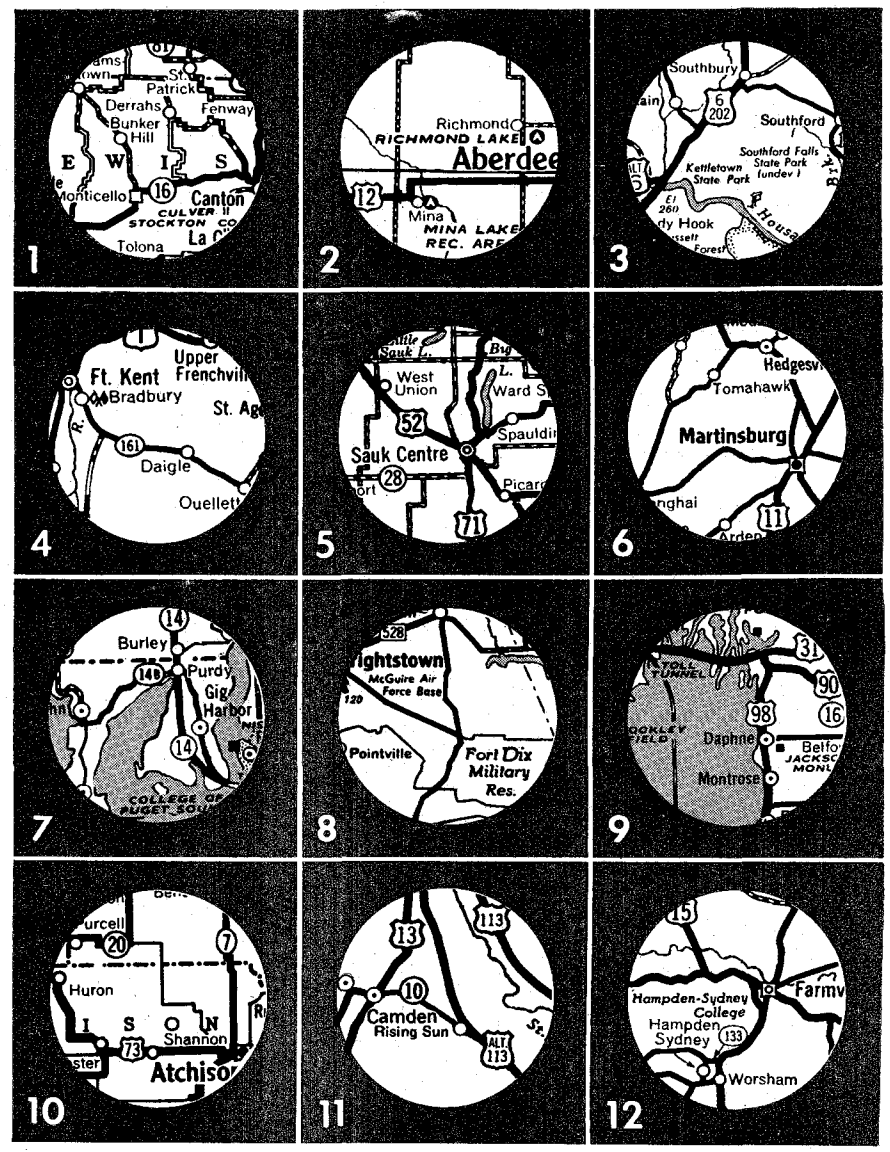
"Not a bean," Ravenhill replied. "After the brawl was over and the deputy marshals had tossed you in the clink, I gave my 'engineer' his agreed percentage and returned the rest to the losers."

"Bah!" Devereaux said, with bitter disgust. "If you can't come clean with me on a detail like that, how can we talk turkey now?"

"It's a fact," Ravenhill insisted. "Cockeyed as it may appear. The boys at the Malemute Club had treated me handsomely. It was a chance to return a favor."

Devereaux shook his head somberly. "I'm trying to figure you, Riv. Every cutthroat in my profession has a Jonah. If the Jonah plays, he loses. If you're my Jonah, there's one way for me to proceed. If not ——"

(*Continued on Page 48*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 49*)

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For him — positively
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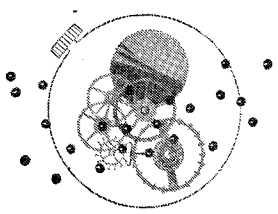

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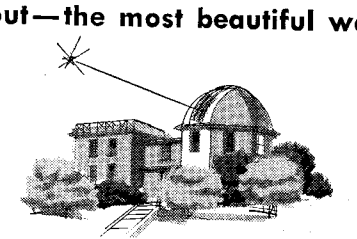

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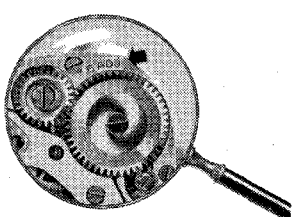

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(*Continued from Page 46*) His face swelled a little, as Ravenhill eyed him politely, waiting. "Riv," he said, speaking slowly, "you aren't carrying a gun. You never do. You haven't even got a knife—like that blasted breed. LaDue was carrying a knife. I know. I'm a knife man myself, in a pinch."

"I'm aware of it," Ravenhill said coldly. "That developed when you were arrested in Nome."

"Listen," Devereaux said. "I'm leading up to something. Save your bluffs for those frost-bitten hermits. We're alone here. Now look." He folded his arms slowly, turning to face Ravenhill. "You saw LaDue. Here's how an expert makes the next move." His right hand slid up and over his shoulder in a blindingly fast movement, whipped back again—and a slender, thin-bladed knife was presented to Ravenhill, its point a matter of inches from the third button on Ravenhill's jacket.

The knife point remained there, poised, with Devereaux's right arm half doubled like a coiled spring. "The sheath lies flat against your back," Devereaux explained, smiling a little, his eyes looking unwinkingly into Ravenhill's. "LaDue's is held by buckskin thongs. Mine's attached to the shoulder holster. Neat, isn't it!"

"Very neat," Ravenhill agreed. His left arm was behind him, his right raised to his cigarette.

Without lowering his hand, he removed the cigarette and flicked the ashes from it, looking down at the knife with a raised eyebrow. "But why all these alarming gestures, Devereaux? Is it your notion of the proper approach to an intelligent discussion—to intimidate me?"

"You're not intimidated—yet," Devereaux said; "you're as cold-blooded a snake as I've ever run across. But just keep listening. . . . From this position"—he bent his wrist a little, lowering his elbow, so that the knife was cocked upward—"you come up below the chest wall, and the knife reaches the heart in one quick move. It's all done quickly and quietly—so quietly that not a sound reaches the hermits' cabins, for instance. Incidentally," he added, showing more of his teeth, "don't move, Riv."

Ravenhill stood fast, waiting, holding his cigarette away from his lips. "But may I ask a question?" he said. "In the event you did me in—and perhaps you could—just what have you gained?"

"Two things," Devereaux said. "Both good. First, if you're my Jonah, you'll never hex me again. Second, you're out of the way. Homer wouldn't deal with me, but Pat would. She'd give me the whole pot—and it's a big pot."

Ravenhill nodded, slowly replacing the cigarette between his lips. "But aren't the risks rather frightful? For example, won't you have a body to dispose of? I think the hermits would be quite curious about it, if I should disappear suddenly. I'm quite sure the Mountie would."

"All taken care of," Devereaux said, still smiling. "We decided to wash dishes. You went after more water. You didn't come back, and I went out to investigate. Blessed if you hadn't fallen in! Your body's lost under the ice. I rouse up the camp and show the hermits the signs. . . . I'll suggest once more—once only—don't move, Riv."

"H'm-m," Ravenhill said. "You planned it that long ago? You've never intended to split the pot?"

"Oh, yes," Devereaux returned. "You've a nuisance value. It isn't much, and I'll name it. There's one thing I want before we even discuss it. It's this: just where is Homer's strike located?"

"Really!" Ravenhill protested. "If I told you that, what would I have to trade with? Permit me to make a counterproposal, which, I'm sure ——"

"I mean now," Devereaux interrupted. "Our trading talk begins there. Otherwise, I play it alone. Where's the strike, Riv?"

He wasn't bluffing, Ravenhill saw. He'd planned it thus, appraised the odds, and was ready.

"Not too far away," Ravenhill said slowly. "Less than two days, by snowshoe. The country's too rough to fly in. Let's see—which direction's east?" He let his eyes rove toward the door, at his left. It was the best he could do, under the circumstances—distract Devereaux's attention ever so little.

Then he struck downward with all his quickness and strength, and flinched to the left, turning his body. The knife ripped at an angle across his chest. He had deflected it only, and now he could not swing his left. Devereaux had thrust so murderously that his arm and shoulder carried through, and he was half turned away.

Ravenhill seized the outthrust arm, twisted his body beneath it and fulcrumed it across his shoulder. His intent was to hurl Devereaux over and to the floor; then turn and seize a piece of blackened stove wood—the hermits' primitive poker—and use it as a bludgeon.

The attempt failed. Devereaux, plainly a master in no-holds-barred combat, twisted his long legs and fastened them about Ravenhill. When they crashed to the floor, with Ravenhill underneath, Devereaux had dropped his knife and his right arm was clamped about Ravenhill's neck in the one grip which the lighter of two adversaries could never hope to break: the strangle hold.

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Ravenhill knew that he was trapped, and that it was too late now to call for help, if he could. Still he fought on, kicking over a chair in his wild struggles and even uptilting the heavy table with a spasmodic thrust of the feet, so that the tin dishes crashed remotely in a darkening void.

It developed later that this final struggle, forlorn and instinctive, on Ravenhill's part, was literally a lifesaver. It did nothing to restrain Devereaux, but the uproar enabled Shorty, unnoticed by the battlers, to cover the distance between the woodshed door and the center of the melee, snatch up the bludgeon Ravenhill had strived for in vain, and bring it down with crushing force on Devereaux's head. Shorty was ready for a second blow, legs spraddled and club upraised, when Ravenhill, gasping and near done for though he was, called on him weakly to stop.

Shorty lowered the club slowly, but kept it ready. He stepped around Devereaux's prone figure, stiff-legged and alert, like an aroused terrier, and gave Ravenhill a hand up. He planted Ravenhill on the bench, approached Devereaux and prodded him with his club. Devereaux remained limp, breathing flabbily through slack lips.

"Dump you in the water hole, will he?" Shorty said fiercely. "I'd oughta conk him again. just for percentage!"

"Tie him up," Ravenhill directed, his own voice croaking. "His wrists first, then his ankles."

"Good idea," Shorty agreed. "There's plenty of whang leather over on the shelf. Take it easy, Riv."

Ravenhill allowed his head to drop back, eyes half closed, as he drew in great gulps of air. Shorty returned with two long strips of whang leather—the hermits' term for the seasoned rawhide used to repair snowshoe webbing. As he squatted beside the limp body and arranged Devereaux's wrists and ankles for lashing, Ravenhill asked how Shorty had managed to pop up with an assist in the very nick of time.

"I played a hunch," Shorty said grimly. "I didn't leave a-tall; I just stayed there in the blasted woodshed and practically froze. I figured Devereaux would turn mean."

"But I heard you slam the outer door!"

"Why, sure!" Shorty boasted. "I figured you would—and it wouldn't even occur to you two brains that a guy can slam a door and still stay inside. That's why this world's so blasted complicated." He paused, with Devereaux's wrists partly bound, and stared at Ravenhill. "Are we nuts, Riv? Here's what we've been waiting for. Let's search him for LeVeq's letter!"

"Gad, yes!" Ravenhill agreed. "Go through his pockets, by all means!"

"I'll do better than that," Shorty promised. "Lend me a hand getting his jacket off and I'll peel him like an onion."

A thorough search, including Devereaux's pacs—Shorty even probed their thick leather soles critically—revealed nothing other than that Devereaux's concealed automatic was a formidable Luger, and that Devereaux's wallet was thick with folding money. The wallet also disgorged several photographs whose subjects were curvaceous and unadorned.

Shorty spread these out with scorn. "Lookit!" he said, outraged. "It goes to show what kind of a mind the guy's got." He squatted to examine them closer, leering. "Yes, sir, it's terrible," he asserted. "Awful."

"Put them away," Ravenhill directed, briefly amused. "Your virtuous indignation's very becoming, old chap, but we've other business before us. Let's get him dressed again, then tie him up."

That the LeVeq letter was not on Devereaux's person was disappointing. Ravenhill was not surprised, however. It didn't matter, actually. That had been decided long since. If the game proceeded as planned, the letter would presently have no significance whatever.

Devereaux was presently reclothed and trussed like a fowl. Ravenhill bent over his inert hulk and explored the head wound Shorty had inflicted. There was apparently no bone fracture.

"He'll be around in a moment," Ravenhill predicted, moving wearily to the bench flanking the table. "With a substantial headache, no doubt."

"And now that our prize package is all wrapped up," Shorty asked, "what we gonna do with it? We're no Santa Clauses, remember."

"Sit a moment," Ravenhill pleaded. "Relax. The pace has been a bit brisk. I need your counsel, Shorty. What shall we do with the blighter?"

"I got a simple-minded notion about that," Shorty growled, seating himself again. "It ain't any inspiration—it was Devereaux's idea. If it was good enough for you, ain't it good enough for Devereaux? So we carry him down to the water hole. We set the bucket beside it. . . . O.K., O.K.," he complained, as Ravenhill shook his head. "I know—keep it civilized. Which means let's make it more complicated."

Ravenhill glanced at his wrist watch. Midnight was close. Nine long hours lay ahead, before his rendezvous on the ridge. They would be short hours for Ravenhill, if he could just stretch out on the adjacent bunk and rest his weary bones. . . . Actually, the problem was simple, Ravenhill decided. Keep Devereaux bound and under guard until morning. If the planned coup on the ridge failed, Devereaux would already be bound, a prisoner, ready for—whatever was deemed necessary at the time.

He outlined this to Shorty, and asked, "Who'll guard the blighter? In which cabin? Devereaux's certain to be annoyed—and noisy—when he comes to."

"I know," Shorty said at once. "Riv, who's the one guy in camp who'd love to set over Devereaux, like a snake watching a sparrow, just hoping Devereaux would get too noisy and rambunctious?"

"LaDue, of course," Ravenhill said, nodding. "Good, Shorty!"

Their prisoner was muttering incoherently, like one wrestling with disordered dreams, but his breathing was more regular.

"O.K.," Shorty said. "Shall I go get LaDue?"

"Quietly," Ravenhill warned. "Don't rouse the others."

Shorty left at once. After the outer door closed, Devereaux opened his eyes slowly for a moment, peered up at Ravenhill in a blank, heavy-lidded way; then shut his eyes tightly again, shuddering.

"What happened?" he asked, in sleepy tones. "Who flattened me?"

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 46

1. Mo.	2. S.D.	3. Conn.
4. Me.	5. Minn.	6. W. Va.
7. Wash.	8. N.J.	9. Ala.
10. Kan.	11. Del.	12. Va.

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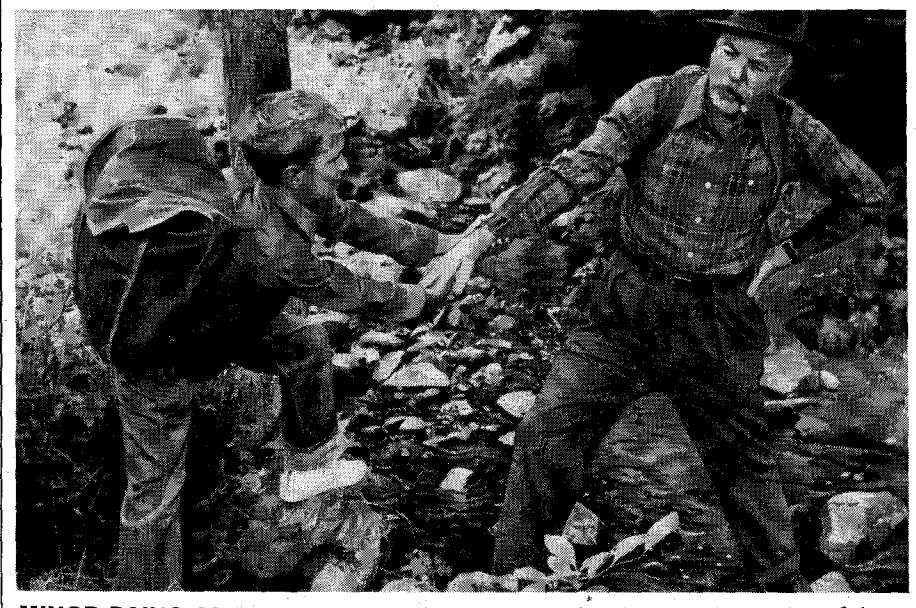

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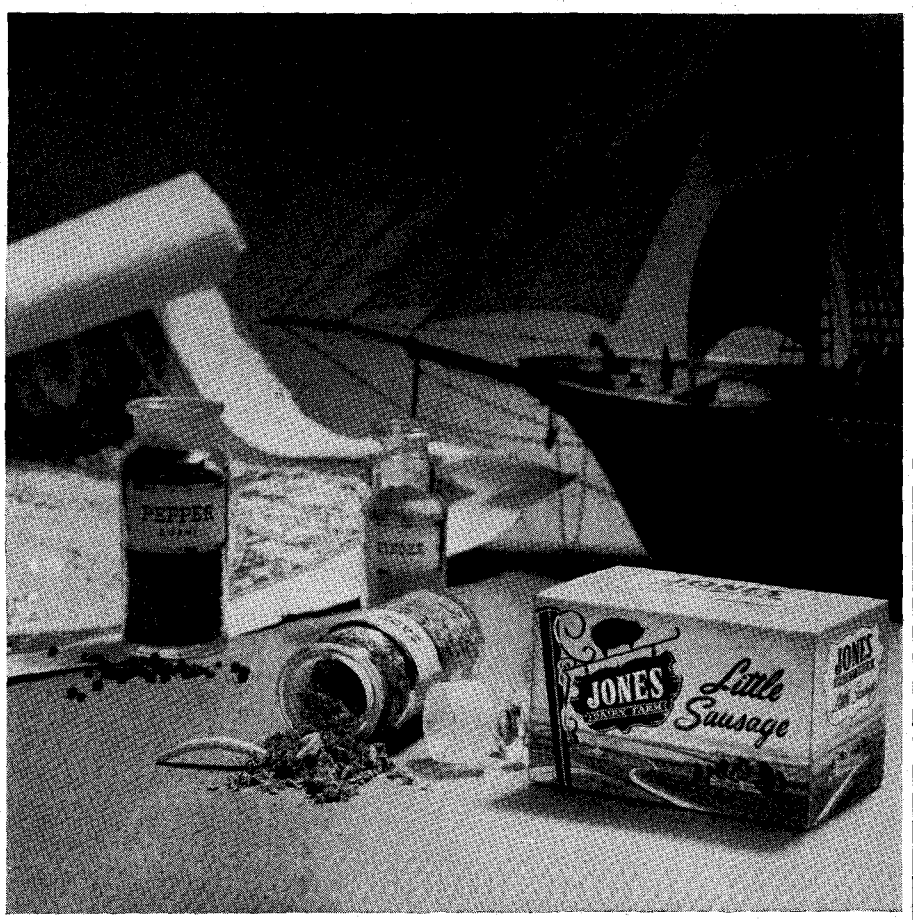

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"One of the hermits," Ravenhill told him. "One of the lads you've referred to so often as rickety, decrepit and otherwise. Would you like a cup of water, Devereaux?"

"No," Devereaux said, licking his lips and closing his eyes again. "But I could sure use a slug of squareface."

"Sorry; it's gone," Ravenhill told him. "Later, perhaps, if you treat LaDue courteously, he may manage to salvage a nip or two for you."

It was plain that the fallen youth's thought processes were clearing. This time, when he opened his eyes, they were searching and intent. Lack of physical courage was not one of his faults, certainly, but there was something akin to terror in his questioning glance.

"LaDue?" he repeated.

"You'll be a prisoner in LaDue's cabin until morning," Ravenhill told him. "Perhaps until the Mounties come. I'd suggest a change of strategy, Devereaux," he advised. "Be thinking about it. In particular, re-examine your hole card. Its value's dwindling."

Devereaux said nothing, closing his eyes again.

There was a stamping in the woodshed; then Shorty charged in, followed by LaDue. The breed's face was alight. His teeth gleamed as he stood over Devereaux, looking down at his fallen enemy.

"I've told LaDue what he's supposed to do," Shorty said to Ravenhill. "You better cinch it."

"Don't leave him," Ravenhill instructed the breed. "Don't harm him. Don't allow anyone else in the cabin. But in the morning, after we've all had breakfast ——"

"I understand, m'sieu," the breed said eagerly. "I will guard him like the she-wolf guards her pups. He will be quiet. No harm will come to him. There is only this: when the time comes that he must talk ——"

"You'll have your innings," Ravenhill promised. "Ponder that, too, Devereaux. LaDue's ancestors were Iroquois, I believe."

"Never mind the penny-ante bluffs," Devereaux returned suddenly, his eyes open and venomous. "Have you nitwits forgotten that Sergeant Graham will be here tomorrow?"

"You banking on that?" Shorty jeered. "O.K., we'll just cast you into the water hole before he shows up. Sink your beautiful teeth in that, fella. . . . Have we got to carry this hulk?" he asked Ravenhill. "How about untying his feet so he can walk over? LaDue can lead him by the ear and I'll walk right behind, with Devereaux's gun between his shoulder blades."

"Take no chances," Ravenhill voted. "Carry him."

"O.K.," said Shorty. "I'll be back and bring my bedding with me."

Ravenhill lost no time retiring. Accustomed to primitive camps, and dog-tired to boot, he merely removed his pacs, loosened his belt and shirt collar, and stretched prone on the low bunk. He was almost asleep, and did not fully waken, when Shorty returned. Dimly he saw Shorty stoking the fire, making enormous efforts to do this chore quietly. Later, Shorty bent over him and with singularly gentle hands covered him with the blankets.

"Riv," Shorty said apologetically. "You awake?"

"Yes," Ravenhill muttered. "What's up?"

"Nothin'," Shorty returned. "Only it's stopped snowing. I seen stars in the north. The snow's close to three feet deep. Turning cold again."

"No wind?"

"Not a whisper," Shorty said. "It looks good, but I'm keeping my fingers crossed. Don't you stay awake, worrying. I've got Devereaux's gun. Everything's under control. Sleep tight, fella."

Later, vaguely, Ravenhill was aware that Shorty had blown out the last candle. The old post was in darkness, except for the vague glow surrounding the stove's open grate The utter silence of what old-timers called the "still cold" following a winter storm pressed in from the outer night as Ravenhill drifted into sleep.

He was awakened suddenly; he didn't know why. Shorty had reared up in his bunk, too, listening.

"Just old Sanderson, probably," Shorty soothed. "He yells in his sleep sometimes. Dreaming he's sprinting across the tundra, with them Coast Guard sailors mowing down the brush around him."

He was aroused again before morning. Shorty was stoking the fire, his enormous shadow bowlegged and giant on the wall. Shorty's labors hadn't awakened him; it was something else, ominous and echoing, a distant rumbling in the mountains. Shorty, too, was poised and listening.

"O.K.," Shorty said, with an enormous sigh of relief. "It wasn't on the ridge. Way up on the glacier, probably."

Then, only minutes later, so it seemed, Shorty was shaking his shoulder insistently. "It's after eight, Riv. It won't be light enough till nine-thirty, but it may take you a full hour to get up on the ridge. And you'd best sneak out before the boys rouse up."

(*Continued on Page 52*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's Monday. Do you feel up to starting another week?"

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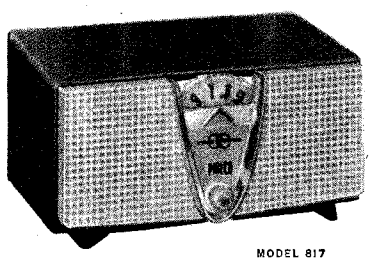

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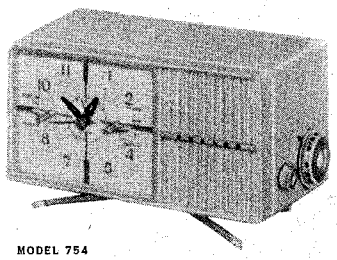

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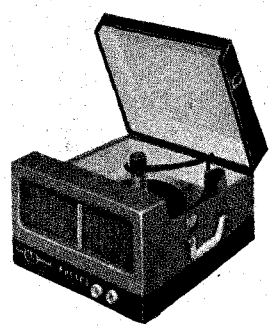

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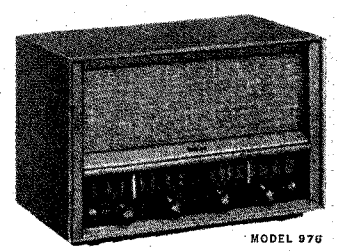

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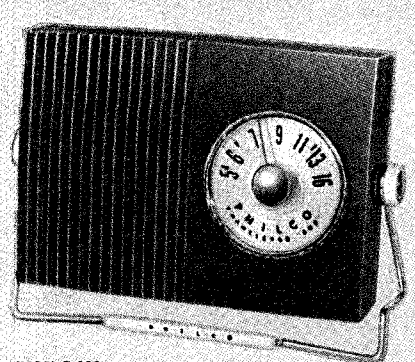

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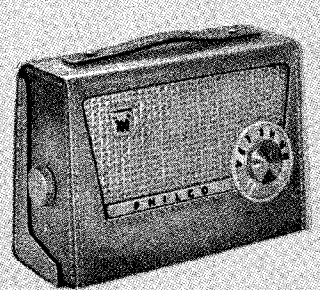

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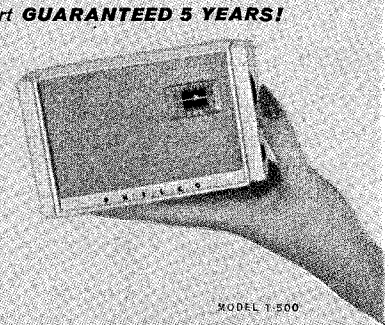

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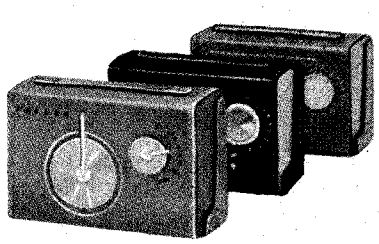

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(*Continued from Page 50*) Ravenhill pulled himself together hurriedly. Shorty had coffee ready, black and scalding. As he raised his cup to his lips, Ravenhill was inwardly staggered at the knowledge that his hand was shaking a little and the butterflies were crawling again in his stomach.

"Son of a gun," Shorty whispered unbelievingly. "You're jittery?"

"I am, indeed," Ravenhill admitted. "Gad, old chap! Have I played this right?"

"Why not?"

"Sergeant Graham will be here in another three hours—two perhaps. If he has weather reports he may be on his way now. If so, and this risky, asinine attempt fails up there ——"

"It won't," Shorty said, searching Ravenhill's face. "It'll let go up there if a crow lights on it. But if not—what?"

"Then I've fouled up your chances instead of bettering them," Ravenhill said, in bitter self-reproach. "If this fails, we've shot our bolt. Don't you see, Shorty ——"

"Hold it right there," Shorty said, his bristling, truculent features softening. "For a second I thought you was worrying about Ravenhill's hide—which will be plenty nailed up, too, if anything slips up. . . . Forget it, fella. Homer's O.K.'d this. So's Pat. So have I. If these other misfits knew the score they'd say what I'm saying now. Which is: Let 'er roll. Let 'er go, Gallagher."

"D'you mean it, old chap?"

"Sure," Shorty said. "Where were we before you showed up? Are we any worse off if it don't roll up there? So"—he spread his hands—"shoot at the moon. And right quick," he added pointedly. "I've been holding my breath for an hour past. Suppose it lets go before Homer pops up on the ridge? Suppose the boys don't see him plowed under? Get going, Riv. I'll hold the fort here."

Ravenhill nodded and drained his cup. He was ready now, the old, pagan thrill stealing through his veins. Jove, what a spectacular gesture! If it worked ——

"Snowshoes, Shorty?" Ravenhill asked, as he shuffled into his parka.

"Out in the woodshed. I'll tramp a trail as far as the wood cache—the old cabin to the north," Shorty explained, leading the way. "You follow right behind. Even if one of the boys hears us, they'll figure I'm getting wood. And the trail in the morning will prove it."

They donned snowshoes hurriedly in the chill, dim woodshed. Shorty opened the outer door cautiously and both peered out. Night was still full-grown, but the brilliant jeweled sky and the low moon in the south lighted up the white, chill, motionless world like a ghostly stage. Partly filled tracks radiated from the door to the various cabins. Otherwise, the glittering, rounded contours of the snow were unbroken.

LaDue's cabin was at the extreme left, only a segment of it visible past the southwest corner of the old post. Both craned their necks, listening. Not a sound came from it. The other cabins were black and silent.

"We'll ease over to the right, quick," Shorty whispered. "LaDue's probably the only one awake, so we keep the post between us and LaDue's cabin. Ready?"

Ravenhill nodded silently, and they took off at once, their snowshoes sinking soundlessly into the fluffy snow. Both were experts, so that the snow did not creak in the bitter cold. They were soon hidden by the post, and Shorty struck off at once toward the last of the abandoned cabins on the north.

It was directly beneath the cliff. Two walls were still standing, and a triangular segment of roof. Here Shorty had cut up the rafters, sills and log walls of the ancient shelter, stacking the stove-length fuel under the segment of roof. Shorty went directly in and past the wood, then halted.

"Lookit," he whispered, indicating. "You step right around this hunk of wall. Then you stay close to the cliff, and your tracks are hidden behind that big drift. Then nobody spots your trail when it comes light; get it?"

Ravenhill nodded. The blizzard wind of early-evening yesterday, striking the towering rampart angle, had built up a characteristic drift, massive and unbroken, which paralleled the base of the wall.

"Now I don't need to give you no advice on showshoes," Shorty whispered apologetically. "But I do know how little it takes to start it rolling up there, after this much snow, and this kind of snow. So, when you start climbing, get your whole weight down before you take the next step. Stay behind humps when you can, and for gosh sakes swing wide around them overhanging drifts. The higher you go, the easier you got to take it."

"I know," Ravenhill agreed. "The snow's powdery. It'll run like sand. You'll be watching, Shorty? I won't make my move until the light's good and Homer's in plain view. Gad, I hope Homer opens up his exit hole cautiously. He could trigger it there—start the mass moving from below."

"Don't worry about Homer," Shorty advised. "Have you forgotten how many glaciers the pore critter crept across? You watch your step, Riv."

"Let's see," Ravenhill ruminated. "Are there any more loose ends? You'll watch for Homer floundering down the ridge. He'll be in plain view, since his exit hole's well below the crest. The moment it starts, you rouse up the others. Better move over to LaDue's cabin, eh? So you can turn Devereaux loose to witness the catastrophe. Devereaux won't be hard to handle after the snowslide. He'll know the game's up. If it fails, of course, it's safer to keep him trussed up. Anything else, Shorty?"

"Just this," Shorty said: "When you start it off, take your stand under the biggest hunk of rock you can find. If the whole ridge shakes a little, it could bring down a granddaddy from the glaciers. Someday the whole ridge's gonna come down, rock and all. Maybe this is it. It's as heavy a snow as we've had for years. If so, you'll come down with it."

"I doubt it," Ravenhill returned. "The chance must be taken." Oddly, it made him feel better to share the risk. "You'd better return to the post now, eh, old chap?"

"Yeah—with a load of wood," Shorty said. "Good luck, Riv. I'm gonna hold my breath till this show's over."

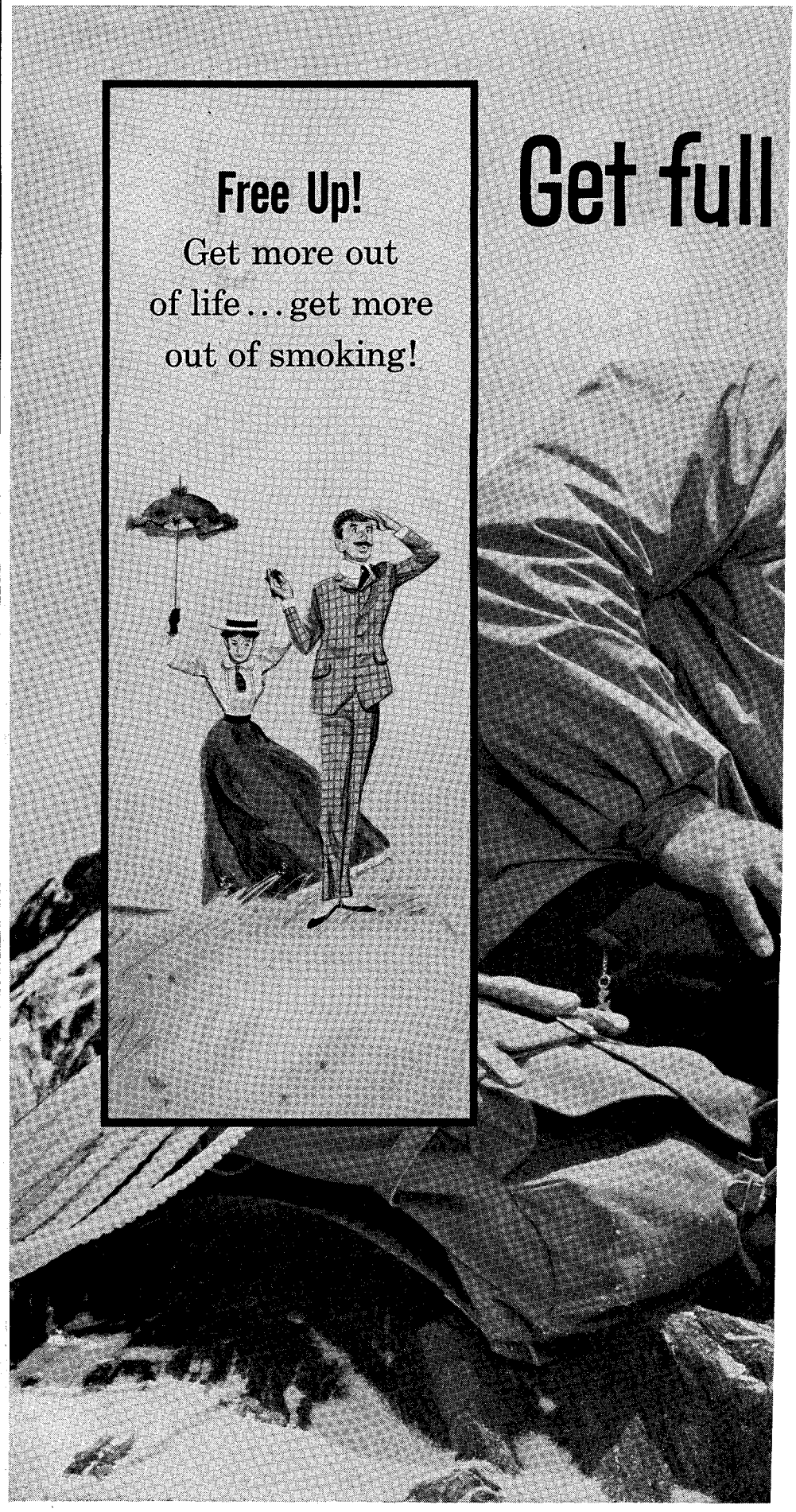
"Cheerio," Ravenhill returned, and struck off at once into the gloomy cavern between the great drift and the towering wall.

TO BE CONTINUED

I Stand and Wait

Our traffic regulations say
The walker has the right of way.
However, many drivers make it
An awful risk for him to take it.

Richard Wheeler



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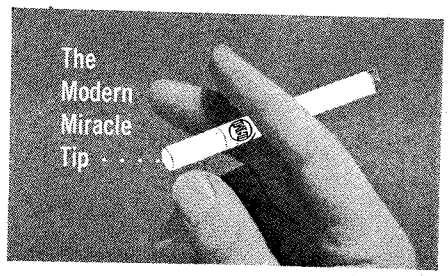

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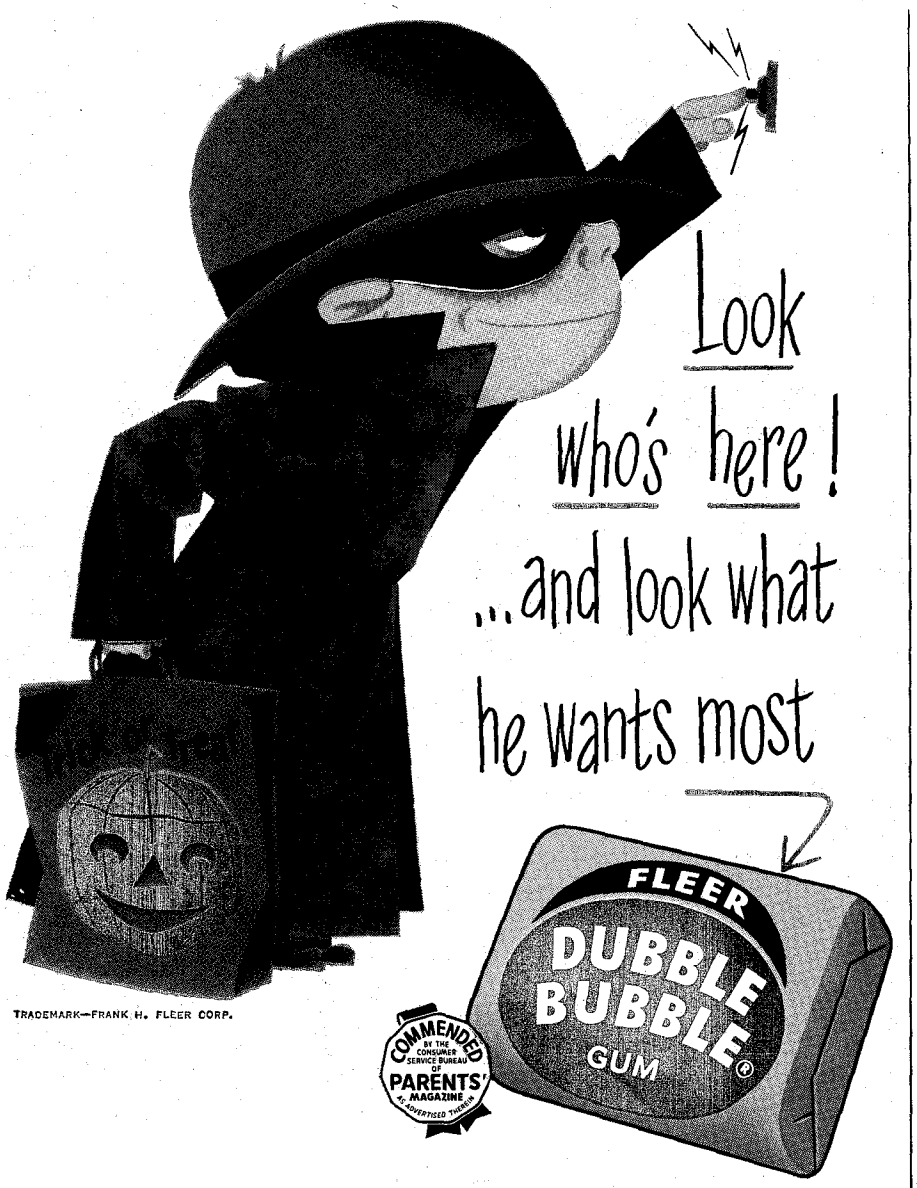

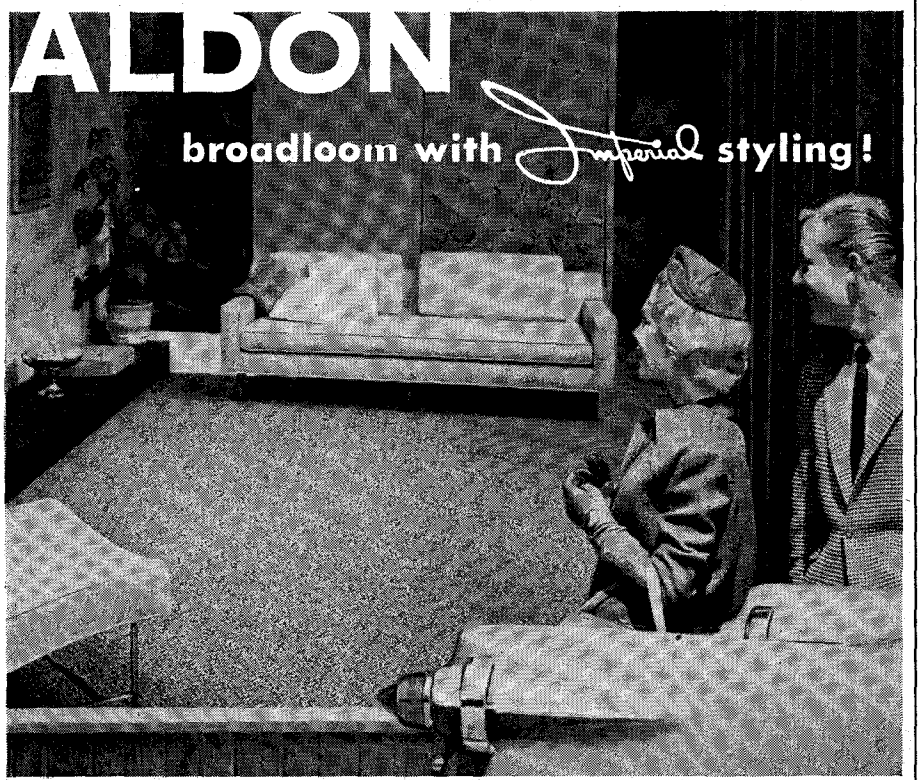

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They All Gave Me Advice

(Continued from Page 37)

be a hit and her salary enormous. John Golden, the veteran Broadway producer, warned him of his impractical approach.

"This," said Mr. Golden, "is what you must do to get a star interested in your play. Just add three long speeches for her, and before her entrance write in the description: 'The most exquisite creature in the world floats in.' Every star, from Margaret O'Brien to Marjorie Main will think it fits only her."

Unrequited love is referred to on Broadway and in Hollywood as "carrying the torch." Michael Todd once carried a memorable torch for an actress. At Lindy's one night he sought the counsel of more calloused torch bearers, imploring, "What can I do about the torch?" Jimmy Cannon, the sportswriter, advised him, "Mike, the torch is the common cold of the heart. There is no cure; it must run its course."

"For how long?" Todd asked beseechingly. "When is it over?"

Cannon told him, "The torch is over when you can walk into a crowded room and no longer see someone who looks like her from the back. It's over if, while you're shaving, the telephone rings and you complete the full stroke of the razor before answering. By the way, Mike," Cannon added, "if, with a razor in your hand, you can refrain from cutting your throat, you've got it half licked already."

Todd eventually doused his torch, produced Around the World in Eighty Days and married Elizabeth Taylor.

Young people frequently petition successful men for words of wisdom, and the advice is freely forthcoming. Arthur Mayer, for example, a film distributor with long years of experience, advised some young movie makers, "Remember this: no man ever went broke underestimating the taste and intelligence of American audiences."

When Cedric Hardwicke was invited to lecture a class of aspiring actors, he told them, "Be noticed. The first duty of an actor is to be noticed. Fortunately, I've always been given good roles. Otherwise I'd have dyed my hair green—just to be noticed."

Conn McCreary, the jockey, received a dose of parental advice on the eve of his debut at the racetrack. "Son," said the senior McCreary to the boy who was leaving home, "I have no money to give you as you go out into the world. But I have two pieces of advice which, if followed, will save you money: (One) Never bet on anything that can talk, and (two) never play cards with people who don't work for a living."

On the day Louis Calhern, the distinguished actor, left Broadway to fulfill a movie contract, he offered beneficial reminders to a handsome young actor embarking on his first road tour: "Never get involved with the leading lady—she's too demanding. Never with the ingénue—she's too anxious. And never with the character woman—she's too grateful."

A few years ago, one of my sons was touched by footlight fever. He was signed to appear in a play at the Barbizon Plaza Theater. Laurence Olivier advised him, "Relax your feet. No actor can deliver his lines well unless his feet are relaxed." George Jessel agreed, adding his own twist. "Yes, the secret is in your feet," he said. "Just make sure never to put one of them in your mouth." Emlyn Williams' advice on this auspicious day was ad-

"Where did you get this clown?"

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dressed to me: "If your son wants to become an actor, don't discourage him, don't encourage him—just courage him."

Virgil Thomson, the critic-composer, adheres to one rule when his advice is sought by young musicians: "Discourage them; always discourage them. You cannot ever discourage the youngsters who really have the talent for it, because if they listen to such advice and stop, they didn't have the talent in the first place."

Another son of mine decided that he wanted to become a novelist. This was during a luncheon at Ernest Hemingway's home in Cuba, when the boy somehow got the impression that all novelists have Caribbean homes, a fishing boat, a beautiful wife, movie offers and win the Nobel prize. The boy asked our host, "How do you write a novel? Do you just make it up?"

"Yes, you make it up," Hemingway advised him. "You make it up out of everything you've ever learned, out of everything you've ever seen, out of everything you've ever felt. And then you put it down on paper, simply, as if you're telling the story to yourself or to a child. That's how to write a novel."

Bertrand Russell said, during tea with my offspring at his home in England, "I have no advice to give to youth because youth has no power." Then, inasmuch as I obviously no longer could be considered a youth, he offered advice to me, "Send your children to school away from home. Family feeling is undesirable; there's too much of it in the world."

It seems that writers need, and receive, sizable amounts of advice from each other. Nobel prize winner Sinclair Lewis was asked by Artie Shaw how to proceed in finishing the book the band leader was then writing.

"You must remember two things, Artie," said Lewis. "First, convince yourself that the book will never be finished. And, second, pretend that you really don't care."

The problem of transposing ideas into readable type was best solved by a city editor for the New York World. He noticed a cub reporter staring at the typewriter and wondering how to begin. The city editor pointed to the typewriter, then told the young man, "Just talk to it, son; just talk to it."

When I became a columnist, Damon Runyon graciously offered me three bits of advice: "One, never let 'em give you a desk, because they'll always know where they can find you. Two, get as mad as you want, but never get off the payroll. And three, keep your by-line in there every day. Otherwise your readers might miss it—or worse yet, they might not."

Mr. Runyon's practical philosophy was uttered at his table in the Stork Club, whose proprietor, Sherman Billingsley, joined our company. A headwaiter brought Billingsley a twenty-five-dollar check issued by a stranger who asked if it would be acceptable in payment of his bill.

"Sure," said Billingsley. "A night-club owner should always O.K. a twenty-five-dollar check from a customer he doesn't know. It's a cheap gamble. If the check bounces, you lose only twenty-five dollars. If it's good, you've made a lifetime customer."

Another New York restaurateur, Jack Dempsey, constantly is asked for advice by men who want to become fight champions. "Pal," Dempsey tells them, "all you got to do is remember three things: keep your guard up, your chin down and your seat off the canvas."

Whenever Henry Wallace, the former Vice President, visits a restaurant or night club, he always breaks the plastic cocktail mixer. This is not a manifestation of nervousness, but deliberate self-interest. "I'm a farmer, and every farmer should do this," he said. "These plastic cocktail mixers are made of milk ingredients. The more you break, the more replacements are needed. It all means more orders and more milk sold."

Another American politician, Postmaster General Summerfield, confided to me one night that he adheres to a simple method when confronted with a difficult problem: "In my experience I found this to be the best advice—just try to think what your wife would do when faced with such a decision, and then do it."

Mr. Summerfield's view should not be accepted as universal truth because some women are less practical than others. One of the (*Continued on Page 58*)

Sympathy, Please!

By P. J. Blackwell

Your well-meant good
advice is far
Too voluble;
My troubles are the kind
that are
Insoluble.
Don't tell me what I ought
to do
To cure them.
Just tell me I'm heroic to
Endure them.

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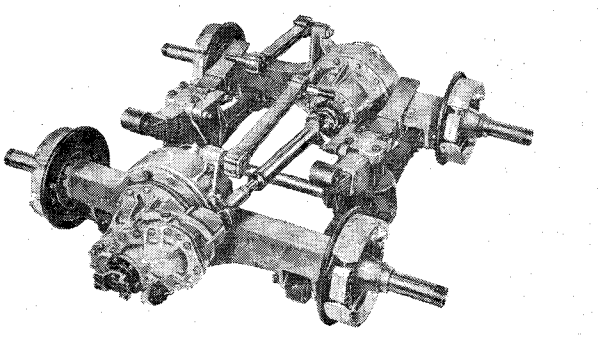

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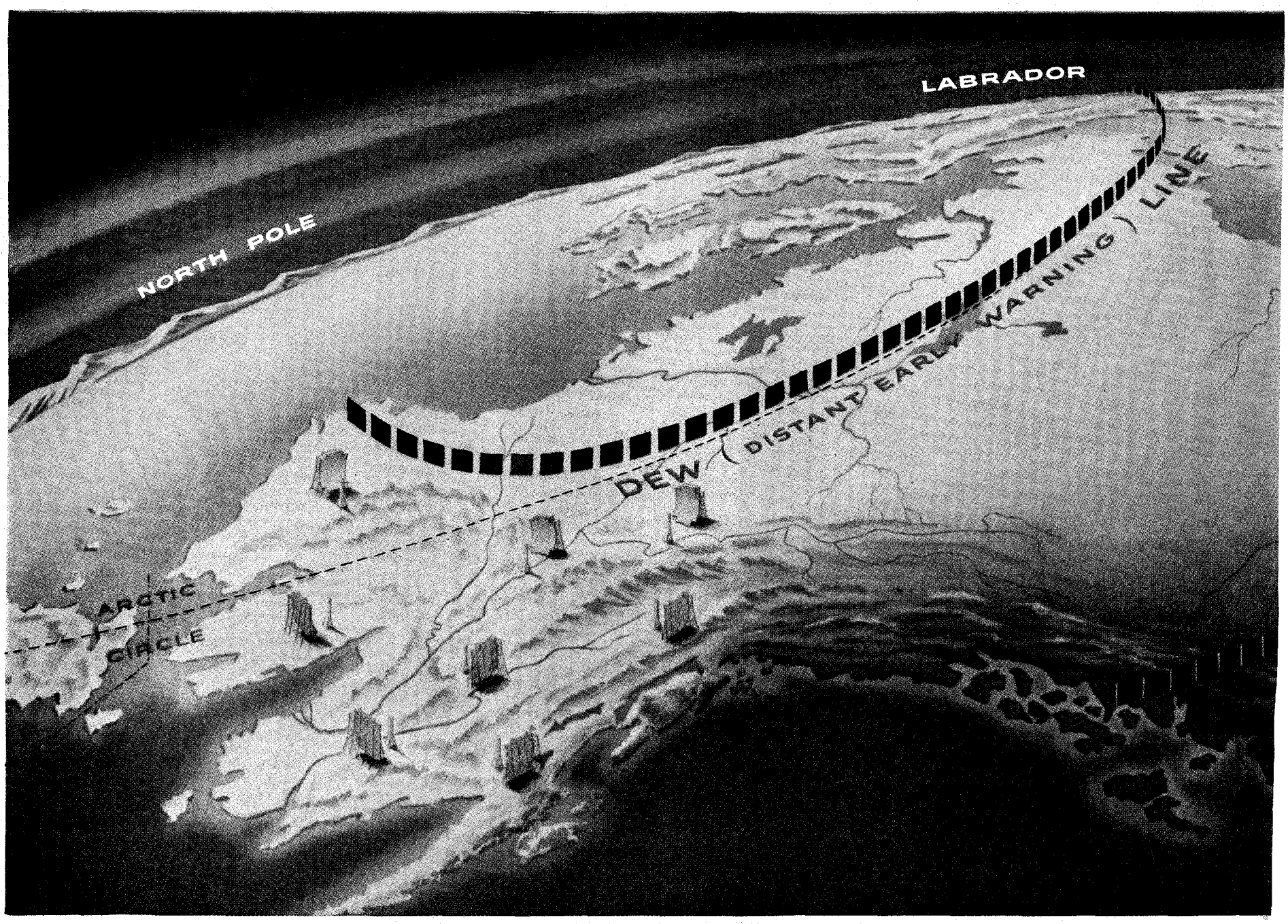
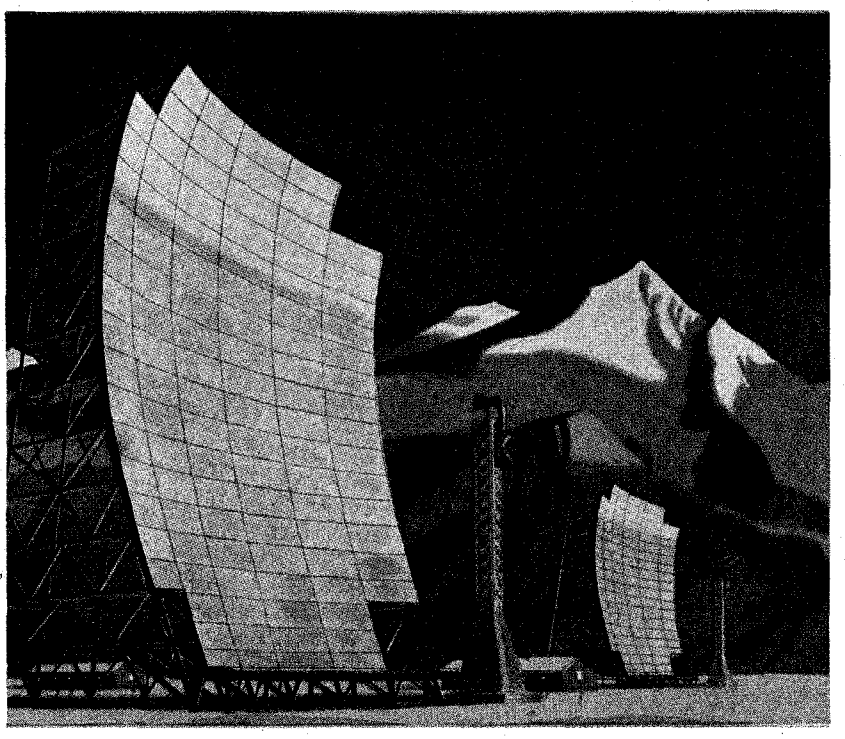


Power for our



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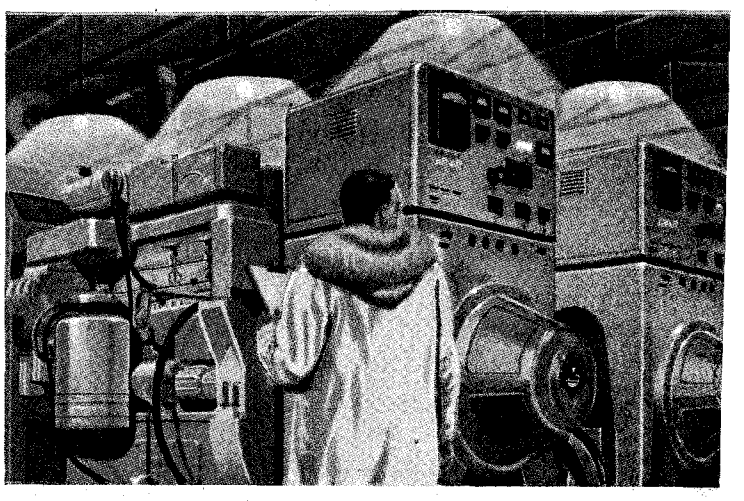

Inside a White Alice station—Heavy-duty diesel engines, generators and control equipment like this are typical of units designed and built by Allis-Chalmers for *Western Electric*, prime contractor for the U.S. Air Force on both White Alice and DEW Line projects; and also for *Johnson, Drake and Piper*, and *Merritt-Chapman and Scott*, serving as joint venture prime contractor on part of the "Gap-Filler" program.

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Key sections of both radar and communications systems have been in operation for some time—a credit to the military men, scientists and engineers who planned them, and to the crews of specialists who built them. Together, they've overcome staggering obstacles of design, supply, transportation, construction . . . and *weather*.

Today, the test of men and machines continues. Construction crews are being followed by communications specialists. In their hands is equipment specifically geared to this vital job. The big diesel generating sets, for instance, were tailor-made for "guard duty." Allis-Chalmers transformers and fork lift trucks were called into this service, too . . . trucks built to meet the needs of Arctic freight handling; transformers designed to distribute power in temperatures as low as 60°F below zero.

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(*Continued from Page 55*) most practical of all living women is Paulette Goddard, whose wealth is fabulous. She once instructed a young lady who was new to Broadway and its lures, "If a man offers you a choice between diamonds or a piece of his business deals, take the diamonds, because for diamonds a girl doesn't have to sign any papers, ever. She just says, 'Thank you.'"

Greer Garson's collection of gems is almost as valuable as Miss Goddard's. In dressing for a public appearance, Miss Garson started to put on her diamond necklace, clips, bracelets, brooches, and a friend asked her, "When do you stop?"

"In putting on diamonds," replied Miss Garson, adding rings, pins, tiara and earrings, "the time to stop is when you don't have any more."

Other artists, however, have occasionally been guilty of carrying a good thing too far. The playwright Maxwell Anderson, for example, sometimes found it difficult to resist a tendency to be overpoetical. Louis Calhern once read an Anderson script whose free verse soared so high that it became obscure.

"Max," Calhern recommended, "what you need is a good stiff ride in the subway."

Another prize-winning playwright, Thornton Wilder, was hailed as a Sardi's Socrates for the rules he set down regarding the expression of opinions about friends' plays: "When a friend of yours opens a show out of town, you must give him your frank opinion, because it might help. But not after the opening night in New York, because by then it's too late. Backstage in New York, Green Room perjury is legal. You must say, 'It's great!'"

Carl Laemmle, Jr., once inquired if this Green Room perjury applies to previews of Hollywood movies. Arthur Caesar, the screen writer, told him, "If they ask you what you think of the picture, just look smart, tell 'em it'll do great in the sticks and then run like hell."

Before the preview of A Millionaire for Christy, a studio press agent conceived a novel press stunt—to have a hundred millionaires attend the special screening. He asked the co-star, Eleanor Parker, "But how can we get a hundred millionaires to come?"

"That's easy," said Miss Parker. "Millionaires? Just give them passes."

The brothers Frank and Ralph Morgan prospered during their long years in Hollywood partly because producers had read that the Morgans' controlling interest in the Angostura Bitters company made them independently wealthy. It was Frank Morgan who told Franchot Tone, "Encourage the publicity about your family wealth. It helps in dickering on contracts. You can always get more money from movie companies if they think you really don't need it."

The Morgan-Tone advocacy of the Affluent Guise was supported by Louis Calhern, who, on one December night, arrived at the Lambs Club wearing a checkered suit. "Fellow Pucks and Melancholy Danes," Calhern told the other actors, "in the wintertime an unemployed actor should always dress as if he's just on his way to Palm Beach."

> Some men furnish their wives with mink coats to keep them warm; others to keep them quiet.
>
> JOHN C. VIVIAN

Marilyn Monroe offered unique counsel on how to dress. "I don't pay much attention to my hair," she said. "A girl shouldn't waste time dressing her hair, if she thinks that's not the place where they're going to look."

Celeste Holm, however, feels hair is a useful female wile. A natural blonde, she told a brunet comedienne, "Dye your hair. It's an advantage to be a blonde. A blonde can say anything, even the silliest things, and nobody minds."

Another favorite subject for advice vendors is money. Ann Corio, the stripteaser, who invested her savings in annuities rather than in common stocks, once counseled, "It's better to sleep well on four per cent than to walk the floor with eight per cent." Mike Romanoff, the restaurateur from Beverly Hills, scoffed at a New Yorker who was devoting fifteen hours a day to his vast enterprises. "Money is fine," Romanoff said, "but don't let it cost you too much."

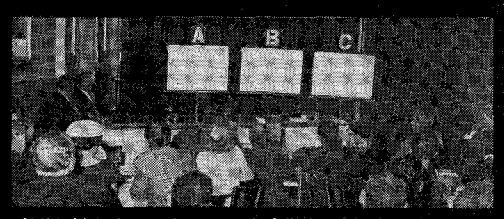
Justice Felix Frankfurter used to lecture his Harvard Law School students, "There are two ways of becoming a rich lawyer—one, by marrying a rich woman; and two, by applying yourself carefully to study and practice in every phase of the law for at least twenty-five years, and then marrying a rich woman." In London one day J. Arthur Rank, the movie producer and theater operator, told me, "Never put heart into affairs concerning money, and never put money into affairs concerning your heart."

Eleanor Roosevelt once told Bernard Baruch about a decision she had to make, "My mind tells me not to do it, but my heart tells me to do it."

Mr. Baruch suggested, "When it's a choice between following your heart or your mind, it's wisest to follow your

In daring test

DeJUR STUMPED THE EXPERTS!



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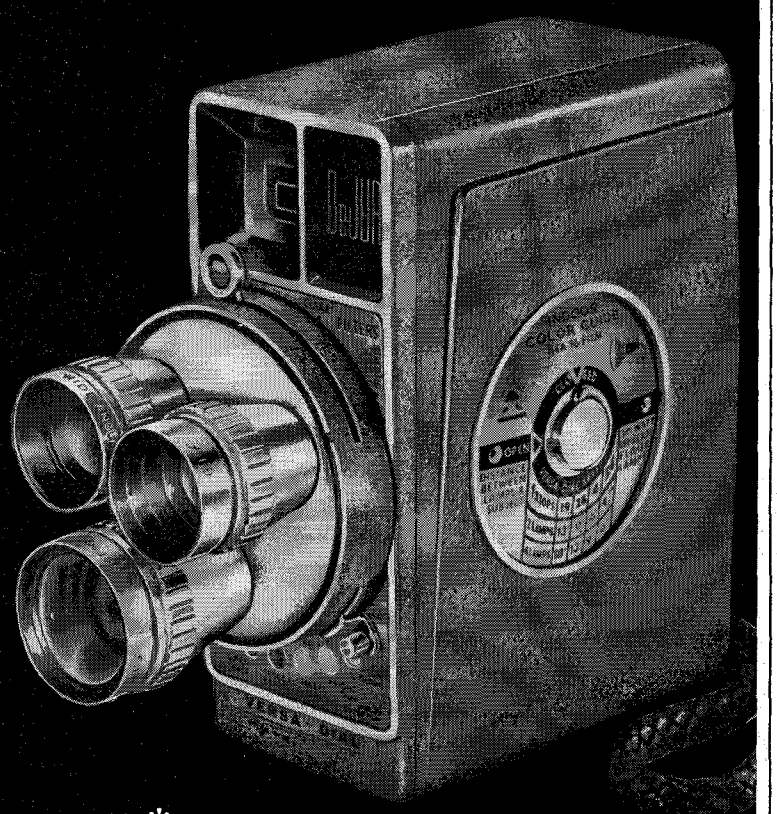

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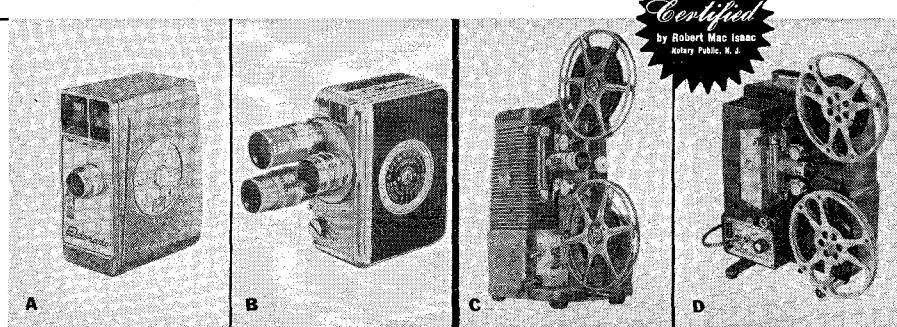

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(C) "500" America's finest low-priced 8mm projector. Steady, bright image. Automatic room lamp control. E-Z Thread swing-out gate. **$69.95**

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heart. If you make a mistake, somehow it's less painful when you've followed your heart."

The late Chief Justice Fred Vinson was once asked to intervene and advise a friend who had lost his heart to a lady apparently unsuitable for him. Vinson declined with this warning, "Never try to stop a man when he's in love or wants to run for public office."

Advice, advice, advice. I've listened to it in bars and in halls of state, in cellar joints and on hilltops under the Southern Cross, in jazz-pads and in Buddhist temples, in the shadows of minarets and of skyscrapers, along the Hudson and in the South China Sea, from the Amazon to the Kremlin and from Singapore to the Nile.

In the White House one day, when a son of mine seated himself in the President's chair and I expressed the wish that someday he'd earn the right to occupy it, Mrs. Truman advised me, "Pray not, pray not." During lunch in the United States embassy in Tokyo, Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, wife of the general, counseled me, "Pray that no son of yours ever becomes a genius. Geniuses are lonely people."

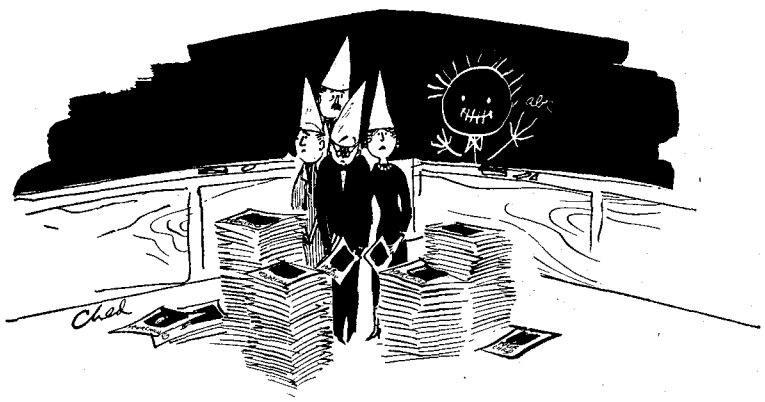
I heard Elaine Stritch, the actress, say, "No girl my age should spend time with other women unless they're older women and have had it. Then she can learn something." And I was at the table when Ethel Merman suggested to a man who feared his girl was losing interest in him, "Try diamonds. A girl who doesn't like rocks on her fingers must have rocks in her head." And I was present in the Little Club when Nancy Berg, the actress-model, announced, "No actress who has had her appendix out, her teeth fixed and already owns a mink coat should ever get married."

In scouring the world for wisdom I have not neglected the font in my own home. My wife once saw Ivy Baker Priest, the Treasurer of the United States, pricing a gown in the window of Bonwit Teller. She steered the treasurer to a wholesale house in the garment district, and said, "In shopping for gowns, Fifth Avenue is for looking, Seventh Avenue is for buying."

Sylvia Lyons restored my perspective on Parisian behavior when she heard me ask a café owner in Montparnasse why he wore a suit of armor, complete with shuttered helmet, day and night. "Dear," my wife interrupted, "in Paris you should never ask 'Why?' but 'Why not?'"

But Sylvia, in my husbandly opinion, attained her peak as an advice giver once during a drive through the Catskills. We had noticed a sign warning hunters that it was illegal to shoot a bear under one year old, and a member of our party asked how to determine if a bear is older than one year.

"Sing Happy Birthday to the bear," Sylvia suggested, "and if the song seems at all familiar to it, shoot." THE END



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

The Board of Education wanted the voters to approve a million-dollar bond issue for school expansion, so they printed and distributed thousands of pamphlets ending with a dark prophecy that refusal to approve the issue would "cheat your child" out of part of an education. On hearing that the board had paid hundreds of dollars in school funds for the pamphlets, a group of thrift-minded taxpayers sued to have the expenditure of public funds declared illegal.

"A school board may have the right to publish factual pamphlets," the objectors argued, "but these pamphlets went beyond mere facts to pressure voters with a threat of dire consequences to be expected if they did not vote as the board wished. As public funds should not be used for partisan appeals based on one-sided information, the board members should pay the printer personally."

"The taxpayers were perfectly free to accept or reject our forecast," the board countered. "All we did was to state the facts, present and future, as we saw them. The cost of the pamphlet was a legitimate public expenditure."

If you were the judge, would you make the board members pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The board members had to pay. The court said the dire prophecy "overdramatized" the case in favor of the bond issue and therefore made the pamphlet a biased one which should not be paid for from public funds.

Based upon a 1953 New Jersey decision.

the NEW Sunbeam

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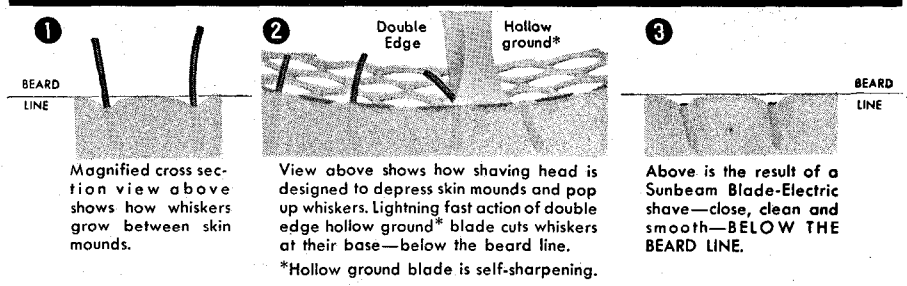
the electric with a real

BLADE-ELECTRIC SHAVES BELOW THE BEARD LINE!



Magnified cross section view above shows how whiskers grow between skin mounds.

View above shows how shaving head is designed to depress skin mounds and pop up whiskers. Lightning fast action of double edge hollow ground* blade cuts whiskers at their base—below the beard line.

*Hollow ground blade is self-sharpening.

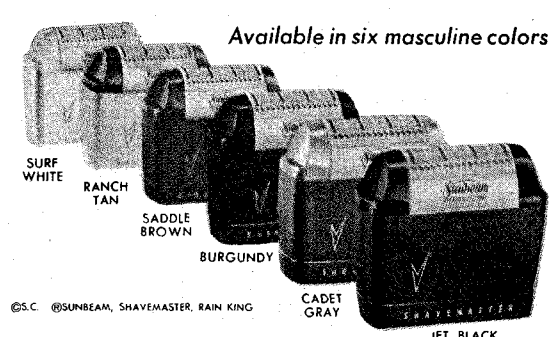
Above is the result of a Sunbeam Blade-Electric shave—close, clean and smooth—BELOW THE BEARD LINE.

The sensational Blade-Electric gives you these big advantages—the close, clean shaves of soap and blade and the speed, comfort and convenience of Electric Shaving. Sunbeam Blade-Electric is the only real double edge, hollow ground* blade in Electric Shaving powered by a 16-bar armature type REAL motor. Sunbeam's blade moves back and forth at lightning fast speed to give you super fast, close, comfortable Blade-Electric shaves.

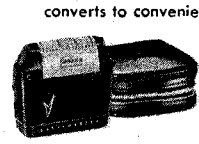
Ask Your Dealer about a FREE 14 Day Home Trial!

Ask your dealer to let you take home the new Blade-Electric razor for 14 days with full return privilege and you will find out how it will shave you as close and fast as any method you have ever tried. You'll agree with millions of others that Sunbeam Blade-Electric is America's finest Shaver.

Available in six masculine colors and two handsome cases



MODEL G—Handsome carrying case—converts to convenient wall cradle.



MODEL GZ Handsome genuine leather deluxe zipper case.

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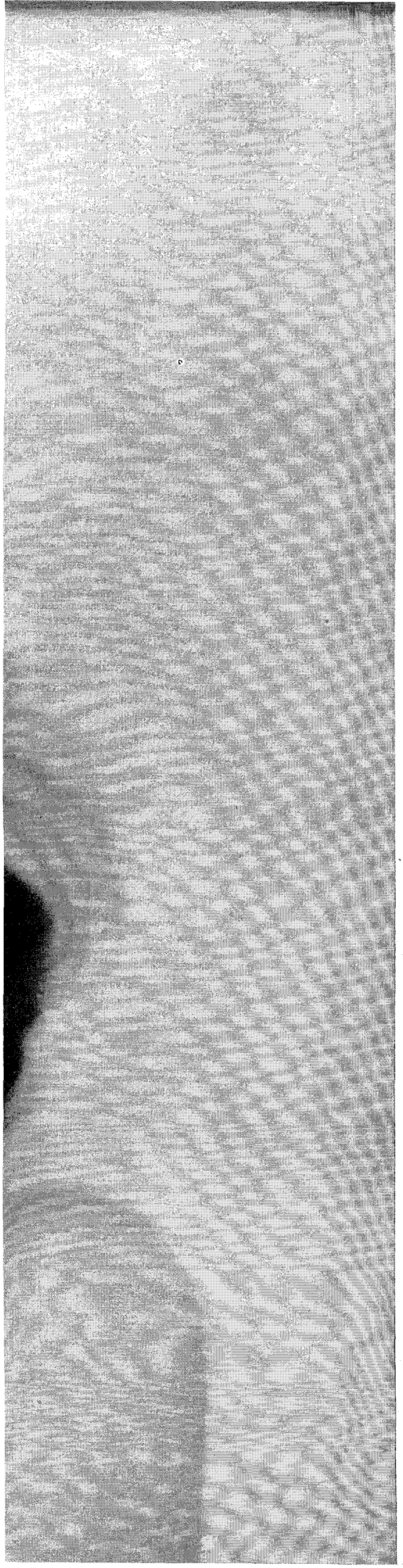

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The Man from Equitable can tell you how these good things are happening every day to people like you. They happen because *Living Insurance means benefits for the living. Benefits for you while you live. If you die, benefits for those who live on after you.*

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"Disappointment"
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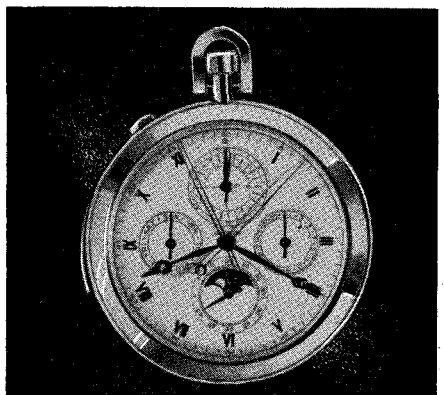

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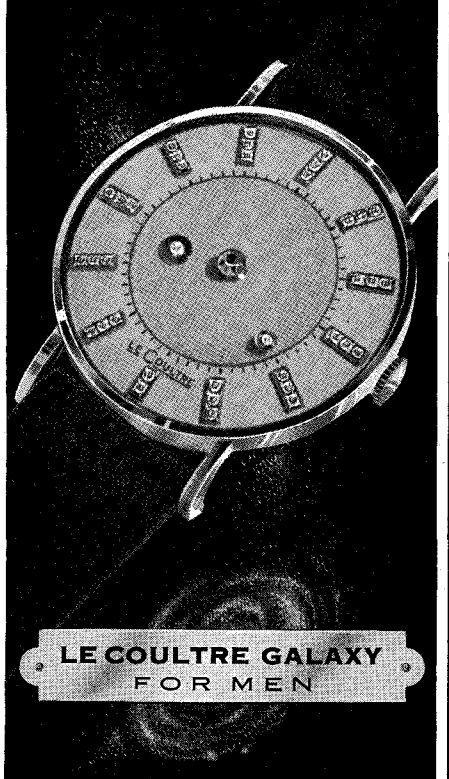


LE COULTRE GALAXY FOR MEN

Nothing in years has made such an impact on luxurious timekeeping as LeCoultre's scintillating sensation, the "Galaxy" diamond watch for men. Floating diamonds mysteriously mark the hours. The dial glitters with diamond-set hour markers —a blazing 37 flawless diamonds in all. Of equal importance are the hidden values—the superbly dependable timekeeping which has distinguished LeCoultre watches since 1833. The LeCoultre Galaxy (shown enlarged) is cased in 14K gold, $325. F.T.I.

THE MOST EXCEPTIONAL WATCHES AND CLOCKS IN ALL THE WORLD

Le Coultre

Division of Longines-Wittnauer

The Brushoff

(Continued from Page 26)

"Y'know that wild steer that was always bustin' outta the pasture? That's what it is, only two-legged. You finally had to butcher that steer, boss."

"Yeah," the boss muttered, "and even the meat was tough." He gave a tired sigh and started to move away.

Just then a little girl came running up the street, with her mother yelling behind her. The little girl was carrying a small doll, and when she got in front of the kid she dropped it. The doll broke and the little girl began to cry. The kid got down on his knees and tried to put the doll's head together, but it kept falling apart. The little girl kept watching him and whimpering, and the little girl's mother said, "Oh, shut up, Lindy! I'll buy you another doll."

The kid got up and looked at the broken pieces on the sidewalk. "It don't stay together no more," he said. Then he reached in his pocket and brought out a tiny figure of an Indian doll. It looked old and dirty and he handed it to the little girl and said, "Here, you keep this."

The little girl smiled, and her mother yelled, "Put that filthy rag down!" But the little girl went skipping on up the street with the Indian doll in her hands, and the mother ran after her.

The kid looked at us, and his lips drew tight and thin. "It didn't cost me nothin'," he said coldly. "I swiped it at a carnival."

The boss walked over to him and said casually, "Ever make any hay, stranger?"

"Yep." The tight lips barely moved.

"Know how to handle horses?"

"Yep."

"You want a job working in the hayfield up at my ranch?" the boss asked.

The kid shrugged. "Why not? I got nowhere else to go."

"Well," the boss said, "we'll pick up your stuff, then."

"You're lookin' at it," the kid said, and something glared at us from the green eyes, a light that dared us to ask if he didn't have a coat or a jacket or a suitcase or something.

"Let's get moving," the boss said, and the three of us walked up the hot, bright street to where we'd parked our car. The kid got in and he never said a word all the way to Laramie, Wyoming. We picked up three men in Laramie; they were talkative, smelled like whisky and had battered suitcases. They spoke to the kid, but he just gave them a nod and acted as if they weren't around.

We went to a café to eat, and the boss said the meal was on him. The kid looked at the menu a long time, and finally the boss said, "Order anything you want, boy."

The kid finally said to the waitress, "Just a hamburger. I don't care how it's cooked."

He tried to eat it without hurrying and his face got red. He didn't order any pie and, when the pie was in front of the other men, the kid got up and walked out to the car.

"He's been in reform school," one of the new men said. "I can spot 'em a mile off."

"That so?" the boss asked politely.

"Why, sure. And if you don't mind, mister, I ain't bunking in the same place with that kid."

It turned out that nobody had to sleep near the kid. When we got to the ranch, he took a shine to the old sheep wagon the boss had parked by the river. "Anybody livin' in that wagon?" the kid asked.

"No, it's not much of a wagon any more," the boss replied.

"I'd like to be by myself," the kid said.

"Help yourself," the boss answered. "I'll rustle you up some bedding."

The next morning at the corral, the boss said to the kid, "You know how to harness a team, boy?"

The kid nodded, but when he got in the barn he put the first collar on upside down, and the men began to snicker and make talk. Old Jack Patton straightened the kid out. He came walking through the barn, thin and sour and bowlegged. A scowl settled over his lined face, and his gray hair stuck out in uncombed tufts above his ears.

"Well," he said dryly, "at least you got it on the right end of the horse, and that's more than some dumb city kids know." Old Jack Patton set the collar right and said, "You and me are going to be lead-rakin' in the hayfield. I give the orders. You take 'em, see?"

Nobody in a hay crew ever got along with Old Jack Patton, but he was the best hayraker in the country. When a man worked with him Old Jack set the pace; if he drove slowly, he wanted the man following him to go at the same pace; if he speeded up, he expected the man with him to speed up. Old Jack Patton said when it was time to start and when to quit.

That first day the kid raked he was as mad as a hornet when we stopped for the noon meal that was always sent out hot in the lunch wagon. "What's goin' on around here?" the kid said angrily. "Everybody else gets to quit and gets their teams unhooked and we make two or three more passes at that grass."

"Old Jack Patton believes in outworkin' the rest of the crew," I said. "He wants to keep a lot of hay raked up so the stackers can be busy."

"Bossy old devil," the kid muttered.

We didn't see Old Jack Patton come up beside us until he spoke.

"Listen, you city punk," he said harshly to the kid, "if you don't like the way I do it, you can quit—see? I don't need you. I don't need anybody. I can handle any job and handle it myself—see? Don't get the idea I want you around."

"And I don't want to be around you," the kid shouted back at him.

Old Jack Patton's strange yellow eyes glinted. "Good! Suits me. Run and cry to the boss, then. You tough reform-school kids gotta cry about the world."

The kid stiffened and his fists came up. His face was mean and ugly. "You call me that again and I'll beat your head in!"

Old Jack Patton spat at the kid's feet. Then he turned with slow deliberation and sauntered toward the lunch wagon.

The kid stood clenching and unclenching his fists. "I could break that old man in two," he said.

"Wouldn't change him none," I said. "He'd be the same in two pieces or one."

That night the kid was late for supper. As usual, Old Jack Patton made a couple of rounds with his rake after the other men had unhooked their teams and started for the house. When the kid came into the cookshack, the crew began to ride him about playing nursemaid to Old Jack Patton. Lola, the peroxide-blond cook, said, "You guys shut up. Lay off." And she let her big blue eyes get soft as she looked at the kid.

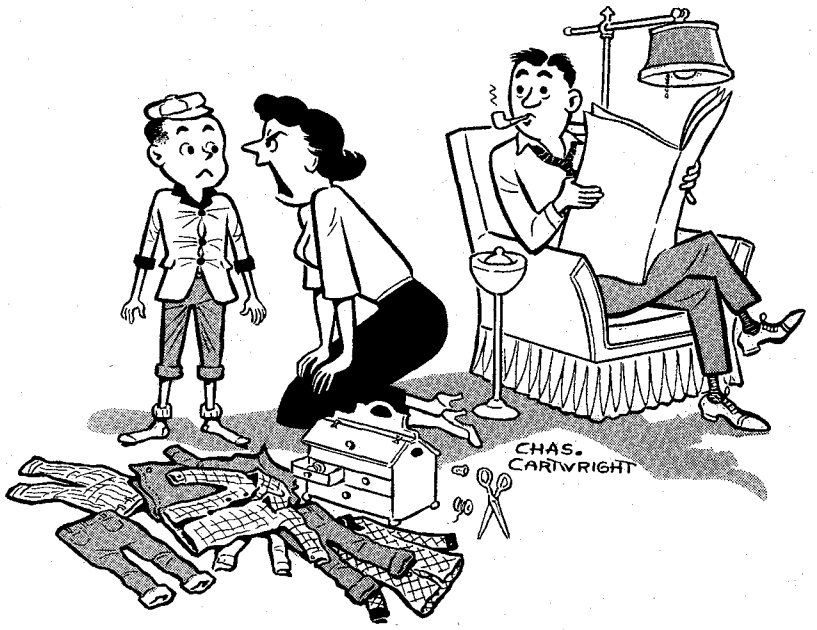
Everybody knew what was happening; wasn't that she felt sorry for the kid or anything like that. She just had him marked for a sucker, and Lola always had suckers in every hay crew. I figured since the kid was so tough and had been in reform school, he wouldn't fall for the line. But he looked up at her as if she might be some kind of angel.

Old Patton leaned close to me and muttered, "Reform school didn't teach him nothing. He's so soft inside it's pitiful."

It seemed to me that, after that, Old Jack Patton set out to make life hell for the kid. He worked the tail off him and bawled him out in front of the men. The kid didn't say a word, but his eyes got hotter and brighter, and sometimes the look in them scared me. Every night at the supper table Lola gave the kid the soft soap plus an extra-big piece of pie. And the first chance he had to go to town, he spent all his wages buying her candy and perfume and a red silk handkerchief.

"I'm gonna ask her to go to the haymakers' ball next week," he told me one night when I stopped by the sheep wagon. He was sprawled out on the bunk. In the light from the kerosene lamp, he didn't look mean and hard. He only looked young and lonely.

"Look, kid," I said, "there's some women do a man good because they want good to come to a man. And there's other women who (*Continued on Page 64*)



"Stop growing."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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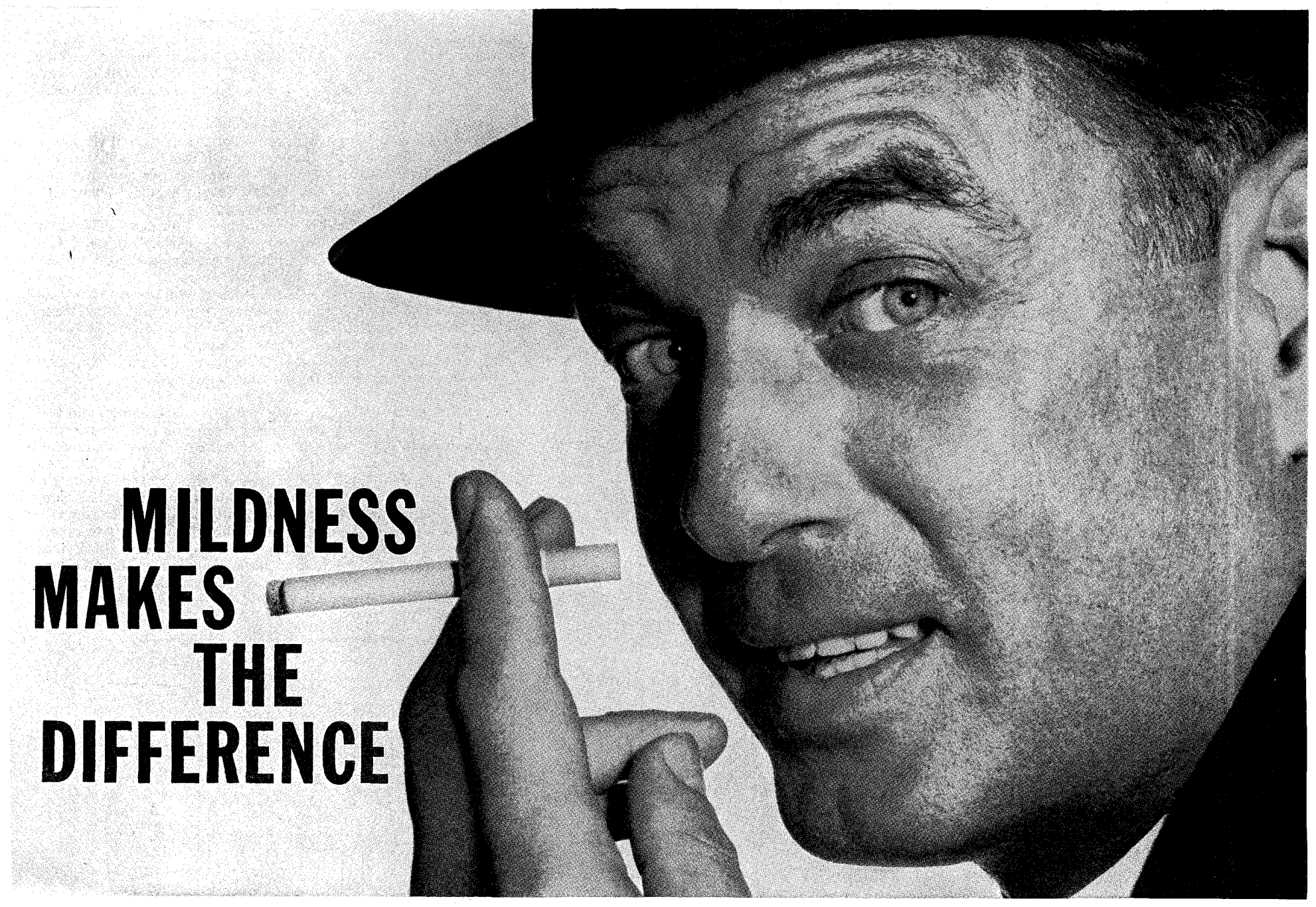
Every Tareyton proves it again...



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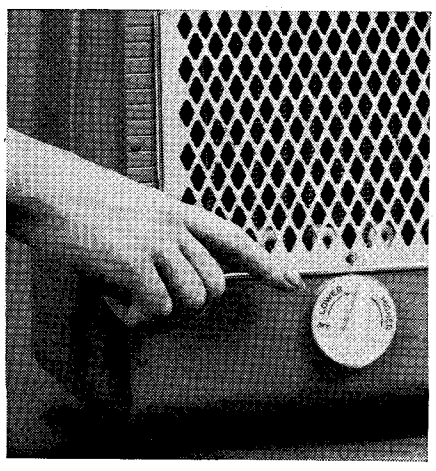
and this Arvin turns off and on automatically



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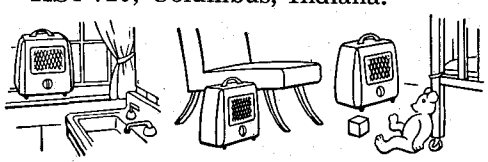

Bathroom Living Room Nursery

Arvin

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC HEATERS

Arvin also makes Home Radios, Fans, Car Heaters, Ironing Tables, Leisure Furniture, "Charky" Grills.

(*Continued from Page 62*) don't care a hang for anything but the money that's spent on 'em."

"Lola's not what you think," he said in a low tone. "She's had a hard time, like me. And nobody understands her, just like nobody understands how I am inside. She stands for something; she's not fulla lies, like most people. She stands for being good to me."

"I guess if a man's thirsty enough he'll drink poison and think it's good," I muttered. I sat quiet and still and heard the river murmuring by, and the river said that some people were born to trouble and had it always because they never got things straightened out. I looked at the kid again and I knew he was thinking of Lola and how, to him, her greedy eyes looked kind. I said, "Ain't you got no folks, kid?"

He made a choked-off sound, and for a while there was silence. Then he said, keeping his voice low and steady, "If I still got 'em, I wouldn't know where they are. Both of 'em run off with other people. That's when I got drunk, and I don't mind tellin' you I broke in a liquor store to find the whisky. After I had enough of it, I stole the cash I could find. That's why I got sent to a reform school." Again he was quiet. Then he said in a small tone, "Yeah, and when Christmas come, neither one of 'em even sent me a card. Every other kid there—no matter what bad thing he had done—got something from someone who remembered him, a card or a present or something." He began to laugh. "I made myself a card, but it didn't fool nobody."

Old Jack Patton stuck his head in the doorway then and said in his usual hard tone, "You didn't bathe the horses' shoulders. You drive a team with me and you take some care of your horses or I'm askin' the boss to tie a can on you."

I heard Old Jack Patton's footsteps echo away. The kid said, "I hate the old buzzard! If he wasn't so sure he could make me quit, I'd have gone long ago."

"Better men than you have quit because of him," I said. "But I want to tell you something, kid; Old Jack's not hard inside. He's only lean and tough and honest. He wants to make a man out of you."

"Yeah?" The kid laughed. "Don't give me that stuff. He's like all the rest of 'em around here. I smell reform school and no matter what I do, it won't make any difference. But I can be as mean as he can." The kid rolled off the bunk. "I'll see to those horses, but I swear there ain't a mark on their shoulders. They don't need their shoulders bathed any more than I do."

The next week was the haymakers' ball in town, and the kid asked a couple of days in advance to borrow my car. "Lola said she'd go with me," he said, "and I'll be real careful with your car."

We were standing by the barn, and the evening light was creeping in over the meadows. "Sure," I said; "sure, kid." He walked away toward the sheep wagon, and Old Jack Patton came out of the barn and stood beside me.

"I wonder where he'll get a suit," Old Jack Patton said. "He can't take her in them thin overalls he's been washing out at night and putting on half wet in the mornin'."

"I've got no suit," I said.

The next night I stopped by the sheep wagon, and the kid was whistling and polishing his old work shoes. "I'm gonna clean your car early in the mornin' so it'll look nice," he said.

"That's good," I said.

"Hey, kid!" It was Old Jack Patton calling from outside.

"Yeah? What do you want?"

"Just wanted to be sure you're there." And Old Jack tossed a big box into the sheep wagon. I heard him walking away.

"What's that?" the kid asked suspiciously.

"You can look," I said.

It was what I had figured. It was a fancy suit and it was the right size. The kid kept turning it over and over and staring at it. Finally he said, "Where'd he get it, anyhow?"

"I figure he had the boss' wife buy it for him in town," I said. "Lord, kid, Old Jack Patton hasn't put a suit on in forty or fifty years."

The kid's head went down and he said in a low voice, "I guess he wanted me to look right, didn't he?"

"I guess he did."

"A fella's father wouldn't do more," the kid said wonderingly.

The next morning at the corral the kid tried to thank Old Jack Patton, and Old Jack glared at him and said, "It's mothy. Only time I ever wore it was to a funeral. It's ready to fall apart. I'd agiven it to the trash barrel before now if I'd thought about it." And he turned and led his team from the corral, shouting back at the kid, "Get the lead out! We got hay to rake."

When we came in from work that night, all the younger men started cleaning up for the haymakers' ball. They shaved and (*Continued on Page 66*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I think the whole idea of living makes Bradley uneasy."

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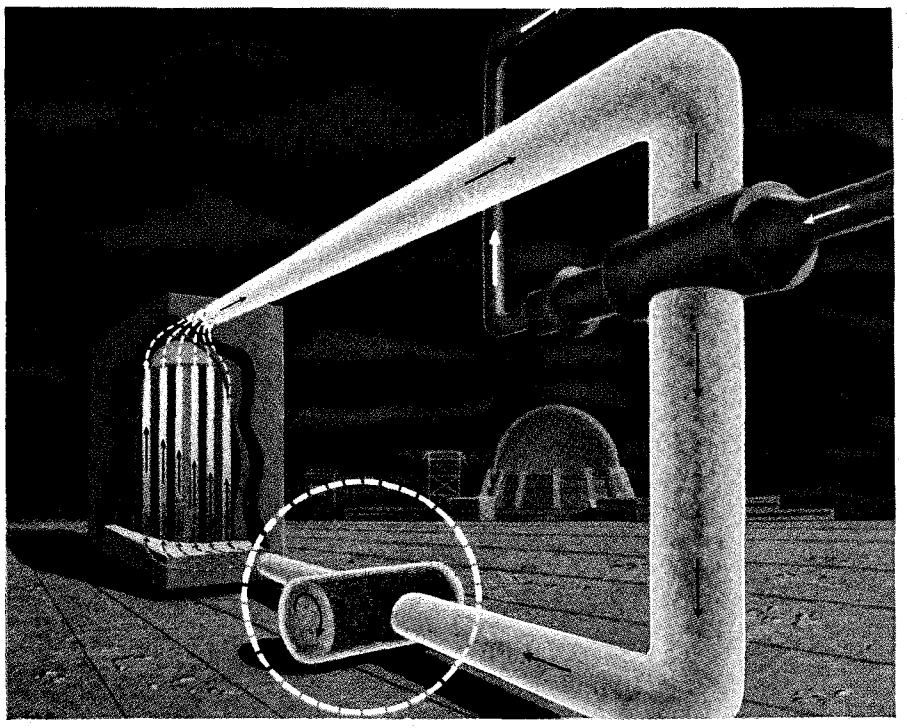
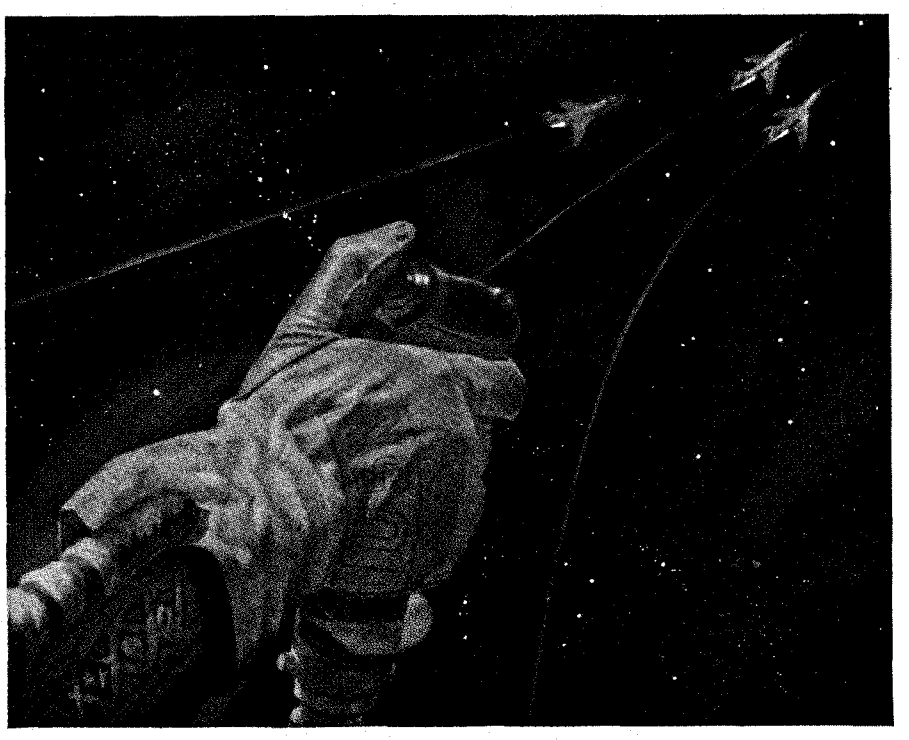


Pumping the molten metal that puts nuclear power to work! In atomic power plants, the fierce heat of nuclear fission is converted into steam which drives generators to produce electricity. Special pumps made by Borg-Warner extract heat—in one case by forcing molten metal (sodium) through the atomic fires at a 12,000 gallons-per-minute rate! Borg-Warner is a leading maker of nuclear pumps. Almost every reactor in the U.S. has B-W-designed pumping equipment.



Putting 15 tons of muscle in the pilot's fingers at 1000 mph! At top supersonic speeds, jet plane control surfaces are under such tremendous pressure that no pilot could guide the plane unaided. Borg-Warner gives him extra "muscle" with tiny hydraulic mechanisms of tremendous power. In 5/1000 of a second, they multiply the pilot's ounces of touch into as much as 15 tons of push or pull! Today every type of U.S. military and commercial aircraft uses B-W parts.

The touch that marks so many of today's exciting advances!

These are but a few examples of Borg-Warner's continuing efforts to "design it better—make it better." From B-W research in chemistry, electronics, metallurgy and automation have come dramatic advances in automobiles, aircraft, appliances, building materials, oil field equipment, air conditioning and farm equipment. *Borg-Warner, 310 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.*

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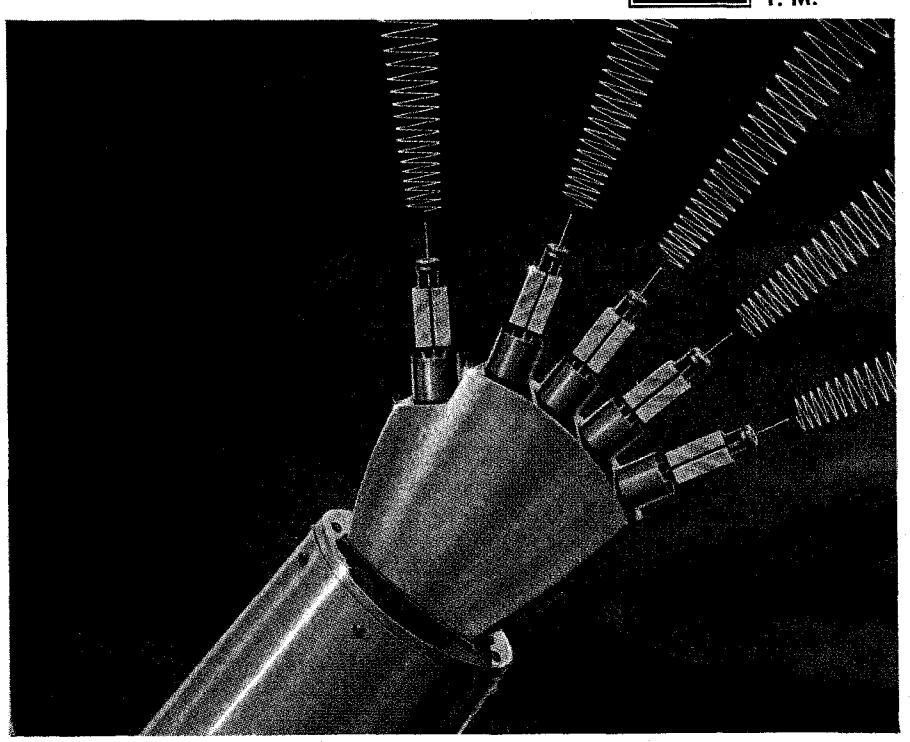
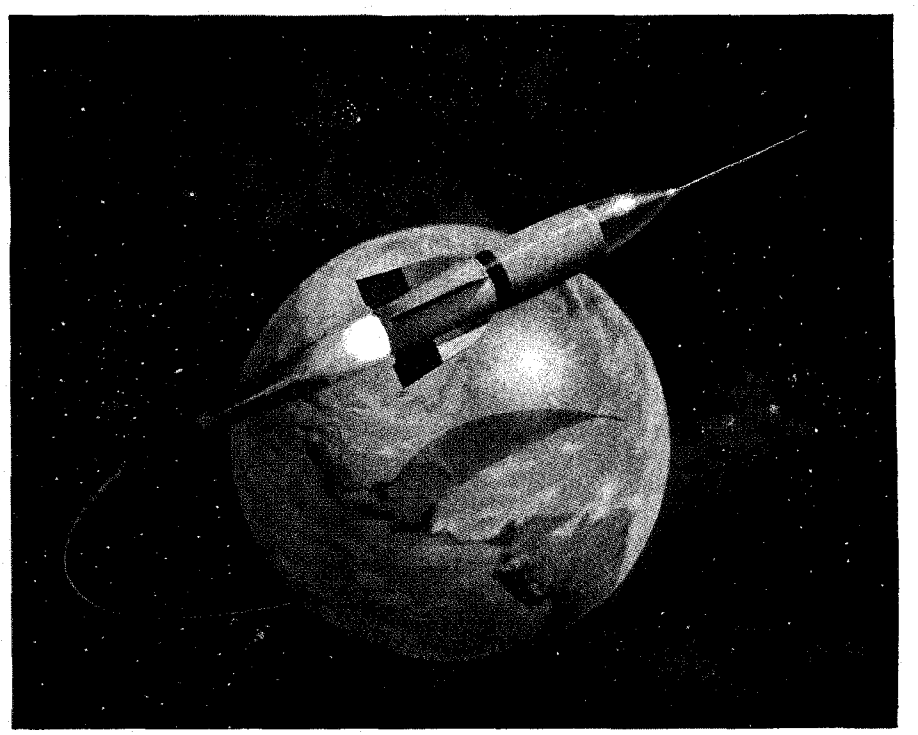


Electronic "fingers" to speed up today's automation! Ingenious automatic mechanisms now direct many manufacturing and processing jobs with little human help. These "robots" have electronic brains, and also a sense of touch that keeps tabs on their work. Finger-size electronic devices are made by Borg-Warner to give this touch. Highly sensitive, they feel even the smallest change in temperature, pressure, velocity . . . report it so the brain can make corrections extra fast.



So it won't miss . . . here's how to jog the memory of a global missile! The accuracy of an intercontinental ballistic missile's flight is determined in the first moments when it roars into the sky. Its electronic brain has full instructions. But it needs reminding, too! Borg-Warner makes an ingenious device to do this . . . to tell instantly if and when any corrections are needed to keep it precisely on course. This is only one of the many B-W mechanisms for today's newest missiles.

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(*Continued from Page 64*) scrubbed themselves in the creek and took their good pants or suits out of their suitcases. Slim, the pusher driver, was the handsomest man in the outfit, and that night he spent a lot of time sizing himself up in the mirror. "A big night coming," he said. "I'm taking cooky."

"You mean our cooky?" I asked.

"Only one around here, ain't she?" Slim asked innocently.

"Don't, Slim. Don't take her."

His mouth came open and he stared at me. "Why? You got a shine for her, Jeff?"

"She promised the kid," I said.

"Y'mean the reform bird? I'm not steppin' aside for that stuff."

"I'm asking you to, Slim."

Slim put down the comb. "You want me to tell you something, Jeff? You're a softhearted old fool. You been kiddin' yourself along, telling yourself he isn't so bad. Well, you're wrong. That kind don't change."

"Who don't change?" The words came cold and hard from the doorway of the bunkhouse, and there stood the kid in his fine suit and his hair all slicked down and his eyes ablaze like July lightning.

Slim told him and told him hard and fast. The kid went after Slim, then. We got them separated, but not before the kid's eye was black and his lip cut and blood spattering the white shirt that had come with the suit. The kid started for the cookhouse, and I ran after him, shouting, "Wait a minute, kid!" He went up the steps in two long strides and me right after him.

Lola was frying the supper potatoes. She turned and looked at us, and the kid blurted out, "You're goin' with me to the dance. You promised!"

Lola yawned and stretched and she looked like a sleek, happy cat. "That was a while ago, honey," she said. "I got a right to change my mind."

The kid turned and walked out. He went to the sheep wagon and he didn't come in for supper. I told Lola off in words a gentleman don't use to a lady, but as the boss sometimes says, "A man can't spit enough to water a dry ground."

I waited around the bunkhouse that night until they'd all gone, and in the quiet there was only the smell of hair tonic and shoe polish and whisky. I waited until Lola had gone with Slim, and the darkness lay deep on the meadows that smelled of the cut hay. Then I walked down by the river to the sheep wagon. There wasn't any light, but I knew he was there. I said, "Kid?" There was no answer, and I stepped inside and sat in the dark and I could hear him breathing there on the bunk.

After a while I said, "You may not think it, but you're better off. You're a lot better off she turned you down. She never was anything but a ——"

"Shut up!" It was a snarl of sound. "I get it, see? I get the picture like I got it before. Nobody tells the truth; nobody stands for what they pretend to stand for. Nobody's anything real and steady; they all change into something lyin' or mean or ugly. They told me in reform—the big guy said, 'The world will treat you right. Nobody'll hold a mistake against you.' He lied and he knew it, see? First I believed him, and then I believed Lola, and it was the same. Nobody's what they pretend. It's all pretend."

"Wait a minute, kid. Not all of us. The boss and I and Old Jack—some people stand for things they believe. Some people ——"

"Get out! Get out and leave me alone!"

I went back to the bunkhouse, and there sat Old Jack Patton reading a story about cowboys and rustlers. He looked up and said, "Well, she give him the runaround, didn't she?"

"He didn't have it coming," I said.

"A man's got to have enough inside to take anything that's coming—trouble, death and lyin' women. Until he's got that inside, he don't amount to nothing."

"But he's only a kid," I said.

"The hand of cards life dealt him, he better grow up fast," Old Jack Patton said, and went back to his reading.

The next morning the kid got some whisky from the men and got drunk. He was already sick when we reached the hayfield. He hooked up his team and then he leaned against the wheel of the rake and looked terrible.

Old Jack Patton walked up to him and grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him hard. He said, "Get on that rake and rake hay. If you got a job to do, you do it, see? You do it whether you're sick in the belly or the head. And you do it right. Straighten up, you weak punk! Straighten up, damn you!"

The kid called him names, and Old Jack Patton laughed in his face and said, "Get on that rake and get to work." The kid dragged himself onto the rake and began to make the windrows.

We had only a few days of work left, and the kid and Old Jack Patton were just as they had been in the beginning, the man driving the boy as hard as he could, and the boy hating him. The kid looked more mean and sullen than when he'd first come to the ranch, and even the boss thought Old Jack was going too far.

"Lay off the kid, Jack," he said. "He can only take so much."

"He's got to take everything," Old Jack Patton said grimly.

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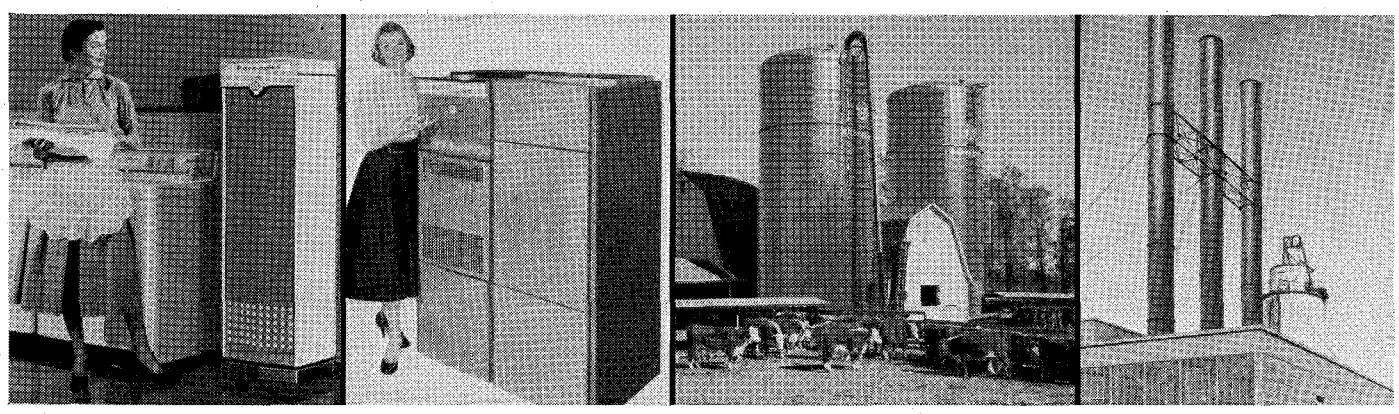

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TOMORROW, the aircraft that fly at speeds beyond any known today will quite possibly wear slick, insulating outercoats of glass. Purpose — to reduce the heat produced by air friction (what airmen call the thermal barrier). This too is a research project inspired by A. O. Smith's unique ability to protect steel with glass.

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That was the day that Lola quit, and the boss sent the kid to the house to help get supper for the men. "My wife needs you," he told the kid. "You give her a hand. Old Jack can finish up that piece of meadow he's laid off to work."

The kid nodded and said, "Well, this is one day I'll get to leave the field ahead of time, and it's killin' that old buzzard's soul."

"He won't have nobody to chew on the rest of the afternoon," I said.

"Tough, huh?" And the kid suddenly grinned at me.

Old Jack Patton was still raking, as usual, when we left the field. The kid helped the boss' wife dish up supper, and we finished eating, but Old Jack hadn't come. The men went back to the bunkhouse, and the boss and I stood by the cookstove while the kid washed dishes.

"I better have a look," the boss said. "Old Jack didn't have much raking left to do. It's taken too long."

The kid swung around from the dishpan. There was something I had never seen before in his green eyes. "Nothing's wrong with him, is there?"

"I couldn't say, kid," the boss answered. . . . "You want to come with me, Jeff?" he said, turning to me.

Before I could answer, the kid had yanked off the dish towel he had tied around his middle. "I'm agoin' with you," he said.

"I reckon that's all right," the boss replied.

There was moonlight, the kind of moonlight that makes the world almost as bright as in daytime. We rode up the meadow in the wagon and none of us said anything. Then we saw the team standing dark and still, and we saw the little piece of meadow where the cut grass was flat and silvery between the shining waves of the windrows. There wasn't much left to rake there, maybe half a dozen trips back and forth with the rake.

The boss stopped the wagon and wound the lines around the wheel so the team wouldn't walk off. We went across the little space between us and the rake, our feet swishing through the grass. It was so still I could hear my heart beating loud. Or maybe I was just scared.

Old Jack Patton lay by the rake wheel, and the lines were there in his hand. His face was toward the sky, and it was so peaceful that I knew before the boss knelt beside him that he'd never cuss the kid out again.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Masquerade Night

By Frederick Ebright

Nostalgic as a glimpse of
outgrown toys,
These little clowns
demanding trick or treat;
They well might be ourselves
as burnt-cork boys
Or gypsy girls; the part-time
ghost with sheet
And jack-o'-lantern skull
still haunts this night;
High wobbling heels and
battered opera hat
Are here, red-flannel
devils—but how slight
She seems, this would-be
witch with family cat.

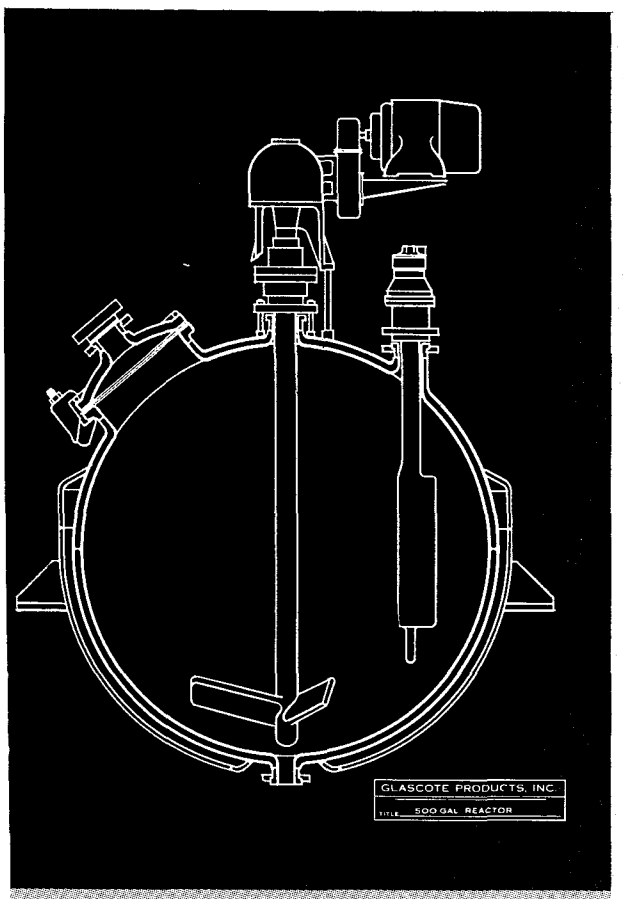
We gravely answer
doorbells, act as hosts
At dusk to treble voices,
bashful mimes,
And never intimate our
guests are ghosts
Of us, the gypsies lost in
other times.
They seem unlike our
younger selves at all;
Fact is, they cannot be—
they're much too small!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The boss didn't speak for quite a while, and when he did his voice was husky. "He was a good man, one of the best I ever had. And he was old—older than he ever let on to any of us. It came to him where he would have wanted it, and it came easy and natural." And the boss gently took the lines from Old Jack Patton's quiet hand, and he lifted Old Jack Patton in his arms and carried him to the wagon.

The kid stooped and picked up the lines. He climbed on the seat of the rake and just sat there. After a while he said, "I'll finish up what he started." And then I saw the shine on the kid's cheeks, and I heard the sound he was trying so hard to hold in. "He was a man stood for something," the kid said. "Like you—and the boss."

As the boss and I drove down the meadow toward the ranch, I could hear the silvery clanging of the rake. It rose clean and sure in the still night. That was when I knew the tough kid was going to turn out all right. THE END



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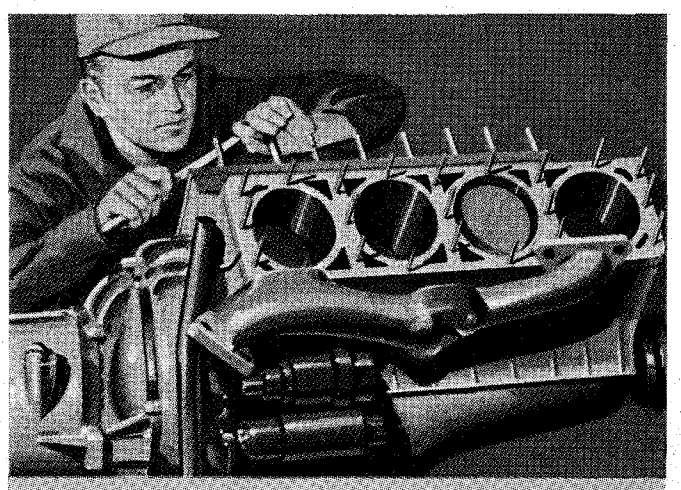

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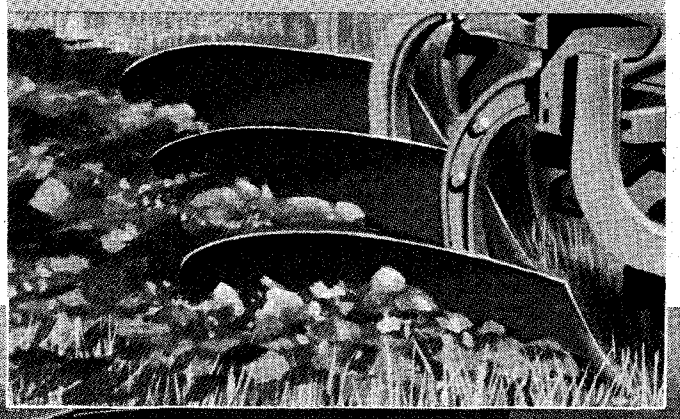

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The Child No One Wanted (Continued from Page 35)

years of being flouted, ignored, sick with worry—years now ended in tragic tidings. "I told him he'd sneak-courted my daughter, not fair and open, like walking from church with her, but right in the middle of the revels from Babylon when the choppers came in from the Big Piney on Saturday nights."

Granny remembered those tumultuous weeks well enough—who didn't? The woods had been stuffed with noisy outlanders, getting out the spruce and hickory for the nation then at war. "For aerioplanes, they said," recalled Granny. Rough, unruly men. Whooping and screeching the blessed silence out of every nook and cranny. Their heavy-booted dances to Link Yawkey's fiddling had brought the maidens down from the hills like nuts showering from a chinquapin. The stompings had almost shaken the schoolhouse off its pins.

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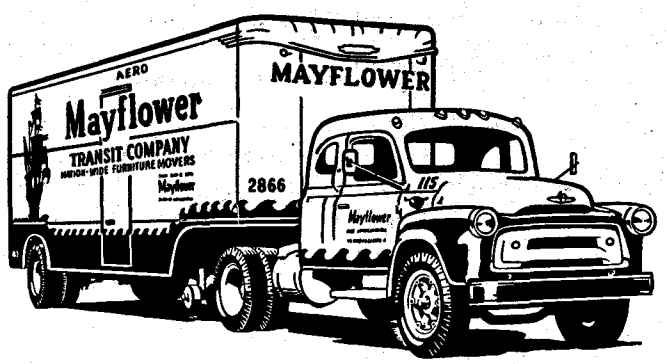

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"It was the first letter I've ever had from either of them," went on Molly. "He'd been nothing but a slacker, I told him in my answer. All those tree choppers had been slackers. Afraid to enlist and go to war like men. Brawlers and lusters. Made more trouble for the Holler than we'll ever see the end to. Like for three of Ep Tiddany's daughters, and Windy Bill Vasey's young wife, and even Belle Gunderson up at the top of her mountain, though she weighs four hundred pound. And this one, this Cameron Brown, carrying off my Zinnia while her daddy was away to the Over There place that he never came back from." Molly put her grief-lined face into her hands.

"I know." Several young men from the Hollow had not lived to return from Over There.

"Soon as the log drive started down the river, my Zinnia was up and off with him. She never wrote me where they got married, or what became of them after the logs reached Marianboro, or that she'd had this daughter."

"It was a daughter?"

"He just says in his letter that Zinnia died of flu after about a year, that he'd been fending for the child as well as he could, but he'd chopped his foot and was no good as a log cat any longer, so he's a timekeeper now at Ochekobee Dam, but a construction camp is no place for a kiddy. And he says another woman is ready to marry him, but doesn't see why she should be saddled with a first wife's child, so, if I will take the little one, he'll send me something every now and then if he is able. And what I wrote right back was that this young one was news to me, that since he had stolen the mother, he could keep the child, and it was just fine with me if no other woman would have him."

Granny was deeply disturbed by pretty Zinnia's passing and by Molly's lasting fury. Time, and now this dreadful loss, had only made her hard anger more flinty for the man who had robbed her. Granny was ired, too, by the willful withholdingness of Amos Toler, the Hollow's postmaster, who had let this devastating letter from Zinnia's husband pass through his hands without telling Granny one word about it. Must have been tight glue, she decided. Or Amos was no longer to be depended upon.

Molly moaned, lifting her tormented face, "Zinnia never wrote me she was going to have a baby. Never wrote me when it came. Never wrote anything."

"Maybe she was scared to."

"And good reason! The way she up and ran away! Foreigner to the Holler, never'd set foot here before! Danced her off—not so much as brought her home to fetch her things! As for a bridal quilting bee, not one stitch in her honor!"

"I know." Granny had felt it sharply at the time. Forty brides, if a one, had received their wedding quilts from the hands of neighbors in Granny's homey cabin. Brides of three generations, scattered now from one end of the Holler to the other. But Zinnia Trevitt had up and gone like a hurrying wood duck, like a flyaway redbird. Now dead, and her mother's heart doubly racked. Still and all ——

"So," said Molly Trevitt, "I sold Zinnia's things to those junk snoopers we were talking about." Her voice was flat. "I cleaned out everything."

"You what?"

"I sold the lot. Porridge bowl, cup, trundle bed she'd used when she was little, setting chair, sampler she'd made that said 'Lips that touch likker shall never touch mine'—everything. I got three dollars, but I had to throw in a pewter candle mold and two glazed jugs."

"Molly Trevitt! You didn't sell your own daughter's little old bed and pearwood chair with the rush seat that had been your mother's and grandmother's before you!"

Molly nodded, her face set. "After what Zinnia did to me, out they went."

Granny was dismayed. Her rage at the junk snoopers multiplied by ten. But that wasn't the important thing now. She leaned forward and caught Molly's tight-clenched hands. "Molly Trevitt, I think you ought to send for this little one."

"No!"

"But if nobody wants her—and her your own flesh and blood ——"

"How do I know whose blood she is? How do I know this loafer, Cameron Brown, isn't trying to foist some other woman's child off on me? All I know is, I lost my daughter twice, once when she ran away and now when ——" Molly buckled over, sobbing.

Granny comforted her as best she could. She regretted sharply that she hadn't climbed to Molly's farm more often. Land of Goshen, the things that can happen to a neighbor! And, now that Amos Toler had turned heedless of his prime duty, not a soul the wiser!

She would give the careless storekeeper-postmaster a piece of her mind. But she postponed plans for that as she limped down the path from Molly's. Her mind wrested with the graver issue: what to do about the late Zinnia Trevitt Brown's unwanted little daughter. If Zinnia's she was. Or, for that matter, whosever she was.

Here I am, Granny realized, *indignant with myself. Making other people's problems and sufferings my own again.*

But, reaching home, she rested long on her own setting chair and thought and thought: *Why shouldn't the child be Zinnia's? And even if she wasn't* ——

Granny gathered her stiff knees under her and got up and poured herself a glass of elderberry wine. With its sweet tang on her tongue, a glimmer came to her. She resisted a second tumblerful; wine can be a viper. Her idea was imperfect and there was a wrench to her heart in it, but it was worth sleeping on.

Next morning the wrench was still there, but so was the idea. Sound and sweet as an autumn apple. But she'd need help with it. She considered whom to turn to. Grandsir Beckett? Four years past ninety, and while that didn't slow him down much, he couldn't hold his tongue. Bide Beckett, the blacksmith? Grand for straightening an axle, or even for mending a broken fiddle, but Bide hated to cross the mountains. Amos Toler?

Provoked as she was with Postmaster Amos, he was the one. She took a pencil and did some jotting. She put the scribble in an envelope, but didn't seal it. She hobbled down the path to Toler's Mountain Store and showed the writing to the proprietor.

Amos put his old elbows on the scarred counter, entangled his fingers in his white beard, found and cupped his chin, and read every word. His blue eyes lifted and searched hers. "You are sure you want to do this, Martha?"

"I'm sure, Amos."

He exuded a breath laced with peppermint, offered her a round flat tablet—peppermint candy was their guiltily shared secret—and inquired, "You fixed to travel that far? Marianboro's forty mile each way."

"I'm as able to set on a buggy cushion as you are, Amos, and I been there once before."

He contemplated the wall calendar, showing two hunters in camp surprised by a bear. The calendar was two years old, which called for some calculating.

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"Week from tomorrow," he said. "That'll allow eight days. I'll take your letter to town tomorrow—there's three others in the sack."

Amos postmarked her envelope with a thump of a rubber stamp, very governmental and impressive. He'd insisted on providing the postage stamp himself. And they each had another peppermint.

A week and a day later, Granny was at the store porch at dawn, with her best black wool-filled cashmere dress on, a veil tight around her bonnet and under her chin, and a bundle at her feet. Amos helped her aboard the buggy and put the bundle on behind.

"You're still sure you want to do it, Martha?"

"I'm sure."

He climbed up beside her and clucked to Frank, the horse. They were off. He'd oiled the limber old harness in her special honor. It smelled of linseed. Frank splashed with large happy feet as they crossed the Run and he sneezed noisily, both activities throwing spray into the riders' faces. He sneezed again. Amos said Frank was always a sneezer in April, it was the pennyroyal.

The road took the creek bed and they jolted over cobbles and dropped into holes that sent waves over the floor of the buggy. They lurched past alders with dark, smooth trunks, past white-stemmed sycamores and birches, and left Cat Track Run where a wheel track started the ascent of the long shoulder of Coal Mountain. Up, up, up they went, Frank stopping frequently to blow. They rolled through aisles of nose-prickling evergreens and came out upon look-offs where far ridges were blue with haze. They shared a small stock of peppermints on the seat between them, giggling, and confessed they liked lemondrops, too, which was no news to either. And on, by jarring ruts and squidgy wallows, but descending now. Granny began longing for the peace of the Hollow. She dreaded this visit to the roaring town.

"Is Marianboro as wicked as they say it is?" she asked.

Amos pondered. It had been a spell since he'd studied the subject. "For you and me it isn't," he said finally. "Lessen you'd like to shoot a game of pool."

"Amos Toler, you hesh!" Granny was scandalized.

They reached Marianboro at evening, pummeled and bruised. Amos, as was his custom, overnighted at Langley's Stables. The Reverend and Mrs. Elisha Martin were purely delighted to find Granny Hite, of Cat Track Hollow, at the door of their cottage. Ever since he had given up circuit riding, Elder Martin had been a mite out of touch with affairs behind the mountains. A muscular, burly man who missed his long saddlebag journeys with their marryings, buryings, revivals and mighty baptizings, he inquired in his booming voice about every snatched sinner and suspected backslider in the Hollow, and Granny gave him the accounting. And in good time, over a relishy hot supper and a second cup of tea, she told him and Susan what she was in town for.

"Well, now!" said Elder Martin. "Well!" It was a chore with all the elements to it that he would have expected of Granny Hite, and worth getting up early for.

Granny rested that night in a bed with lavendered sheets and a kiverlid—Star of Bethlehem pattern—that she herself had pieced and stitched long ago for these old friends.

Amos Toler came for breakfast. Then all four set out for the stores, Elder Martin and Susan insisting on walking. They looked in on several before Granny found what she sought. From there they went to the bus station.

It was noon before the bus rolled in from Ochekobee. Only one passenger got down. But this one was little and scared, and Granny knew by the thump to her own heart that it was the one she was awaiting. Before Granny took two steps, the new arrival had spotted her and started toward her, not because she knew Granny but because Granny Hite was one you'd run to on sight if you were little and kind of lost and only four years old. There was a card on a string around her neck. It read: ZINNY BROWN—PUT OF AT MARIANBORO.

She said, "I'm Zinny."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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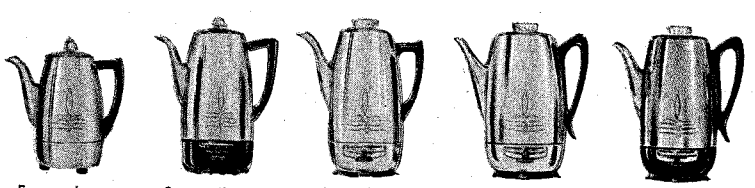

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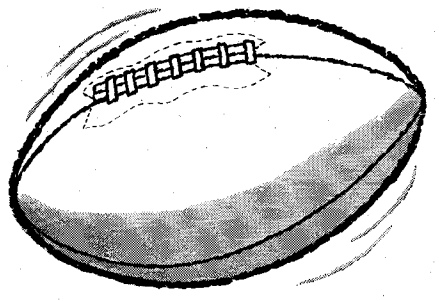

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"I know, dear. This is Mr. Toler—you can call him Uncle Amos—and these are Uncle Elisha and Aunt Suzie Martin, and I am Granny Hite. I wrote to your daddy to send you."

Zinny was so relieved to find friends, she decided to cry a little.

"You just go ahead and do it," said Granny.

Zinny did, and dried her cheeks against Granny's hand, and found a lemondrop popped into her mouth. "I rode two hunnert miles," she informed over this delicious morsel. Her voice was deep, for a child's. She let Granny's hand stay around her slender back. "I waved to daddy till I couldn't see him any more, or the bad lady either. Then I waved out the window to everybody."

"You want to sit between Uncle Amos and me?" said Granny as they reached the buggy. . . . "That's good. Now you won't bounce out. We'll have a nice picnic as we drive. Say good-by to Uncle Elisha and Aunt Suzie."

"Where are we going?"

"To the best place in the world," said Granny, and meant it. "There's woods, and fields, and flowers, and birds, and bunnies."

"And secret fairy places?"

"Those too." Granny felt tingly at hearing the question. "I'll show you one or two and you'll find others."

Zinny squirmed for joy, then wrinkled her nose. "I didn't like the smell in the bus very much."

"There won't be any of that where we're going." She ran her fingers through that curly russet mop. Sticky. Needed a good washing and brushing, and was going to get it.

Zinny was full of babble for part of the upward journey, but soon after the picnic she was asleep in the curve of Granny's experienced old arm. She was very much asleep when they reached Cat Track Hollow at midnight. She didn't even know that Amos carried her up the path to Granny's house. Next morning, Granny was up and had breakfast ready for her as soon as she was face-washed and combed.

"Did you ever have a little girl before?" asked Zinny.

"Land of Dan, I should say so!" All with grandchildren of their own by now, Granny could have added, and well scattered through these mountains.

Zinny Brown didn't look like the Zinnia Trevitt who had run off with a lumberjack, Granny had to inform herself. The daughter of Molly Trevitt, at this same age, had been a placid if imaginative little person who sat quietly where she was put, and made up long stories which she told to her dolly, and she had been corn-haired and blue-eyed. This was a vigorous miss with a spring-steel body who didn't sit still a minute, and there was this coil-copper hair, and eyes that were autumn-leaf brown. But Granny was soon sure, very sure, that the rest of Zinny was all Trevitt. The games Zinny thought up, the secret places she peopled with creatures of her inventing, were her very own, but they also were strikingly like the prettily expressed, one-time fancies of vanished Zinnia. Differences of hair and eyes and voice were only logger-supplied extras.

So one morning, when Granny heard a voice at her gate and then a tread on her porch, she called, "Sit right down! I'll be out in two shakes!" and said to Zinny, "That's someone nice. She's returning a visit I paid to her, and maybe come to help with some quilting I sent word to her about. Shall we brush the hair once more and put on a fresh dress?"

"Can I wear my new shoes?" asked Zinny.

"You purely shall!" Granny's fingers trembled as she buttoned them. For it was Molly Trevitt.

"And who's this?" asked Molly.

"Little friend of mine," said Granny.

"One of your great-grandchildren or great-grandnieces?"

"Name one around here who isn't." To Zinny, Granny said, "Now run and play, dear, while the lady and I look at some quilting scraps she's brought."

"I know where a little man is. He sits under a toadstool. It's his umbrella," said Zinny, and scampered off.

"Well! I haven't heard that in years," said Molly.

"I guess all children say it about toadstools," murmured Granny.

The two women sat down for a good chatter before opening the paper bag of scraps. The air of the porch was skewered with garden fragrances—lilacs and roses and the sweet peas along the fence—and the blowth of orchard and woodland. Molly started right in to be bitter again, but when Granny broke in and informed her that she'd been to Marianboro, visiting the Elder Martins, Molly was truly startled.

"To Marianboro? I never been there," said Molly. "Is it like they say—steeped in sin?"

"Could be," said Granny. "The things I saw in the stores!" Memory of those windows still shocked her.

"All cities are steeped in wickedness," stated Molly with conviction.

"Well, there's goings-on in the country too," contributed Granny, but could have bitten her tongue for saying it.

She'd been thinking of Grandsir Beckett, who tended his still and went fishing, either or both, every Sunday—said there was something about the day that made the fish bitier, and the liquor too. But Molly, she realized, would instantly hark to fiddles that squeaked all night, and boots that shook the schoolhouse floor, and the stealings away and twosings by starlight. So Granny talked rapidly of sport-length sateen bloomers that she saw on a window dummy that looked just like life, and ruffled drawers on another, and things called camisoles, trimmed with lace.

She was interrupted by Zinny, who came running and said, "I saw a painted leaf. I chased it."

Molly was moved to inquire, "What on earth does she mean?"

"Did it have wings?" Granny asked Zinny. "Then it was a butterfly, dear."

"What a thing to call it—a painted leaf," said Molly. "Makes me think of my Zinnia. She used to call the butterflies fairy sailboats." Molly sighed deeply. "She was such a sunny-haired little thing."

The sky clobbered. The two women went on talking. Raindrops began to spang the roof. It turned into a good brisk May shower. Zinny, leaving the talkers to themselves, went to one end of the porch and stood there, waiting eagerly.

The sun slashed through, and she cried, in her husky treble, "There they come! The king and queen!"

"She means over the rainbow bridge," explained Granny to her visitor.

Molly Trevitt looked as if she was suddenly staring down a long row of years. "Zinnia used to carry on like that when she was little. Made up the cutest things. Once she called a rainbow a colored shadow. Wasn't that pretty?"

Granny's heart went bumpity inside her chest.

"Now the bridge is broken," reported Zinny. "The king and queen can't get back to their castle that way. There's a big black mountain where the bridge was." She pointed to a thundercloud.

"What will they do, dear?" asked Granny. (*Continued on Page 73*)

"Actually, you're getting a big back yard. It's just vertical."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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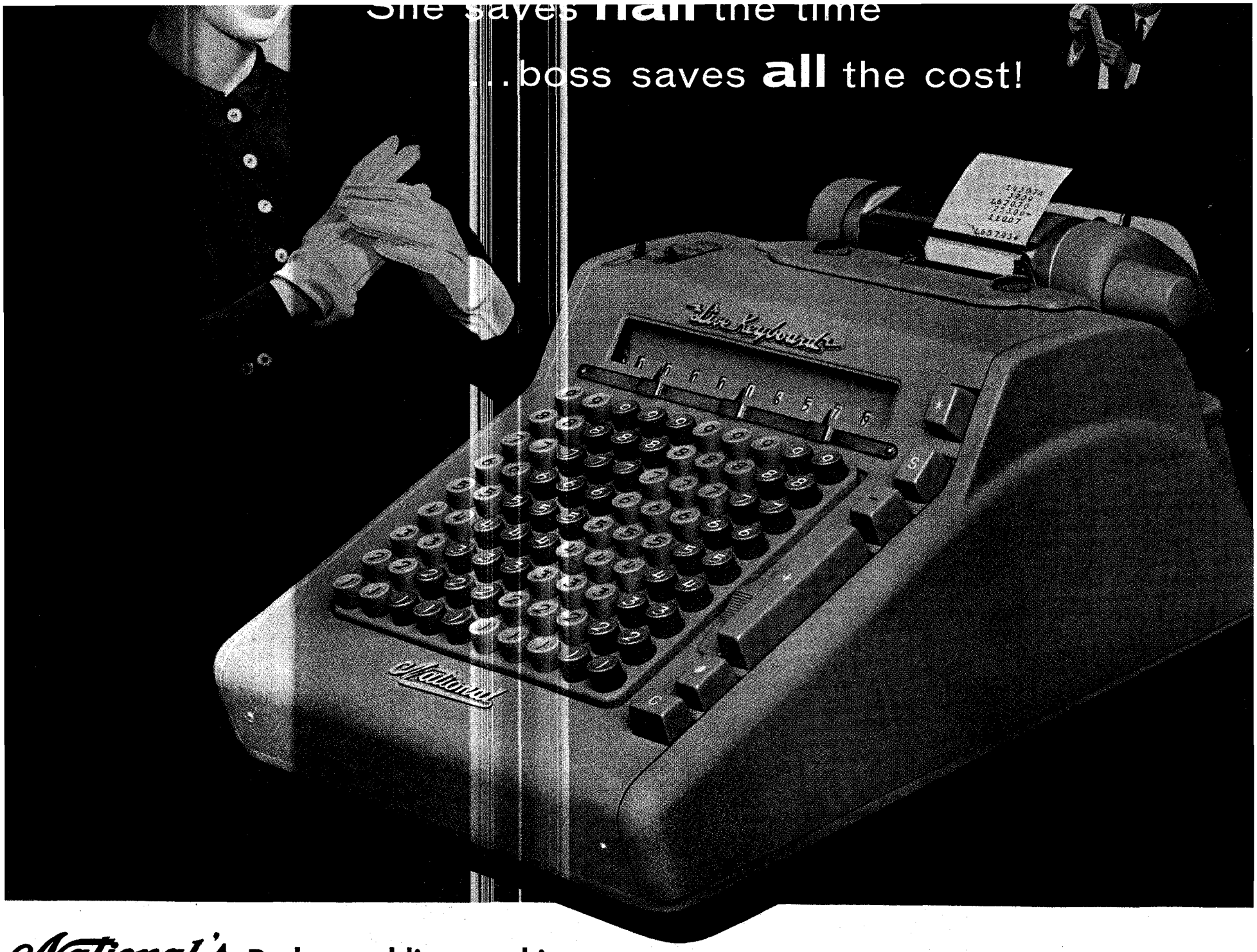

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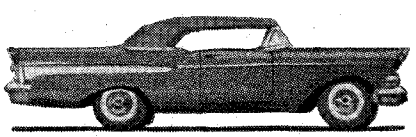

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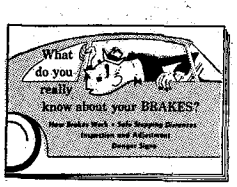

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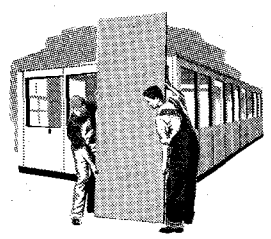

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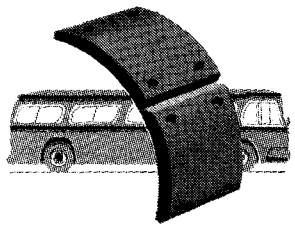

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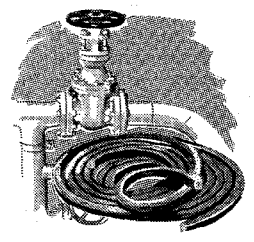

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(*Continued from Page 70*) "Take a long buggy ride over the mountain, I guess," decided Zinny, "like you did with me."

"How you talk!" exclaimed Granny. She hurried to say to Molly Trevitt, "Oh, and there's another thing I saw in Marianboro, but it wasn't wicked. A washing machine with a hand lever that works easy as a pump handle. I wonder if Bide Beckett couldn't make one."

But Molly Trevitt was sitting up straight.

Granny sensed trouble. Molly was staring suspiciously at her. The plan had turned into a runaway and she'd lost the reins. Only one thing to do—hang on and hope to keep in the road.

"Dear," she said to Zinny, "don't you want to fetch your own chair and join us in a party?"

"Can I have cookies and milk?"

"And custard. And the grownups shall have tea."

"New shoes, tell my feet where to go," ordered Zinny, and marched into the house.

"Why!" exclaimed Molly. "Why, my Zinnia once said something almost like that! She said one Christmas night, when she went to bed, 'Old shoes, tell my new shoes where to go tomorrow!'"

"I know. Children do think up things," said Granny. She heard Zinny dragging a chair, and went to help her. With chair planted on the porch, she went in to see to the tea.

When she came out with the sugar cookies, custard, milk and tea, Zinny wasn't in her chair at all. She was in Molly's lap. Molly was rocking her fiercely.

Molly demanded of the tray bearer, "Granny Hite, where did that chair come from?" Her eyes lifted and went wide. "And that bowl and cup?"

"There's a bed, too," said Granny, pretending a mighty innocence. "Want to see what she looks like in it, after she's had her snack?"

"I want to see right now," said Molly, and carried the russethead in. After moments she returned alone. "She wants her snack in bed, so give me that cup and bowl." When Molly again came out, she whispered, "She's asleep." The accusing glare returned to Molly's eyes. "What is the child's name?"

"The card around her neck said 'Zinny.' Of course," counseled Granny, knowing better than to press things, now that they were going of themselves, "There's that red hair. And lashes. And voice. They're different."

"Bosh!" said Molly. "Do you think I don't know my own daughter's daughter when I see her in Zinnia's own chair and bed? With Zinnia's bowl and cup? When I hear her talk, see her run, and see her hold a spoon? Granny Hite, I want the whole story of what you've been up to."

Granny told her.

When Zinny appeared after a nap, Molly said, "Sweetheart, wouldn't you like to pay a visit to my house? There are little men's umbrellas up there, too, and painted leaves."

Zinny was an old traveler with two hunnert and forty miles behind her, and here was new excitement. "Can I wear my new shoes?"

Watching the two cross the foot log over the Run and start up the hill on the other side, Granny felt not one smidge of regret for what she'd swapped in that dusty junk snoopers' shop for a child's pearwood chair and bed and dented pewter bowl and cup. The new use the things would have, the joy they'd bring, were well worth a sixty-five-year-old wedding kiverlid, a long-handled frypan and all of Elder Martin's eloquence on the man with his hair parted in the middle. Worth the several dollars she'd had to pay besides.

Happy voices floated down from the path across the Run. Yes, the swap had been worthwhile. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Why couldn't we buy a brand-new one and turn some worms loose in the framework ourselves?"

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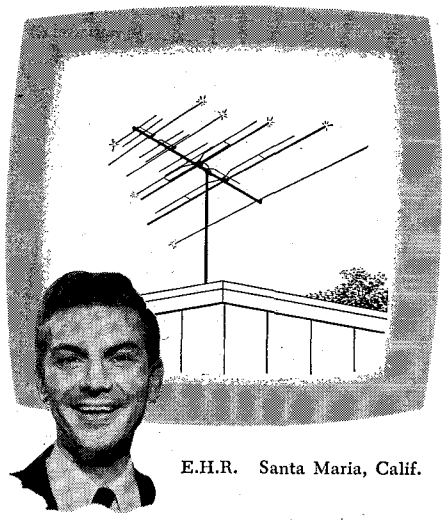

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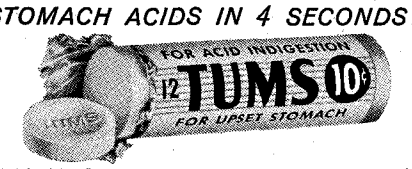

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Hornblower and the Star of the South

(Continued from Page 39)

stood to attention as the party climbed on shore.

"This way, your excellency," murmured Mendez-Castillo.

They passed through the gateway into a courtyard lit by scores of lanterns, which shone on ranks of soldiers drawn up in two treble lines. As Hornblower emerged into the courtyard a shouted order brought the muskets to the present, and at the same moment a band burst into music. Hornblower's tone-deaf ear heard the jerky braying, and he halted at attention with his hand to the brim of his cocked hat, his fellow officers beside him, until the deafening noise, echoed and multiplied by the surrounding walls, came to an end.

"A fine military appearance, major," said Hornblower, looking down the rigid lines of white cross-belts.

"Your excellency is too kind. Would your excellency please proceed to the door in front?"

An imposing flight of steps, lined on either side with more uniforms; beyond that an open doorway and a vast room. A prolonged whispered conference between Mendez-Castillo and an official beside the door, and then their names blared out in resounding Spanish—Hornblower had long given up hope of ever hearing his name pronounced intelligibly by a foreign tongue.

The central figure in the room rose from his chair—which was almost a throne—to receive the British commander in chief standing. He was a much younger man than Hornblower had expected, in his thirties, dark-complexioned, with a thin, mobile face and a humorous expression at odds with his arrogant hooked nose. His uniform gleamed with gold lace, with the Order of the Golden Fleece on his breast.

Mendez-Castillo made the presentations; the Englishmen bowed deeply to the representative of His Most Catholic Majesty and each received a polite inclination in return.

"His Excellency the Marques de Ayora, Captain General of His Most Catholic Majesty's dominion of Puerto Rico."

Ayora smiled in welcome. "I know you speak Spanish, your excellency," he said. "I have already had the pleasure of hearing you do so."

"Indeed, your excellency?"

"I was a major of *Migueletes* under Claros at the time of the attack on Rosas. I had the honor of serving beside your excellency; I remember your excellency well. Your excellency would naturally not remember me."

It would have been too flagrant to pretend he did, and Hornblower was for once at a loss for a word, and could only bow again.

"Your excellency," went on Ayora, "has changed very little since that day, if I may venture to say so. It is eleven years ago."

"Your excellency is too kind." That was one of the most useful phrases in polite language.

Ayora had a word for Fell—a compliment on the appearance of his ship—and a supplementary smile for the junior officers. Then, as if it were a moment for which he had been waiting, Mendez-Castillo turned to them.

"Perhaps you gentlemen would care to be presented to the ladies of the company?" he said; his glance passed over Hornblower and Fell and took in only the lieutenants and the midshipman. Hornblower translated, and saw them depart a little nervously under Mendez-Castillo's escort.

Ayora, etiquette and Spanish training notwithstanding, wasted no time in coming to the point the moment he found himself alone with Hornblower and Fell.

"I watched your pursuit of the Estrella del Sur today through my telescope," he said, and Hornblower once more found himself at a loss for a word; a bow and a smile also seemed out of place in this connection. He could only look blank.

"It is an anomalous situation," said Ayora. "Under the preliminary convention between our governments, the British Navy has the right to capture on the high seas Spanish ships laden with slaves. But once within Spanish territorial waters, those ships are safe. When the new convention for the suppression of the slave trade is signed, then those ships will be forfeit to His Most Catholic Majesty's government, but until that time it is my duty to give them every protection in my power."

"Your excellency is perfectly correct, of course," said Hornblower. Fell was looking perfectly blank, not understanding a word of what was said, but Hornblower felt that the effort of translating was beyond him.

"And I fully intend to carry out my duty," said Ayora firmly.

"Naturally," said Hornblower.

"So perhaps it would be best to come to a clear understanding regarding future events."

"There is nothing I would like better, your excellency."

"It is clearly understood, then, that I will tolerate no interference with the Estrella del Sur while she is in waters under my jurisdiction?"

"Of course. I understand that, your excellency," said Hornblower.

"The Estrella wishes to sail at the first light of morning tomorrow."

"That is what I expected, your excellency."

"And for the sake of the amity between our governments it would be best if your ship were to remain in this harbor until after she sails."

Ayora's eyes met Hornblower's in a steady stare. His face was perfectly expressionless; there was no hint of a threat in that glance. But a threat was implied, the ultimate hint of superior strength was there. At Ayora's command a hundred thirty-two pounders could sweep the waters of the harbor. Hornblower smiled the smile of a good loser.

"We have had our chance and lost it, your excellency," he said. "We can hardly complain."

If Ayora felt any relief at his acquiescence, it showed no more plainly than his previous hint of force.

"Your excellency is most understanding," he said.

"Naturally we are desirous of taking advantage of the land breeze to leave tomorrow morning," said Hornblower deferentially. "Now that we have refilled with water—for the opportunity of doing so I have to thank your excellency—we would not like to trespass too far upon your excellency's hospitality."

"Perhaps we might hear what Captain Gomez has to say," said Ayora, turning aside to summon someone close at hand. He was a young man, strikingly handsome, dressed in plain but elegant blue clothes with a silver-hilted sword at his side.

"May I present," said Ayora, "Don Miguel Gomez y Gonzalez, captain of the Estrella del Sur?"

Bows were exchanged.

"May I felicitate you on the sailing qualities of your ship, captain?" said Hornblower.

"Many thanks, señor."

"Clorinda is a fast frigate, but your ship is superior at all points of sailing."

"Many thanks again, señor."

"And I could even venture"—Hornblower spread his hands deprecatingly—"to congratulate her captain on the brilliance with which he managed her."

Captain Gomez bowed, and Hornblower suddenly checked himself. He did not want to give the impression of a man too anxious to please. But he was reassured by a glance at the expression on Gomez's face. He was actually simpering; that was the only word for it. Another compliment would not be one too many.

"I shall suggest to my government," he went on, "that they request permission to take off the lines of the Star of the South, and study the plan of her sails, in order to build a similar vessel. But, of course, it would be hard to find a suitable captain."

Gomez bowed once more. It was hard not to be self-satisfied when complimented by a seaman with the legendary reputation of Hornblower.

"His excellency," put in Ayora, "is desirous of leaving the harbor tomorrow morning."

"So we understood," said Gomez.

Even Ayora looked a trifle disconcerted at the admission. Hornblower could see it plainly. Stuart, so helpful with his information had not hesitated to help both sides, as Hornblower had expected he would. But Hornblower had no desire to allow a jarring note to creep into the present conversation.

"You can understand, captain," he said, "that I would be glad to leave on the same tide and with the same land breeze that takes you out. After our experiences today, I fear you need be under no apprehension."

"None at all," said Gomez. There was something of condescension in his smile.

"It will be my duty to pursue you if you are still in sight when I leave," Hornblower said apologetically; by his glance he made it clear that the remark was addressed to the captain general as well as to Gomez, but it was Gomez who answered.

"I have no fear," he said.

"In that case, your excellency," said Hornblower, clinching the matter, "I can inform your (*Continued on Page 76*)

Teen-Agers

By E. B. DE VITO

A soupçon of hilarity
Is frowned on at the library;
A bit of frolicking in stores
Gets them invited back
outdoors,
And teachers, ushers seem
to be
Extremely glum about their
glee.
The raw unwelcome,
martyred frown
That greets them might
quite get them down,
Were they not loved, not
just by mother,
But, loyally, by one another.

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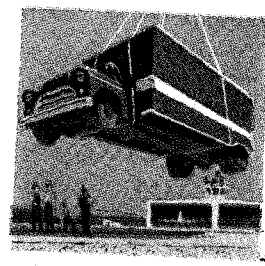

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(*Continued from Page 74*) excellency officially that his majesty's ship in which my flag is being flown will leave harbor tomorrow morning as early as suits Captain Gomez's convenience."

"That is understood," agreed Ayora. "I regret greatly that your excellency's visit should be so brief."

"In the life of a sailor," said Hornblower, "duty seems invariably to interfere with inclination. But at least during this brief visit I have had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of your excellency and of Captain Gomez."

The real business of the evening had been transacted, and now it was only necessary to go through the other formalities. The rest of the reception was as dreary as Hornblower had expected and feared. At midnight Hornblower caught the eye of Gerard and gathered his flock together. Ayora noted the gesture and gave, in courteous terms, the leave to depart.

"Your excellency has doubtless need to rest, in readiness for your early start tomorrow," he said. "I will not attempt to detain your excellency in consequence, much as your excellency's presence here has been appreciated."

The good-bys were said, and Mendez-Castillo undertook to escort the party back to the Clorinda.

The harbor was pitch-dark as they rowed out into it, the few lights visible doing almost nothing to alleviate the blackness. They rounded the corner and passed astern of the Estrella again. There was a single lantern hanging in her main rigging, and she was quiet by now—no; in the still night, at one moment, Hornblower heard the faint rattle of leg irons as some one of the slaves in her hold indicated that he was still awake and restless. That was good. Farther along, a quiet challenge came over the inky water, issuing from a nucleus of darkness even more solid than the darkness surrounding it.

"Flag," answered the midshipman, "Clorinda."

The two brief words were all that were needed to inform the guard boat that an admiral and a captain were approaching.

"You see, major," said Hornblower, "that Captain Fell deemed it necessary to row guard round the ship during the night."

"I understood that to be the case, your excellency," answered Mendez-Castillo.

"Our seamen will go to great lengths to indulge themselves in the pleasures of the shore."

"Naturally, your excellency," said Mendez-Castillo.

The boat ran alongside the Clorinda; standing awkwardly in the stern sheets, Hornblower said his last good-bys and uttered his last words of thanks to the representative of his host before going up the side. From the entry port he watched the boat shove off again and disappear into the darkness.

"Now," he said, "we can make better use of our time."

On the main deck, just visible in the light from the lantern hanging from the mainstay, was a Thing; that was the only way to describe it, something of canvas and cordage, with a length of chain attached to it. Sefton was standing beside it.

"I see you've finished it, Mr. Sefton."

"Yes, my lord. A full hour ago. The sail maker and his mates worked admirably."

Hornblower turned to Fell. "I fancy, Sir Thomas," he said, "that you have in mind the necessary orders to give. Perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me about them before you issue them?"

"Aye, aye, my lord."

That eternal navy answer was the only one Fell could make in the circumstances, even if Fell had not yet given full thought to the next problems. Down in the cabin, alone with his admiral, Fell's unreadiness was a little apparent.

"I suppose," prompted Hornblower, "that you will tell off the necessary personnel for the expedition. Which officer can you trust fully to exercise discretion?"

Little by little, the details were settled. Powerful swimmers who could work under water; an armorer's mate who could be relied upon to put the final shackle in the chain in the darkness; the boat's crew was decided upon, summoned and instructed in all the details of the plan. When the guard boat came in for the relief of its crew, there was another crew standing by all ready, who went down overside rapidly and quietly, although encumbered with the Thing and the necessary gear.

It pushed off again into the darkness, and Hornblower stood on the quarter-deck to watch it go. There might be an international incident arising out of this, or he might be made to appear a fool in the eyes of the world, which would be just as bad. The land breeze had just begun to blow gently, but strongly enough to swing Clorinda to her anchor; it would carry any sounds away from him, he realized, but it would also serve to obscure any suspicious noises if anyone in the Estrella was awake enough to hear them. A swimmer who reached her stern unobserved would be able to work at her rudder unobserved, certainly.

"My lord," said Gerard's voice quietly beside him, "would not this be a suitable time to rest?"

"You are quite right, Mr. Gerard. A most suitable time," answered Hornblower, continuing to lean against the rail.

"Well, then, my lord ——"

"I have agreed with you, Mr. Gerard. Surely you can be content with that?"

But Gerard's voice went on, remorseless as the voice of conscience, "There is cold beef laid out in the cabin, my lord. Fresh bread and a bottle of Bordeaux."

That was a different story. Hornblower suddenly realized how hungry he was; during the past thirty hours he had eaten one meager meal, because the cold collation he had expected at the reception had failed to materialize. And he could still pretend to be superior to the weaknesses of the flesh.

"You would have made an excellent wet nurse, Mr. Gerard," he said, "if nature had treated you more generously."

On the way to the companion they passed Fell; he was striding up and down the quarter-deck in the darkness, and they could hear his hard breathing. It pleased Hornblower to know that even these muscular heroes could feel anxiety.

Down below, Spendlove was waiting in the lighted cabin.

"The vultures are gathered together," said Hornblower. It was amusing to see Spendlove was pale and tense too. "I hope you gentlemen will join me."

The younger men were silent as they ate. Hornblower put his nose to his glass of wine and sipped thoughtfully.

Spendlove broke the next silence. "That length of spun yarn, my lord," he said. "The breaking strain ——"

"Mr. Spendlove," said Hornblower, "all the discussion in the world won't change it now. We shall know in good time. Meanwhile let's not spoil our dinner with technical discussions."

"Your pardon, my lord," said Spendlove, abashed. Was it by mere coincidence or through telepathy that Hornblower had been thinking at that very

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moment about the breaking strain of that length of spun yarn in the drogue, but he would not dream of admitting that he had been thinking about it. The dinner continued.

"Well," said Hornblower, raising his glass, "we can admit the existence of mundane affairs long enough to allow of a toast. Here's to head money."

As they drank they heard unmistakable sounds on deck and overside. The guard boat had returned from its mission. Spendlove and Gerard exchanged glances, and poised themselves ready to stand up. Hornblower forced himself to lean back, his glass still in his hand.

Then came the knock on the door and the expected message. "Cap'n's respects, my lord, and the boat has returned."

"My compliments to the captain, and I'll be glad to see him and the lieutenant here as soon as is convenient."

One glance at Fell as he entered the cabin was sufficient to indicate that the expedition had been successful, so far, at least.

"All well, my lord," he said, his florid face suffused with excitement.

"Excellent." The lieutenant was a grizzled veteran older than Hornblower, and Hornblower could not help but think to himself that had he not enjoyed great good fortune on several occasions he would be only a lieutenant too. "Will you sit down, gentlemen? A glass of wine?... Mr. Gerard, order fresh glasses, if you please.... Sir Thomas, would you mind if I hear Mr. Field's story from his own lips?"

Field had no fluency of speech. His story had to be drawn from him by questions. Everything had gone well. Two strong swimmers, their faces blackened, had slipped overside from the guard boat and had swum unseen to the Estrella. Working with their knives, they had been able to prize off the copper from the second rudder brace below the water line. With an auger they had made a space large enough to pass a line through. The most ticklish part of the work had been approaching near enough in the guard boat and putting the drogue overside after it had been attached to the line, but Field reported that no hail had come from the Estrella. The chain had followed the line and had been securely shackled. Now the drogue hung at Estrella's stern, safely out of sight below the surface, ready to exert its full force on her rudder when, and if, the spun yarn which held the drogue reversed should part.

"Excellent," said Hornblower again, when Field's last halting sentence was uttered. "You've done very well, Mr. Field, thank you."

"Thank you, my lord."

When Field had left, Hornblower could address himself to Fell. "Your plan has worked out admirably, Sir Thomas. Now it only remains to catch the Estrella. I would strongly recommend you to make all preparations for getting under way at daylight. The sooner we leave after the Estrella has sailed, the better, don't you think?"

"Aye, aye, my lord."

The ship's bell overhead anticipated the next question Hornblower was about to ask.

"Three hours to daylight," he said. "I'll say good night to you gentlemen, then."

It had been a busy day, of ceaseless activity, mental if not physical, since dawn. He took off ribbon and star and gold-laced coat, and reluctantly reminded himself that he would have to put them on again for his ceremonial departure in three hours' time. He sponged himself down with water from his wash basin, and sank down, sighing with relief, on his cot in the night cabin.

He woke automatically when the watch was called; the cabin was still quite dark, and he was at a loss, for a couple of seconds, about why there should be this feeling of urgency within him. Then he remembered, and was wide awake at once, shouting to the sentry at the door to pass the word for Giles. He shaved by lamplight in feverish haste, and then, once more in the hated full-dress uniform, he sped up the ladder to the quarter-deck. The quarter-deck was crowded with shadowy figures, more even than would be found there with the ship's company at stations for getting under way. At sight of them, he nearly turned back, having no wish to reveal that he shared the same weaknesses as the rest of them, but Fell had caught sight of him.

"Good morning, my lord."

"Morning, Sir Thomas."

"Land breeze blowing full, my lord."

No doubt about that; Hornblower could feel it breathing round him, delightful after the sweltering stuffiness of the cabin. In these midsummer tropics it would be of short duration; it would be cut off short as soon as the sun, lifting over the (*Continued on Page 79*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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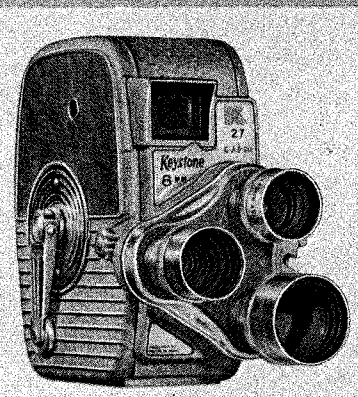

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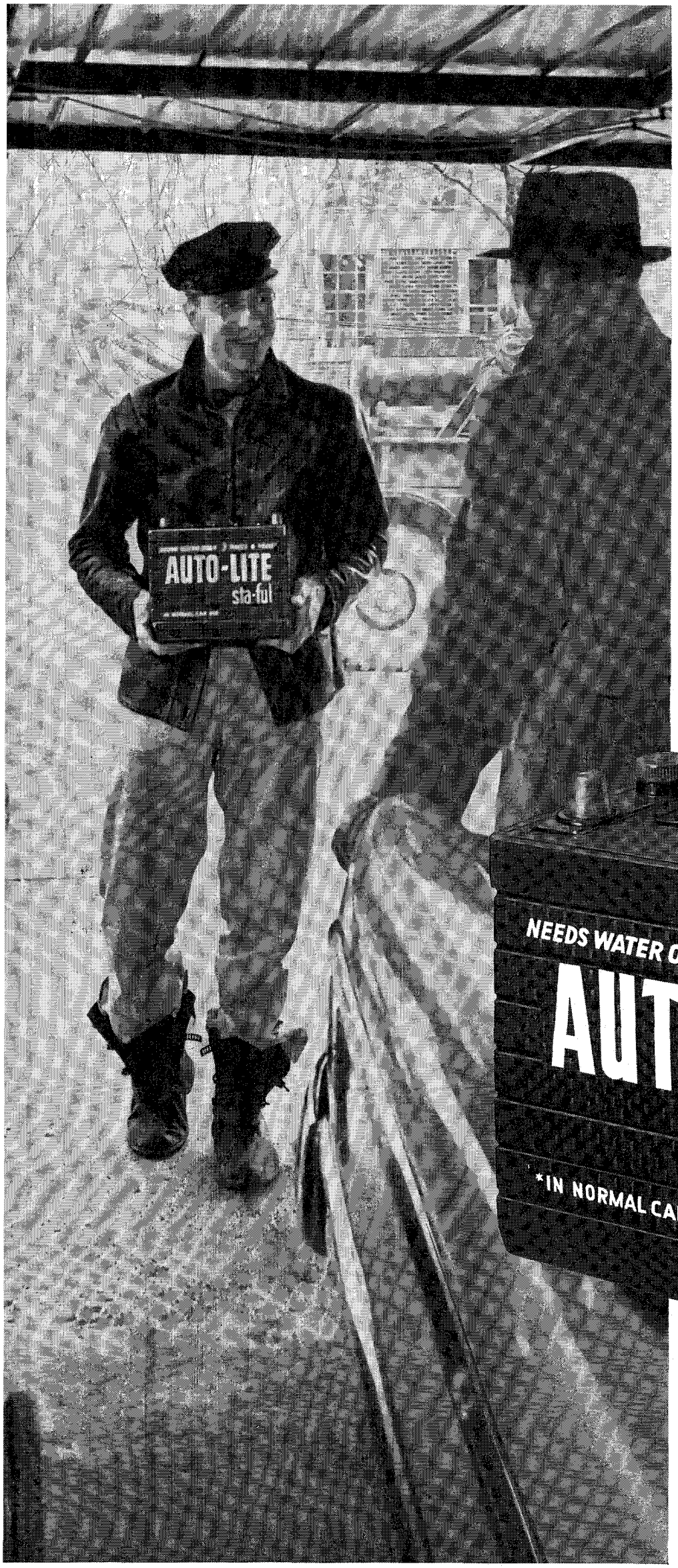

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(*Continued from Page 77*)

horizon, should get to work in its brassy strength upon the land.

"Estrella's making ready for sea, my lord."

There was no doubt about that either; the sounds of it made their way over the water through the twilight.

"I don't have to ask if you are ready, Sir Thomas."

"All ready, my lord. Hands standing by at the capstan."

"Very well."

Undoubtedly it was lighter already; the figures on the quarter-deck—now much more clearly defined—had all moved over to the starboard side, lining the rail. Half a dozen telescopes were being extended and pointed toward the Estrella.

"Sir Thomas, put an end to that, if you please. Send that crowd below."

"They're anxious to see ——"

"I know what they want to see. Send them below immediately."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"Officer of the watch!"

"My lord?"

"See to it that no one points a telescope for one moment toward the Estrella."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

"When there's enough light to see clearly, you can sweep round the harbor as you might be expected to do. Not more than five seconds for the Estrella, but make sure you see all there is to see."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

The eastern sky was now displaying faint greens and yellows, against which the Morro silhouetted itself magnificently though faintly, but in its shadow all was still dark. Even before breakfast it was a romantic moment. It occurred to Hornblower that the presence of an admiral in full dress on the quarter-deck so early might itself be a suspicious circumstance.

"I'm going below, Sir Thomas. Please keep me informed."

"Aye, aye, my lord."

In the day cabin, Gerard and Spendlove sprang to their feet as he entered; presumably they had been among those driven below by Fell's order.

"Mr. Spendlove, I am profiting by your admirable example of yesterday. I shall make sure of my breakfast while I may. . . . Would you please order breakfast, Mr. Gerard? I presume you gentlemen will favor me with your company."

He threw himself negligently into a chair and watched the preparations. Halfway through them a knock at the door brought in Fell himself.

"Estrella's clearly in sight now, my lord. And there's nothing visible under her stern."

"Thank you, Sir Thomas."

Another knock brought in a midshipman.

"Cap'n's respects, my lord, and Estrella's casting off."

"Very well."

Soon she would be under way and their device would be put to the test. Hornblower made himself bite and masticate another mouthful of toast.

"Can't you young men sit still for even a moment?" he snapped. . . . "Pour me some more coffee, Gerard."

"Estrella's warping out into the channel, my lord," reported the midshipman again.

"Very well," said Hornblower, sipping fastidiously at his coffee, and hoping that no one could guess how much his pulse rate had accelerated. The minutes dragged by.

"Estrella's preparing to make sail, my lord."

"Very well." Hornblower put down his coffee cup slowly, and, as slowly as he could manage it, rose from his chair, the eyes of the two young men never leaving him.

"I think," he said, dragging out his words, "we might now go on deck."

Pacing as slowly as when he had been a mourner at Nelson's funeral, he walked out past the sentry and up the ladder; behind him the young men had to curb their impatience. In the center of the fairway, at less than a cable's length distance, lay the Estrella, gleaming in her white paint. As Hornblower's eyes rested on her, her jib extended itself upward, to catch the wind and swing her round. Next moment her mainsail took the wind, and she steadied herself, gathering way; in a few seconds she was moving forward past the Clorinda. This was the moment. Fell was standing staring at her and muttering to himself; he was blaspheming in his excitement. Estrella dipped her colors; on her deck Hornblower was able to recognize the figure of Gomez, standing directing the handling of the schooner. Gomez caught sight of him at the same moment, and bowed, holding his hat across his chest, and Hornblower returned the compliment.

"She's not making two knots through the water," said Hornblower.

"Thank God for that," said Fell.

Estrella glided on toward the entrance, preparatory to making the dog-legged turn out to sea; Gomez was handling her beautifully under her very easy sail.

"Shall I follow her now, my lord?"

"I think it's time, Sir Thomas."

"Hands to the capstan, there! . . . Headsail sheets, Mr. Field!"

Even at two knots there would be some strain on that length of spun yarn. It must not part—it must not—before Estrella was well out to sea. Lusty arms and sturdy backs were heaving Clorinda's cable short.

"Clear away the saluting carronade, there!"

Estrella had made the turn; the last of her mainsail was vanishing round the corner. Fell was giving his orders to get Clorinda under way steadily and clearly, despite his excitement. Hornblower was watching him narrowly; this was not a bad test of how he would behave in action, of how he would take his ship down into the smoke and fury of a battle.

"Main tops'l braces!"

Fell was bringing the big frigate round in as neat a fashion as Gomez had handled Estrella. Clorinda steadied herself and gathered way, moving down the channel.

"Man the rail!"

Whatever was going on round the corner, whatever was happening to the Estrella out of sight, the compliments must be paid. Nine tenths of Clorinda's crew on deck could be spared for the purpose; with the ship creeping forward before the land breeze the other one tenth sufficed to keep her under control. Hornblower drew himself up and faced the Spanish flag flying over the Morro, his hand to his hat brim, Fell beside him, the other officers in rank behind, while the salute banged out and was returned, the flags dipping respectfully.

"Carry on!"

They were approaching the turn. It was possible that at any moment one of those grinning cannons up there would pitch a warning shot at them—a shot warning them that a hundred other guns were ready to pound them into a wreck; that would be if the drogue had begun to take obvious effect on the Estrella.

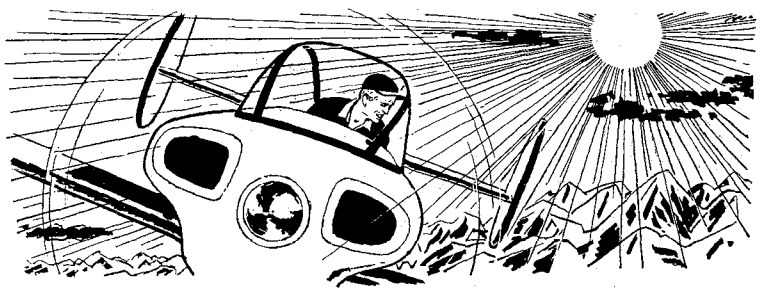
"Main tops'l braces!" came Fell's order again.

Already the big Atlantic rollers were making their effect felt; Hornblower could feel Clorinda's bows lift momentarily to a dying surge.

"Hard astarboard!" Clorinda turned steadily. "Meet her! Steady as you go."

She had hardly settled on her new course when Estrella came in sight again a mile farther out to sea, her bows pointed in almost the opposite direction; she was still under very easy canvas, thank God, steadying herself for the final turn from the channel out into the ocean. Clorinda's main topsail shivered briefly as the Morro height intercepted the land breeze, but drew again instantly. Estrella was turning again now. She was hardly within cannon shot of the Morro.

"Port!" came Fell's order. "Steady!"



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FRANCES HUBBARD

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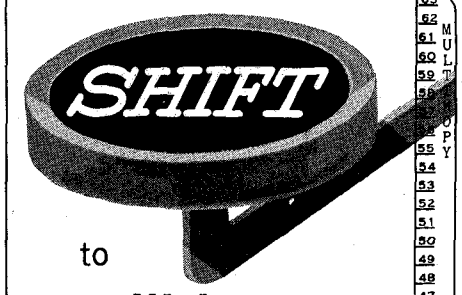

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The land breeze was right aft now, but dying away, partly with their increased distance from land and partly with the growing heat of the sun.

"Set the mains'l."

Fell was quite right; there was need to hasten, lest the ship be delayed in the belt of doldrums between the land breeze and the trade wind. The enormous sail area of the main course carried Clorinda forward boldly, and once more the sound of the ship's way through the water became audible.

Estrella was clear of the channel now; Hornblower, watching anxiously, saw her set foresail and staysails and jibs, all her fore and aft canvas in fact. She was holding her course northward, close-hauled, directly away from the land; she must have caught the trade wind and was making northing, very sensibly, because she would have to weather Haiti before next morning on her course to the Old Bahama Channel and Havana. They were far enough from the Morro now, and from Estrella, to incur no suspicion by staring through telescopes at her. Hornblower looked long and carefully. He could detect nothing unusual about her appearance. It suddenly occurred to him that perhaps Gomez had detected the drogue under his stern and had removed it. He might even now be exploding with laughter, along with his officers, looking back at the British frigate hopefully following them.

"Port!" came Fell's order again, and Clorinda took the final turn.

"Leading marks in line, sir!" reported the master, looking aft at the land with his telescope to his eye.

"Very well. Steady as you go."

Now the waves they were encountering were true Atlantic rollers, heaving up Clorinda's starboard bow, and passing aft as the bows dipped to heave up the port quarter. Estrella right ahead was still close-hauled on a northerly course under fore-and-aft canvas.

"She'll be making six knots," estimated Gerard, standing with Spendlove a yard from Hornblower.

"That spun yarn should hold at six knots," said Spendlove meditatively.

"No bottom with this line!" reported the leadsman in the chains.

"All hands make sail!"

The order was being piped through the ship. Topgallants and royals were being spread; it was not long before Clorinda had every stitch of canvas set.

Yet the land breeze was dying fast. Clorinda was hardly making steerage way. Once, twice, the sails flapped like thunder, but she still held her course, creeping forward over the blue-and-white sea, with the sun blazing down upon her from a blue sky with hardly a fleck of cloud.

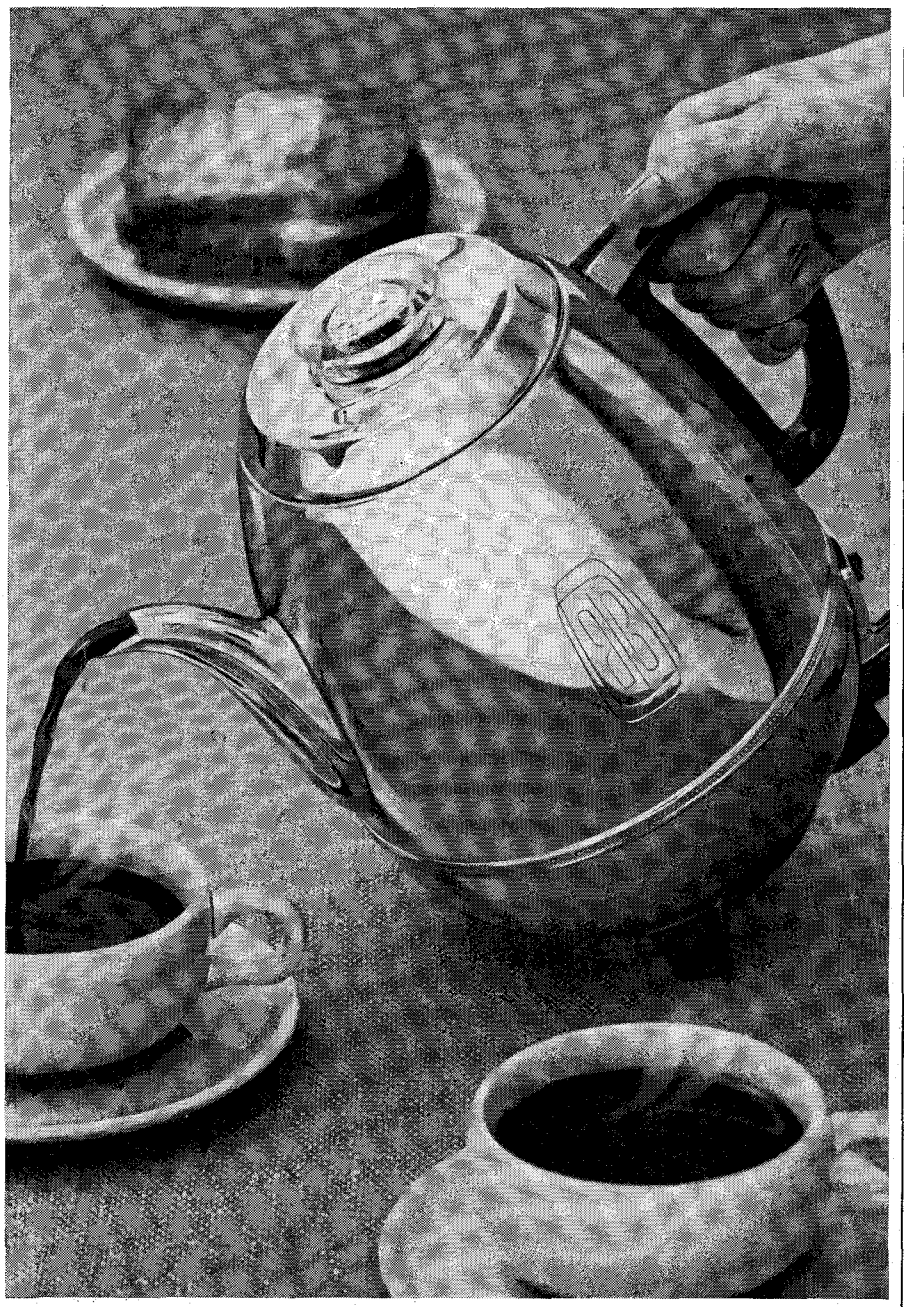
"Can't keep her on her course, sir," reported the quartermaster.

Clorinda was yawing sluggishly as the rollers came at her. Far ahead, the Estrella was almost hull down. Now came a breath of a different air, the tiniest breath; Hornblower felt it, nearly imperceptible, on his sweating face long before Clorinda made response. It was a different air indeed, not the heated air of the land breeze, but the fresher air of the trade wind, clean with its passage over three thousand miles of ocean. The sails flapped and shivered; Clorinda swung more meaningly.

"Here it comes!" exclaimed Fell. "Full and by!"

A stronger puff came, so that the rudder could bite. A lull, another puff, another lull, another puff, yet each puff was stronger yet. The next puff did not die away. Now they had caught the trade wind; now they could thrust their way northward close-hauled in the trail of the Estrella. With the clean, fresh wind blowing, and the sensation of successful striving with it, a new animation came over the ship. There were smiles to be seen.

"She hasn't set her tops'ls yet, my lord," said Gerard, his telescope still to his eye.



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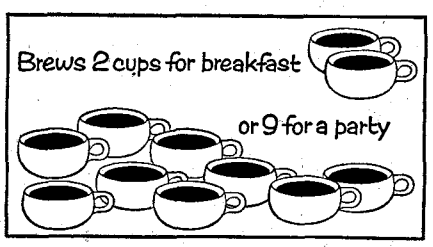

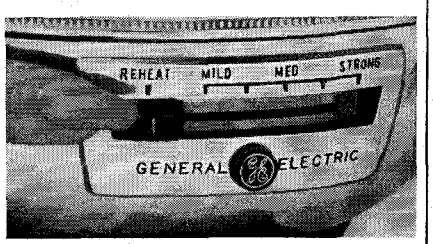

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"Well, what kind of a day has it been?"

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"I doubt if she will while she makes her northing," replied Hornblower.

"On a wind she can weather and headreach on us," said Spendlove. "Just as she did yesterday."

"Do you think that drogue ought to have any effect?" asked Fell, approaching them.

"None sir, practically speaking," answered Spendlove. "Not while that spun yarn keeps it tail forward."

Fell had one huge hand clasped in the other, grinding his knuckles into his palm.

"For me," said Hornblower, and every eye turned to him, "I am going to say farewell to gold lace. A cooler coat and a looser neckcloth."

Let Fell display worry and nervousness; he himself was going below, as if he had no interest whatever in the outcome of the affair.

"I'll take my bath," said Hornblower meditatively.

He knew perfectly well that Fell thought it undignified and dangerous to discipline that an admiral should disport himself under the wash-deck pump, hosed down by grinning seamen, and he neither agreed nor cared. No miserable sponging down could take the place of his bath. The seamen pumped vigorously, and Hornblower pranced with middle-aged abandon under the stinging impact of the water. Now the clean shirt and trousers were doubly delightful; he felt a new man as he came on deck again, and his unconcern was not all pretense when Fell nervously approached him.

"She's running clean away from us again, my lord," he said.

"We know she can, Sir Thomas. We can only wait until she puts her helm up and sets her tops'ls."

"As long as we can keep her in sight ——" said Fell.

Clorinda was lying right over, fighting her way to the northward.

"I can see that we're doing all we can, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower soothingly.

The morning was wearing on. "Up spirits!" was piped, and Fell agreed with the sailing master that it was noon, and the hands were sent to dinner. Now it was only when Clorinda lifted to a wave that a telescope, trained over the starboard bow from the quarter-deck, could detect the gleam of Estrella's sails over the horizon. She still had no topsails set; Gomez was acting on the knowledge that, close-hauled, his schooner behaved better without her square sails—unless he was merely playing with his pursuers. The hills of Puerto Rico had sunk out of sight below the horizon far, far astern. And the roast beef at dinner, roast fresh beef, had been most disappointing, tough and stringy, and without any taste whatever.

"Stuart said he'd send me the best sirloin the island could produce, my lord," said Gerard, in answer to Hornblower's expostulations.

"I wish I had him here," said Hornblower. "I'd make him eat it, every bit, without salt. . . . Sir Thomas, please accept my apologies."

"Er—yes, my lord," said Fell, who had been invited to his admiral's table and who had been recalled from his own private thoughts by Hornblower's apologies. "That drogue ——"

"If we don't know all about it today," said Hornblower, "we'll hear all about it at some later date."

It was the truth, even though it was not the kindest thing to say.

"We'll be the laughingstock of the islands," said Fell.

No one in the world could look more miserable than he did at that moment. Hornblower himself was inclined to give up hope, but the sight of that despair roused his contrary nature.

"There's all the difference in the world between six knots, which she's making now close-hauled, and twelve knots, which she'll make when she puts up her helm," he said. "Mr. Spendlove here will

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

When a teen-ager helps with housework, it means she's visiting a friend.

A woman who's too tired for words will usually tell you all about it.

The politician who stands on his record hides at least part of it.

Anybody who thinks the thirty-hour work week hasn't arrived hasn't been timing the coffee breaks.

When a man gets away with telling his wife where to go, she probably asked for directions.

The person who sends a boy on a man's errand is probably the boy's father.

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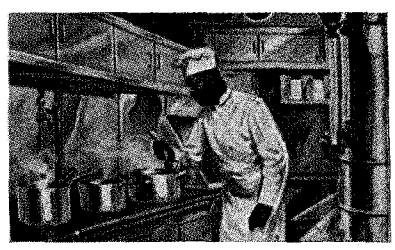

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tell you that the water resistance is a function of the square of the speed. . . . Isn't that so, Mr. Spendlove?"

"Perhaps a function of the cube or even one of the higher powers, my lord."

"So we can still hope, Sir Thomas. That spun yarn will have eight times the pull upon it when she alters course."

"It'll be chafing now, as well, my lord," added Spendlove.

"If they didn't see the thing last night and cast it off," said Fell, still gloomy.

When they reached the deck again, the sun was inclining toward the west.

"Masthead, there!" hailed Fell. "Is the chase still in sight?"

"Yes, sir. Hull down from here, sir, but plain in sight. Two points or thereabouts on the weather bow."

"She's made all the northing she needs," grumbled Fell. "Why doesn't she alter course?"

There was nothing to do except wait, to try to extract some pleasure from the clean wind and the blue-and-white sea, but the pleasure was faint now. Nothing to do except wait, with the minutes dragging like hours. Then it happened.

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"Deck there! Chase is altering course to port. She's running right before the wind."

"Very well."

Fell looked round at all the faces of the crowd on the quarter-deck. His own was as tense as anyone else's.

"Mr. Sefton, alter course four points to port."

He was going to play the game out to the bitter end, even though yesterday's experience, closely parallel to the present, had shown that Clorinda stood no chance in normal circumstances of intercepting.

"Deck there! She's settin' her tops'ls. T'garns'ls, too, sir!"

"Very well."

"We'll soon know now," said Spendlove. "With the drogue in action, she must lose speed. She must."

"Deck there! Cap'n, sir!" The lookout's voice had risen to a scream of excitement. "She's flown up into the wind! She's all aback! Fore topmast's gone, sir!"

"So have her rudder pintles," said Hornblower grimly.

Fell was leaping on the deck, actually dancing with joy, his face radiant. But he recollected himself with all speed.

"Come two points to starboard," he ordered. . . . "Mr. James, get aloft with you and tell me how she bears."

"She's taking in her mains'l!" shouted the lookout.

"Trying to get before the wind again," commented Gerard.

"Cap'n, sir!" This was James' voice from the masthead. "You're heading a point to loo'ard of her!"

"Very well."

"She's coming before the wind —— No, she's all aback again, sir!"

The Thing still had her by the tail, then; her struggles would be as unavailing as those of a deer in the claws of a lion.

"Steer small, you ——" said Fell, using a horrible word to the helmsman.

Everyone was excited, everyone seemed to be obsessed with the fear that Estrella would clear away the wreck and make her escape after all.

"With her rudder gone, she'll never be able to hold a course," said Hornblower. "And she's lost her fore topmast too."

Another wait, but of a very different nature now. Clorinda, thrashing along, seemed to have caught the excitement and to have put on a spurt as she hurled herself at her quarry, racing forward to triumph.

"There she is!" said Gerard, telescope trained forward. "All aback still."

As the next wave lifted Clorinda, they all caught sight of her; they were approaching her fast. A sorry, pitiful sight she looked, her fore topmast broken off clean at the cap, her sails shivering in the wind.

"Clear away the bow chaser," ordered Fell. "Fire a shot across her bow."

The shot was fired. Something rose to the schooner's main peak and broke out into the red and gold of Spain. It hung there for a moment and then came slowly down again.

"Congratulations on the success of your plans, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower.

"Thank you, my lord," answered Fell. He was beaming with pleasure. "I could have done nothing without your lordship's acceptance of my suggestions."

"That is very good of you, Sir Thomas," said Hornblower, turning back to look at the prize.

The Estrella was a pitiful sight, the more pitiful as they approached her and could see more clearly the raffle of wreckage dangling forward, and the rudder torn loose aft. The sudden tug of the drogue, when it took effect, using enormous force and leverage, had broken or pulled straight the stout bronze pintles on which the rudder had hung suspended. The drogue itself, weighted by its chain, still hung out of sight below the dangling rudder.

Gomez, brought triumphantly aboard, had still no idea of the cause of the disaster, and had not guessed at the reason for the loss of his rudder. He had been young and handsome and dignified in the face of undeserved misfortune when he arrived on Clorinda's deck. There was no pleasure in observing the change in him when he was told the truth. No pleasure at all. The sight even took away the feeling of pleasure over a professional triumph, to see him wilting under the eyes of his captors. But still, more than three hundred slaves had been set free.

Hornblower was dictating his dispatch to their lordships, and Spendlove, who numbered this newfangled shorthand among his surprising accomplishments, was slashing down the sentences at a speed that made light of Hornblower's stumbling sentences—Hornblower had not yet acquired the art of dictation.

"In conclusion," said Hornblower, "it gives me particular pleasure to call their lordships' attention to the ingenuity and activity of Captain Sir Thomas Fell, which made this exemplary capture possible."

Spendlove looked up from his pad and stared at him. Spendlove knew the truth, but the unblinking stare which answered him defied him to utter a word.

"Add the usual official ending," said Hornblower.

It was not for him to explain his motives to his secretary. Nor could he have explained them if he had tried. He liked Fell no better now than before.

"Now a letter to my agent," said Hornblower.

"Aye, aye, my lord," said Spendlove, turning a page.

Hornblower began to assemble in his mind the sentences composing this next letter. He wanted to say that because the capture was due to Sir Thomas' suggestions, he did not wish to apply for his share of head money for himself. It was his desire that the share of the flag should be allocated to Sir Thomas.

"No," said Hornblower. "Belay that. I won't write, after all."

"Aye, aye, my lord," said Spendlove.

It was possible to pass on to another man distinction and honor, but one could not pass on money. There was something obvious, something suspicious, about that. Sir Thomas might guess, and Sir Thomas' feelings might be hurt, and he would not risk it. But he wished he liked Sir Thomas better, all the same.

THE END

... ...

Window Ledge

By Ethel Jacobson

Bird song
Day long,
Chipmunk chatter,
Squirrel patter—
Who can't afford
This rich reward
For a few crumbs thrown
On a ledge of stone?

... ...

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An American is Tried in Paris

(Continued from Page 29)

Next to the press, in another box, sit the "interested parties," people given special seats because of their special interest in the affair. Among these is a modest middle-aged Frenchman who works in the American Consulate in Paris and who is here, in the words of American Consul General Morris N. Hughes, "to see that the guy gets a fair trial." Actually this little man is no more than an observer, with no power or influence whatsoever, and the most he can do for Joe Daigneault is report back to the consulate, after it is all over, on how the trial went and what sentence was handed down. Although a former G.I., Daigneault does not come under the 1951 NATO Status-of-Forces Agreement which covers American soldiers on duty in European countries. He comes under the France-American Consular Treaty of 1846, which for over 100 years has stipulated that American civilians living in France are subject to the laws of France, and that if they infringe those laws they are to be tried under the French judicial code, just as a French civilian would be.

Whether Joe Daigneault gets a fair trial or not, therefore, depends not on the United States State Department or the United States Army or any other American agency, but on the French lawyers, judges and jurors here assembled. And in particular, on a man who is not present here at all, the man who for more than one solid year has worked on this case and "prepared" it for trial, the so-called *juge d'instruction*. This is the invisible judge, the man who, Balzac said, held one of the most exorbitant powers in French society. Right now he is probably sitting in his musty, cubbyhole office somewhere up under the eaves of the Palace of Justice, "preparing" another criminal case for trial. But although he is not physically present in the courtroom, everything that is said and done here today will depend on him and on whether he did his pretrial *instruction* work well or badly. Like the author of an unfinished play, the *juge d'instruction* has written the rough draft of today's performance; it is his script we shall follow right up to the final scene of verdict and sentence.

But now the clerk has finished reading the indictment and sits down. There is a rattling of papers among the black-robed lawyers and the red-robed judges, and President Jadin solemnly leans forward and asks Joe Daigneault to stand up. For we are coming to the *interrogatoire*, or basic questioning of the accused, which is conducted not as a battle of wits between sharp-tongued lawyers, but calmly, by the chief justice himself, while the rest of the court listens.

Silent, his facial muscles working, Daigneault listens as President Jadin reads from the *juge d'instruction*'s script spread out before him on the bench. "You were born on October 4, 1924, in Lewiston, Maine," reads the President. "Parents divorced, you were confided for three years to Healy's Orphan Asylum, but at the age of eight were given back to your mother. Is that right? . . . Graduated from high school, you went to work for the Pepperell Sheet Company in Lewiston. . . . Drafted in September, 1942, you served three years in the wartime United States Navy and came out a petty officer second class. . . . In April of 1945 you married for the first time in Hartford, Connecticut, and nine months later were divorced. . . . You enlisted in the United States Army and were sent to Germany as an M.P."

To all this, Joe nods mutely. It is all accurate and true, painstakingly put together by the *juge d'instruction* from information volunteered by Joe himself during the fifteen months he has been waiting trial, and confirmed by documents supplied by United States civil authorities, the Navy Department and the Pentagon. In America this would be called a "P.I.," or Presentence Investigation; it would be a sketchy report hurriedly prepared by a probation officer for the guidance of the sentencing judge alone. In France, it is much more than that. It is the life story of Joe Daigneault, with all its little successes and failures, hopes and despairs. And it is the heart of the trial. As we continue, we see why. French justice does not judge the crime, it judges the criminal.

Reading on in his grave, unemotional voice, President Jadin brings the story of Joe Daigneault up to the matter in hand: In August of 1947, on a two-week pass from his outfit in Germany, Joe came to Paris and, strolling along the Rue de Rivoli, whistled at a pretty, flirtatious brunette named Monique Parpus. Within minutes they were having a drink together, within hours they were spending the night together, and within one year they were married. "You were perhaps a bit *naïf*," comments President Jadin, peering at Daigneault over the tops of his spectacles, not deeming it necessary to add what everyone in the courtroom firmly believes—that only an American would be so *naïf* as to marry a girl he had picked up on the street.

The point of Daigneault's naïveté has been made. It will now come seeping out of every seam and corner of the testimony. For as President Jadin goes on reading and questioning, as detail falls into place on top of detail, the characters in this drama begin to emerge like figures who have stumbled into the wrong dream. Monique was a dancer, as gay and heedless and light as a night moth, a Parisienne from the top of her beautifully shaped dark head to the tips of her sharp, three-inch heels. To her, Joe was "*l'Américain*," and in her Parisian vocabulary the word meant the life of Hollywood, convertibles, night clubs, a life glittering with silver dollars. Joe was a sober, plain, hard-working New Englander of French-Canadian stock, to whom life was real, earnest and underpaid. What but an extreme naïveté could have led this unimaginative young man to believe that he could move a creature like Monique to Lewiston, Maine, and keep her contented there?

Two years in Lewiston, where both Joe and Monique worked in a local shoe factory as unskilled workers, and the marriage was floundering. Monique fell for a jazz musician, a friend of Joe's, and asked for a divorce to marry him. Joe wept, pleaded with her, and ended by promising to take her back to Paris if she would stay with him. Was this, too, a naïveté? President Jadin makes no comment, but reads on.

Back in Paris in the fall of 1950, they found a furnished room in the second-floor walk-up apartment of Monique's parents. But here, too, they were living in near squalor, cooking, sleeping, dressing and eating in one tiny cluttered room. Under the G.I. Bill of Rights Joe got a monthly allowance of $105 to study French at the Alliance Française and the Sorbonne; Monique got a job in a shoe store. By 1954, speaking French well enough now to work in a French enterprise, Joe got a job first in a marble works and then as a warehouseman at the General Motors assembly plant near Paris. Monique left the shoe store and went to work as a hostess and dancer in a Pigalle night club called the Arizona. By this time Joe had become absorbed in French life, with French friends, French habits, his French in-laws, yet not so absorbed that he could accept the idea of his wife dancing in a night club in a bra and G-string, drinking champagne with the clients, and coming home exhausted but exhilarated just as he was leaving for work in the morning.

There were more men, more jazz musicians, more scenes. To get Monique to leave the night-club circuit Joe pretended a love affair with a woman named Rose, and then bargained with Monique that he would give up Rose if she would give up dancing and take "an honest job." For a while things went better. True to her bargain, Monique left Pigalle and got a manual job in a jewelry factory, working days, while Joe was taken off day work and put on General Motors' night shift.

It was still far from a normal American-style home life, with Monique gone all day and Joe gone all night, but for Joe there were fewer worries. To compensate Monique for giving up her dancing career for him, Joe began taking care of the household. Getting up in the afternoon, he would clean and dust the room, scrub the floors, go out and market for the evening meal, come home and cook it, set the table. By the time Monique came home from work she would have little to do but sit down at the table, smile, and wait while Joe poured her a glass of wine and sliced the bread. The night-club boy friends seemed to have disappeared, and Joe had a home again, even if he did have to keep it himself.

Reading this, President Jadin looks pained. "This is all true?" he asks Daigneault. "You were as dominated as that?"

"Yes, *M'sieur le Président*," Joe answers in a pitiable small voice. "She worked days, you see."

Putting his spectacles back on, the President turns back to the *instruction*. Everyone in the courtroom knows from his daily newspapers and picture magazines that American males are dominated by their wives, even sometimes to the point of buying groceries on their way home from work or helping with the dishes. But this—well, this goes beyond even the newspapers. "He should never have scrubbed the floors," mumbles a newspaperman. "He'll get life for sure."

Early in 1956, the President continues, Joe began to notice things. Monique, at the jewelry factory, had taken up with a pert, empty-faced redhead named Renée Lotellier, and the two girls became almost inseparable. Monique began coming home later and later, always with Renée in tow. Monique began spending her weekends out of town, always supposedly with her girl friend Renée at the home of an aunt or brother. Monique began mocking Joe, always joined by Renée in a paroxysm of girlish giggles.

On the twenty-third of April, a Monday, when Monique came back from one of these weekends, Joe accosted her and she admitted that she was in love with another man and had spent the weekend with him. Once again, Joe wept, pleaded, and offered to take her away across the Atlantic, this time back to America and this time to take her *camarade* Renée with them if she wanted. Finally, after hours of reproaches and tears, she seemed to agree.

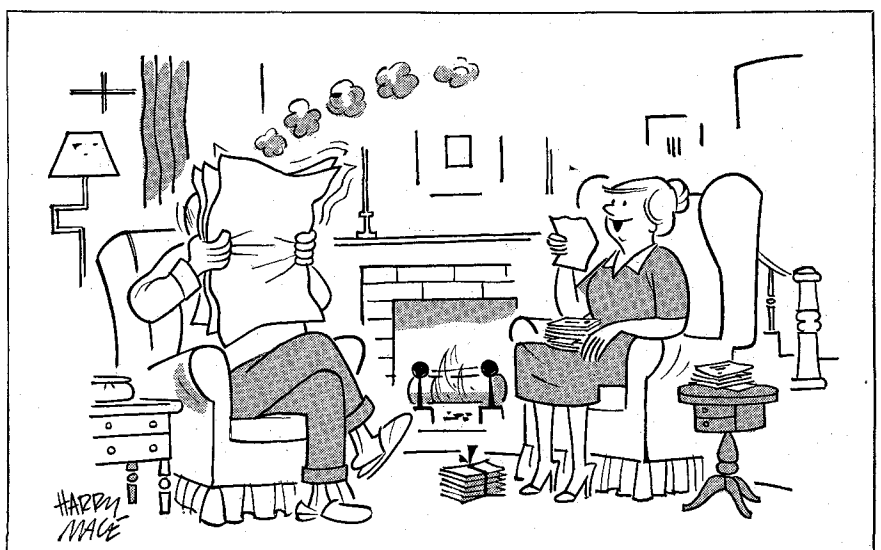
"You sincerely thought this would do any good?" asks the President, as if speaking to a child. "After what happened the last time you took her to America?"

"I—I don't know, *M'sieur le Président*," stammers Joe. "I was willing to do anything."

There is a second or two of silence before the President goes on reading. On Thursday, April twenty-sixth, after nights without sleep and days without eating, Joe went to the American Embassy and asked for three visas to the States for himself, his wife and Mademoiselle Renée Lotellier. On the way back to the furnished room he and Monique had called home, he stopped to buy the provisions for dinner and a bouquet of eight red roses for Monique. Back home, he cleaned the room, arranged the roses, cooked a *sauté de veau*, uncorked the wine and set the table for three. When Monique came in with the unshakable Renée, he offered her the roses with an awkward, if heartfelt, phrase in French about their coming from the bottom of his heart.

And Monique laughed at him. Monique and Renée laughed at him. Monique said he was a poor fool who still thought she was going to go back to America with him, when, as anyone could see, she hadn't the slightest intention of ever leaving France again or of leaving her lover. Monique said she didn't love him, she had never loved him, she was going to leave him and remake her life again with Gilbert Lapeyre, who was even now waiting at the corner for her to run off with him. Joe said he didn't believe her. Monique gestured to Renée to run down to the corner and bring Lapeyre back with her, and while Renée was gone she started frantically packing a suitcase.

When Renée came back with Lapeyre, the two men stared at each other and said



". . . and then, in 1932, you wrote, 'When I'm near you life is a gay enchanted dream, without you I'm a little lost boy. . . .'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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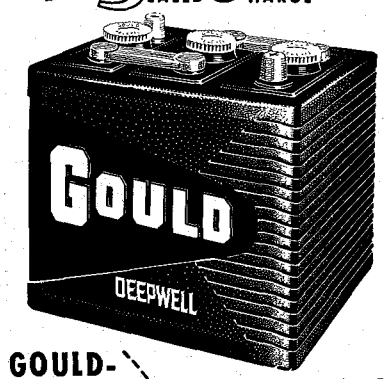

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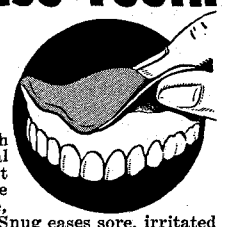

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almost nothing. Then, in a choked voice, Joe asked his wife's lover to get out, closed and locked the door after him, picked up the bread knife and turned on Monique. Twenty-six blows of the knife, with girl friend Renée howling like an animal in the corner. Twenty-six blows in the face, chest, neck, shoulder, back, arms, legs, with Monique semiconscious on the floor and Joe bending over her, hacking, hacking, hacking. When Gilbert finally got the door broken in from outside, Renée was still cowering in the corner, Monique was lying dead in a spreading pool of blood, and Joe was sitting on the divan, sobbing, his head in his hands.

"But you had a normal way to get rid of your wife," says President Jadin tiredly. "You had only to divorce her. Why did you stab her twenty-six times?"

It is fifteen months later, but Joe is still sobbing, his angular face glistening with tears. "I don't know. *M'sieur le Président,*" he says weakly. "I—I didn't know what I was doing. I still don't know."

President Jadin, a divorced man himself, with an estranged son the same age as the weeping boy in the prisoner's box, looks at Joe without expression. "Witnesses," he orders.

One by one, they come to the stand to answer the president's questions and add their little splash of personal color to the portrait being painted here. A psychologist explains Daigneault's "blind fury" at the time of the crime, but declares him completely responsible for his acts. A police commissioner describes the surrealistic disorder of the room as he found it—the blood-spattered walls, the broken china, the half-packed valise, the crushed red roses on the floor, one shoe under the matted head of the murdered girl. The doctor who performed the autopsy describes, with loving details, the wounds that caused Monique's death. From time to time, when the president has finished, the defense lawyer or one of the jury puts in an additional question to clarify a point. But there is no real cross-examination, no attempt to break the witness down. These witnesses have all been heard before by the *juge d'instruction;* their testimony has already been recorded, and checked and rechecked for veracity and sincerity. They are not witnesses for the defense, nor for the prosecution. They have simply been written into the script by the *juge d'instruction* because they had some light to throw on the case of Joseph Daigneault.

Now Gilbert Lapeyre, Monique's lover, comes to the stand, and Daigneault turns his face away so as not to have to look at him. A slickly handsome, rather weak-looking man of thirty-six, he admits he knew that Monique was married, but believed her when she told him that her husband had given her "perfect liberty." A married man himself, had he intended divorcing his wife to run off with Monique? Had he spoken to Monique of marriage? "*Ah, non, M'sieur le Président.* One must have discretion in these affairs." As other questions follow, he uses the word "discretion" so many times that finally President Jadin cuts in dryly, "Don't protest too much, young man. You are not on trial here." Lapeyre does not slink away, but he is visibly relieved when the president dismisses him.

More witnesses are heard. Monique's mother, coming to the stand, gives Joe a long, meaningful look and Joe breaks again into tears. "He was a gentle boy," his mother-in-law says with simple sincerity. "And like all gentle people, he was capable of great violence. I adopted him like a son. All I ask of the court is that he not be punished further, that he be sent back to America to be near his own mother. With his gesture, I have lost two children."

After Monique's mother comes the pasty-faced Renée, with her simpering airs and little-girl voice. She admits that she covered up for Monique and Lapeyre, that she was too "terrified" to try to stop Joe when he hurled himself furiously on Monique. "You have a heavy responsibility in this affair, Mademoiselle," says President Jadin sternly, dismissing her.

After this comes a string of character references, Joe's French employers and fellow workers, to testify that he was sober, honest and hard-working, and that he adored his wife as if she were "a goddess, not a woman." He loved gardens and digging in the soil. He collected stamps. These being defense witnesses, after President Jadin has finished with them, the lawyers for the defense draw them out. The prosecution has no questions.

When the last of them has testified and gone, President Jadin closes his papers and leans back in his armchair to hear the last and most tiresome part of a French trial—the summing-up by prosecution and defense. This being a confessed crime, it takes the *Procureur,* or prosecuting attorney, only ten minutes to remind the jury of its responsibility to judge strictly according to the Criminal Code, clear his throat, and sit down. The very fact that the trial has gone this far without legalistic challenge means that both parties—prosecution and defense—and also President Jadin, have accepted the *juge d'instruction's* preliminary work as conformable to the law, adequate and fair. The rest is oratory.

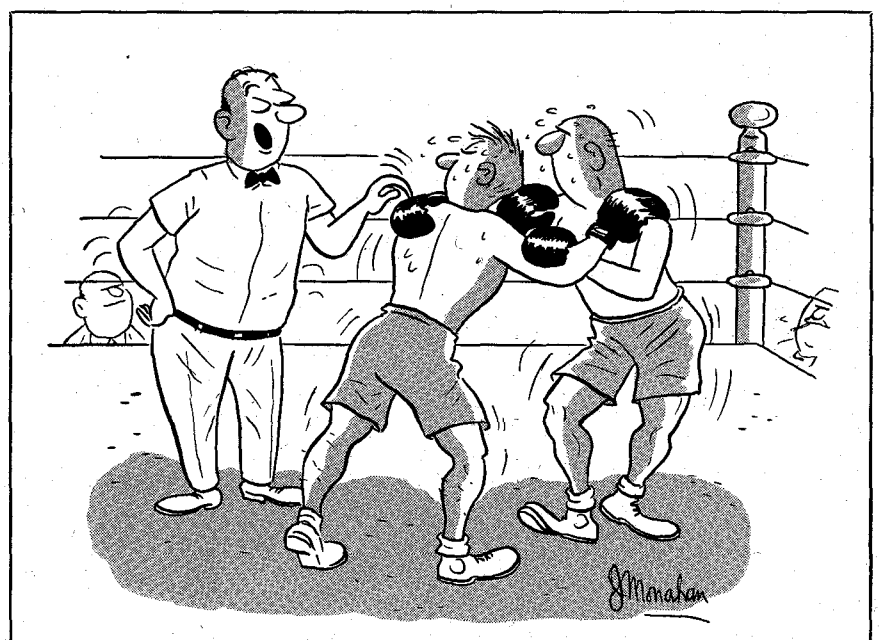
For if the *Procureur,* who represents the state, can dispense with the flaming exhortation, the swinging robes and pointing finger, the defense cannot. For over an hour the courtroom resounds to the strident voice of an overemotional lawyer named Paul Baudet, who defends Daigneault with every trick of the trade—the call to pity, to comprehension, the stingingly repeated reminder of Monique's adultery and Joe's naïveté. By the time the defense has finished, Joe Daigneault is slumped on his bench with bowed head. President Jadin's tortoise-shell glasses are neither on nor off, but up on his forehead, and the ermine collar is pushed way back from his neck.

Then at last it is over. The gavel raps again, and the seven jurors and three judges file slowly out to the *Salle des Délibérations,* in the president's chambers behind the court. Here, around a large, oval, green-felt table, all ten—jury and judges together—will decide Joe Daigneault's degree of guilt, balloting until they reach a majority agreement not only on the verdict but on the sentence as well.

This is the final, unwritten scene of our drama, the climax to which all the months of *instruction* and legal preparation have been driving. And like the trial itself, it is presided over and guided by President Jadin. *De jure* he is president of the court; *de facto* he is also president of the jury. His role in the jury's deliberation is, as he puts it, "not to persuade or to weigh upon the conscience of the jury, but simply to point out to them the comparative importance of the different elements the trial has brought out." Yet since he is skilled in the law, and his jurymen are not—and know it—his influence is preponderant. With both verdict and sentence decided by simple majority, all President Jadin and his two assistant judges need, to carry the verdict and sentence they consider just, is the concurrence of three of the jurors. Moreover, once those two decisions have been handed down, there is no appeal for the condemned except on a point of procedure. There is no higher court to review verdict or sentence.

This near-absolute power of the criminal judge is what makes the work of the *juge d'instruction* so necessary. It is not at all rare for a judge like President Jadin to have to judge eight to ten murders in two weeks, a racing assembly line of life-and-death responsibility. In order to judge and sentence wisely, he must have at his finger tips every shred of information, good and bad, that can possibly explain to him the criminal before him, the motive and circumstances behind the crime, and the attitude of the criminal toward himself and toward society. This is what the *juge d'instruction* gives him. It may take from two weeks to two years—in Daigneault's case it took fifteen months, which is about par for the course—but it must be complete and exhaustive.

Some Anglo-Saxon jurists have bitterly criticized this system on grounds that it holds the accused in prison too long awaiting trial, which is true, and that it flounts the basic right of habeas corpus, which is not true. Under the French Criminal Code, a man may be arrested without a warrant, but he cannot be held more than twenty-four hours—in certain court-authorized cases forty-eight hours—without being taken before a *juge d'instruction* and a warrant issued for his



"May I cut in?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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imprisonment. During those first twenty-four hours the suspect is questioned by the police and his statement taken down. But before those twenty-four hours are up, the police must send their evidence and the suspect's signed statement to the public prosecutor, and the public prosecutor must prefer formal charges and appoint a *juge d'instruction* to open a legal, grand-jury-type investigation. Otherwise the suspect must be immediately released.

For the 8,000,000 people in the Paris jurisdictional area, there are seventy *juges d'instruction*, all crowded up together in seventy little dark offices in the south wing of the Paris Palace of Justice. Which one is chosen to handle a given case depends on the type of crime committed and the special qualifications and availability of the *juge*. In the case of Joe Daigneault, the *juge* chosen was a dapper, forty-six-year-old jurist named Alexis Zousman, because Zousman spoke some English, knew American law, and was free of other cases at the time.

Once "seized" with the case and his *instruction* opened, however, Zousman possessed clearly defined and, to Americans at any rate, rather frightening powers for an *in camera* judge. He could demand, and get, from any of the police services of France any information or service he considered relevant—autopsies, fingerprints, photos, witnesses, records from secret police files. He could subpoena witnesses. He could at any time send for Joe to be brought in from the big gray prison of Fresnes, and question him for hours with no one present but Joe's lawyer and a secretary to transcribe the proceedings. He could do anything, in sum, that would help him draw up the formal charges and "prepare the case in such a way as to permit the appropriate court to judge it justly and correctly." What he could not do was judge Daigneault's crime. The *juge d'instruction* is not a judging judge, but an investigating judge. Judgment is for the court, for the seven jurors and three judges we left balloting in the jury room.

The discretionary power of the *juge d'instruction* has been severely criticized in France, as has the power of the police and the power of the criminal-court judge himself. French editors, lawyers and jurists themselves have flayed all three for being "inquisitorial," "abusive" and "overly dependent on psychological factors." Yet even its most waspish critic, France's dean of criminal lawyers, Maurice Garçon, insists that although French law depends less on circumstantial evidence and more on criminal psychology than Anglo-Saxon law, it is a great deal more humane. Tracing French justice's "inquisitorial methods" historically back to the great religious-heresy trials of the Middle Ages, *Maître* Garçon adds: "Where French justice is more humane is in its insistence on the moral responsibility of the accused, the human factors that led him to a given crime. Here we judge the criminal not as an isolated human being, but as a human being within a certain environmental and psychological framework. This, of course, takes time." It takes, as American critics would add, a lot of time.

Yet, back in the Court of Assizes, the fact that it took Alexis Zousman fifteen months to "prepare" the case of Joe Daigneault is paying off in speed and efficiency. There has been no mistrial. The entire trial has lasted only five hours. And it has taken jury and judges only fifteen minutes to agree on their verdict and sentence. As judges and jurymen file back into the courtroom, the clock over their heads reads 6:30. Outside, the rain still falls steadily. President Jadin's lined, civilized face shows the signs of months of judging as well as the signs of this afternoon's heavy heat. When Joe has been brought in again to hear his sentence, President Jadin addresses the frightened, tense boy in the box:

"Joseph Daigneault, the court has deliberated and found you guilty, with extenuating circumstances, of voluntary homicide. You are hereby sentenced to two years in prison, *avec sursis*."

Avec sursis! Those who have ever tangled with French justice claim that these are the two most important words in the French language. Because what they mean is: suspended sentence, not to be served. Tomorrow morning, Joe Daigneault, confessed wife killer, will walk out of the prison of Fresnes a free man. He will be free to go back to America or, if he prefers, to stay in France and take up life where he left off. Knowing that he has already served fifteen months in jail, the court has called it quits.

The audience starts to clap, then realizing where it is, falls awkwardly silent. Joe Daigneault breaks into tears. It is as if that August encounter in the Rue de Rivoli had never taken place. It is as if Monique had never existed. Only the girl's mother turns away, her face drained of all emotion.

Was Joe judged as an American or simply as any man who had murdered his wife? Three days after the trial, drinking a coffee in one of Paris' noisy, mirrored cafés, President Jadin takes time out of his well-deserved summer recess to give a personal opinion:

"The answer is yes and no. One understood this naïveté that an American of his class may have. A young Frenchman of the same education and upbringing, for example, would have been more *affranchi* (wise) to the ways of such women. Certainly, the fact that he locked the door showed that he intended to harm her. Certainly the fact that he killed only his wife and did not so much as touch the Lotellier girl, who was an accessory to his wife's infidelities, proved that he did not 'run amok,' as the defense claimed. All the same, he was basically a good boy. I am not here, you know, simply to punish, but to stretch out a hand to those who are savable. This Daigneault was savable. His only faults were that he had fallen into a bad circle and that he was weak. The court recognized that."

This is the same court, the Court of Assizes in Paris, and in all probability the same President Raymond Jadin, who early next year will judge another American, United States Army S/3 De Wayne McOsker, on charges of having murdered an Algerian in Paris over two cartons of black-market cigarettes. For that reason alone, if for no other, President Jadin's opinions are of more than academic interest.

Finishing his coffee, he answers the question again: "One may have little compassion for a hardened criminal. One must have much compassion for a boy like Daigneault, plunged into an entirely new life for which he was ill prepared. Had he been French, he would surely have got a much stiffer sentence."

And so Joe Daigneault was judged as an American in Paris after all. The crime was second-degree murder, which presumably merits a prison term of at least ten years. But who, and what, was the criminal? A poor, leftover G.I. who, as the French newspapers put it, got lost in the wrong dream. A simple, naïve boy from Maine who did the dishes, cooked the dinner and, on the very evening he murdered her, brought his wife eight red roses. And therefore, from an extremely non-simple, non-naïve French judge, got two years—*avec sursis*. THE END

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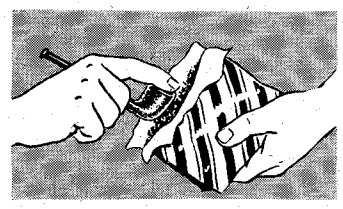

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Pro Football's All-Around Man

(Continued from Page 30)

everything so well that the players of the National Football League voted him the most valuable man in the circuit. He was a big reason why the Giants were rated the team to beat in their division this year.

Although explanations differ as to what brought it about, there is no question that this Jack-of-many-trades has finally become the master of one. In sparking the Giants to their first title in eighteen years, Gifford had a decisive hand and foot in every key game last season. In an upset of the Chicago Cardinals that gave his team the lead in the eastern division of the league, he caught passes good for forty-eight and forty-three yards, then got the clinching touchdown. When the Washington Redskins made muscles that threatened to dispossess the Giants, Gifford cooled them off by running to three touchdowns and passing for another in a 28–14 victory. He accounted for the first two tallies in a 21–7 defeat of the Philadelphia Eagles that wrapped up the eastern title and sent the Giants into the championship play-off against the Chicago Bears.

Every Giant was as effective as brass knuckles in drubbing the favored Bears by 47–7, the most shocking rout in the play-offs since another herd of Bears hung a 73–0 shiner on the Redskins in 1940. Gifford helped to tear the game apart on the third play of the afternoon. He went out for a pass, tied rookie J. C. Caroline into a pretzel with an adroit feint, and carried the ball to the seventeen-yard line. From there Mel Triplett bolted into the end zone, thus establishing the pattern for the day.

Gifford's peers in the audience were impressed even more by a stunt he pulled in the fourth quarter, when the Giants' lead had mounted to 40–7. Gifford swung wide on a play that experts in the stands identified as the same pass that had caught Caroline flatfooted. An expert on the field also recognized it. Ray Smith, who had replaced Caroline, came up fast with the intention of knocking down Gifford and the ball, in that order of preference. But instead of wheeling for Charley Conerly's pass in accordance with the signal, Gifford side-stepped Smith and barged downfield. Conerly wafted the ball to him for a twenty-nine-yard gain. Then Conerly fired another pass to Gifford for the game's final touchdown.

Gifford admits, "I got away with murder when I ran behind Smith for that long pass because I violated a cardinal rule—never cross up your quarterback. If Conerly had thrown to the spot he called for in the huddle, Smith would have intercepted the ball for a long runback, possibly a touchdown. But I was sure Conerly would size up the situation and anticipate my move. I was lucky he was psychic."

To football coaches, that maneuver marked Gifford's arrival as the complete pro. It indicated that he had the confidence and poise to spring a surprise. More importantly, it demonstrated that he could get mean and tough enough—trade talk for dandy competitive spirit—to pile on the score in a game safely won.

Whenever a performer in any line starts impersonating a world beater, people want to know what brand of wake-up pills he uses. In Gifford's case, three authorities offer as many reasons for his belated upsurge. George Halas, owner of the Bears, who has been in pro football for nearly forty years, believes it was a matter of Gifford's attaining his full physical development last year at the age of twenty-six.

"An athlete doesn't hit the peak of his speed, power and body co-ordination until he's been out of college four or five years," Halas says. "Gifford was a kid who had to beef up to his potential. Now that he has matured, he's the best all-round back in the league since Dutch Clark quit playing for Detroit twenty years ago."

Jim Lee Howell, coach of the Giants, attributes Gifford's improvement to the boisterous example set by Alex Webster, who runs over tacklers after the fashion of a crazed horse fleeing a fire. Says Howell, "Gifford thought he was trying hard, but he really didn't know what it was to bust his gut for an extra yard until Webster joined the team two years ago."

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Gifford himself has a more explicit diagnosis. "I was playing only with my legs until a year ago," he says. "I had an incomplete map of the game in my head."

How's that again?

"There are three stages in the evolution of a ball carrier. In high school he learns where the play is going. In college he learns who is blocking for him. In the pros he learns what the defense is doing. He must visualize the play while he's running, and know where everybody on the field is supposed to be, so he can take advantage of a lapse the instant he sees that a player is out of position. His reaction is so fast it's almost instinctive, but it comes from a highly developed sense of awareness. The only way it can be cultivated is by studying movies of the opposition's personnel and defensive patterns until your eyes are ready to pop.

"Most people think football is strictly a muscle game. That's true in college, where the team with the superior manpower usually wins. In the pros, though, every club is loaded with so much weight that sheer strength is canceled out. You've got to outsmart the other side to win, and that takes enormous concentration on details. I wasted a couple of years because I didn't bear down hard enough mentally on football. I had too many irons in the fire."

Gifford still keeps an active hand in his various side lines. The chief difference now is that he realizes football is the source from which all his blessings flow. His football reputation has opened the other doors for him, and he is the first to admit it.

The movie bug bit Gifford in 1950, when he was a campus hero at the University of Southern California, in Los Angeles. When a clean-cut gridiron type was needed to pose for a publicity shot with a bosomy tootsie tricked out in an oversized helmet and an undersized sweater, the studios often would send for Gifford, a personality kid with a strong resemblance to Rock Hudson. Someone at Paramount observed that Gifford ought to be in pictures himself. He accordingly was given a job in That's My Boy, a comedy opus of bright college years, in which Jerry Lewis won the Big Game with a last-minute field goal. The ball arching high against the sky was kicked by Gifford. He did not appear on the screen.

His next venture was a somewhat richer experience. He was hired as the technical adviser for The All-American, a picture produced by Aaron Rosenberg and directed by Jesse Hibbs, former All-American linemen at U.S.C. themselves. Gifford's task was to teach Tony Curtis, the star, and others in the cast to mimic football players plausibly enough to delude Curtis' female admirers. One supporting actor kept falling over his cleats, however, whereupon Rosenberg had a seizure of inspiration. Why not let Gifford have the role?

"I went along with the gag because it appealed to the ham in me and meant more money," Gifford says. "Besides, my wife had just broken her leg, skiing, and I was going crazy taking care of Jeffery, our eight-months-old baby. The acting bit gave me a good excuse to get out of the house and leave Jeff with my mother.

"The few simple lines I had were a breeze, but Curtis worked like a dog with me for six weeks until his ball handling was believable for a small-college quarterback. You've got to respect movie stars for the way they knock themselves out to make technical skills look realistic."

Last winter Gifford got his most ambitious assignment in the forthcoming Darby's Rangers, the story of a Com-

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mando outfit in Italy during World War II. "I have an insignificant part," he confides, "but the Warner publicity department is giving it a build-up because there are no big names in the cast. If you must know the truth, I'm a talking stunt man."

Gifford got a salary of $450 a week for six weeks, plus bonuses of $300 for rolling in front of a moving tank, $250 for a hand-to-hand fight, and $250 for tumbling down a hill after blowing up a pillbox.

Jo Graham, the Warner dramatic coach who prepared Gifford for the picture, evaded the question when he was asked to comment on his pupil. Solly Baiano, a talent executive, rushed into the breach with the following statement: "For someone who has done very little dramatic work, Frank Gifford is outstanding in talent. Naturally he needs training and experience. However, he's loaded with personality and shows great promise."

Translated from Hollywoodese, the above means, "We've got your name on file, boy. Don't call us. We'll call you."

Agents have told Gifford he has a better chance as an actor in TV, a less demanding medium than the movies. They report that he is relaxed and articulate in a weekly sports program he conducts during the offseason over KERO, in Bakersfield, California, his home town. There is talk of promoting him in a Western series next year. If that falls through, he will go into the construction business with Harold Friesen, his brother-in-law and partner in five houses they sold last winter. Still another string to Gifford's bow is a weekly sports column he writes for the Bakersfield Press-Chronicle. He also has several short stories and an unfinished mystery novel in his desk, but says they need more polishing before they can be shown to a publisher.

We have not seen enough samples to appraise Gifford's literary efforts, but he has a flair for vivid description. For example, he was asked what summed up for him the difference between college and pro football. This is as routine a question as asking a French matinee idol to compare American and European women, but it drew an unusual answer from Gifford.

"Pro ball is much noisier," he said. "You hear loud grunts and laborious wheezes as the guys hit each other. The impact of colliding bodies rises above the rumble of the crowd. In a college game, there is a muffled thud when the ball is snapped. In the pros, where the linemen average fifty pounds more, you hear a sharp smack like the lash of a whip. The ground actually shakes when blockers and tacklers fall on top of you."

Such talk is irrelevant nonsense to those old-line football men who insist that imagination is a handicap to a player. However, it appears to be Gifford's chief asset. His physical resources fall short of top quality in most aspects of the game, in the considered opinion of the Giants' coaching staff—although rivals who have been wrecked by some of Gifford's offensive outbursts might disagree.

As the men closest to the picture see it, Gifford is not exceptionally fast or elusive; the defense sometimes overtakes him when he appears to be home free on long runs. He is not a glue-fingered, acrobatic receiver. As a passer, he throws the ball with an awkward sidearm motion instead of the deft overhand flip used by the better sharpshooters. His kicking, a strong weapon when he was in college, is somewhat inconsistent by pro standards. As for physique, although he has been rugged enough to escape from the weekly blood baths in one piece, his muscular strength is below par in a trade where a sixteen-inch biceps is as common as a thirty-six-inch bust in Hollywood.

However, if most of Gifford's separate skills are merely adequate, his combined talents comprise a rare prize package. Last year he registered an unprecedented N.F.L. double by finishing among the first five both as a ball carrier and as a pass receiver. He ran 819 yards with the ball, averaging 5.2 yards per carry, and set a record for halfbacks by catching fifty-one passes, good for 603 yards. Of the five passes he threw, two clicked for touchdowns. This brought his five-year passing record to twenty-seven attempts, twelve completions—and nine touchdowns. Gifford also took care of the place-kicking for the Giants in the first two games last year; he made good on eight out of nine extra points and one of two field-goal tries.

Gifford has one very important natural attribute. Vince Lombardi, the Giants' backfield coach, says, "He has a faster pickup going through a hole than anybody around. But his burst of speed is good for only twenty yards. Fifty backs in the league can outrun him over a longer stretch.

"Two intangibles make Gifford great—his versatility and alertness. He gives the opposition fits by keeping it off balance. What looks like a wide sweep may turn into an option play with Gifford passing. If the secondary comes up too fast to check him, he'll heave the ball downfield; and if it holds back, he'll keep on running. But Gifford's greatest value to the team is his ability to spot defensive weaknesses. He and Kyle Rote, our right end, are the smartest players I've ever seen for coming up with a bright idea to take advantage of a situation."

The Giants have a unique method of operation designed to exploit their players' intelligence and initiative. In preparing for a game, each player fills out a questionnaire giving his over-all estimate of the enemy and listing specific weaknesses he has observed in its personnel. The backs sit in with the coaches when this information is correlated, and are free to express opinions on the plan of action.

During a game, team policies range from Paul Brown's system at Cleveland of sending in orders on virtually every play, to the complete authority that has been exercised by Bobby Layne, Detroit's veteran quarterback. The Giants go the whole hog. Every man in the game or on the bench is encouraged to speak up and suggest plays, with the quarterback having the final say.

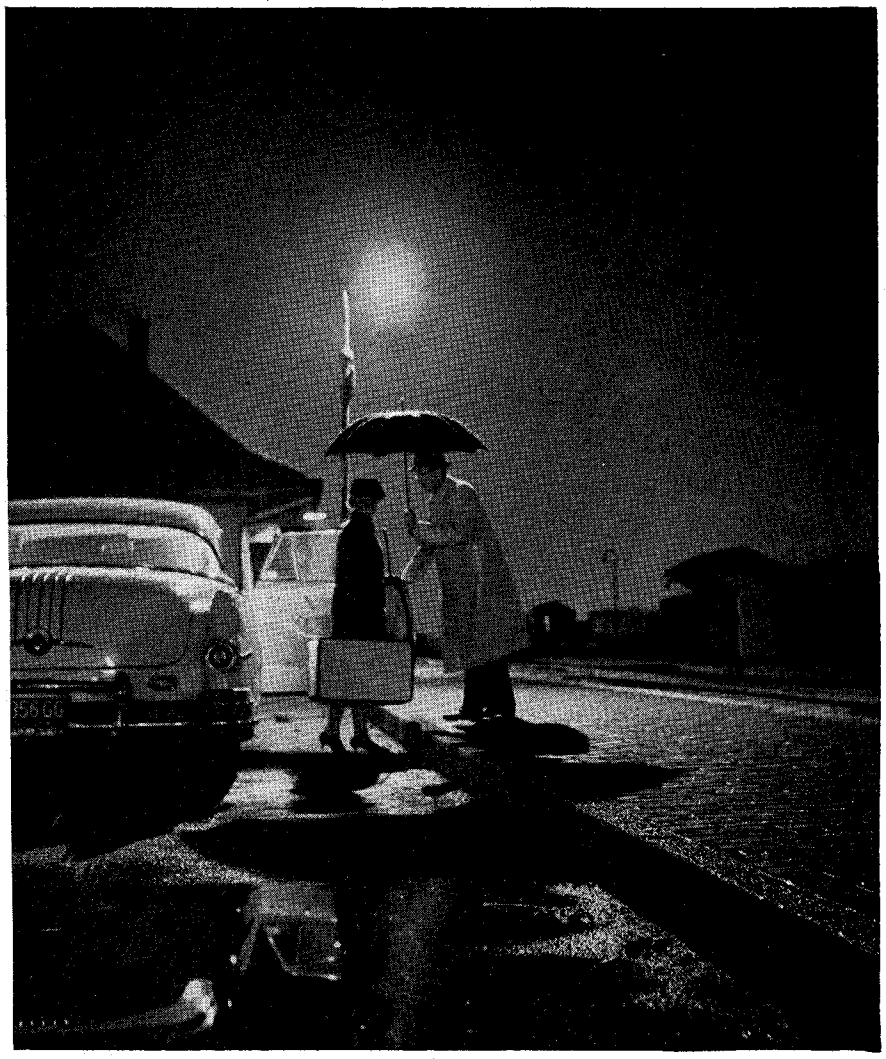
"A coach on the bench doesn't know what's going on in the game half as well as the players," Jim Howell, the New York coach, contends. "Sometimes it's necessary to rig up a new gimmick for special conditions."

Howell was asked to give specific examples of plays invented by the Giants during games. "Gifford is a better source for that kind of stuff," he said. "All I know is what the boys tell me after it's all over."

Gifford pondered the question briefly. "We put the Bears on the hip in the play-off by capitalizing on Caroline's inexperience. We'd played two games with the Bears, and I knew I could fake him out of position. Like any rookie, he figured to be tense, so we decided to throw the first pass at him. It went for twenty-one yards and set up the first touchdown."

Very interesting, but that was planned well in advance. I wanted something pulled out of the hat spontaneously.

"O.K. Two years ago our last game of the season was in Detroit on a bitterly cold day. One strip of the field along the



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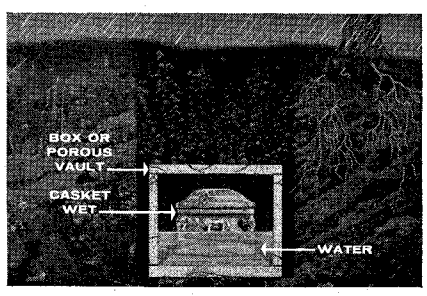

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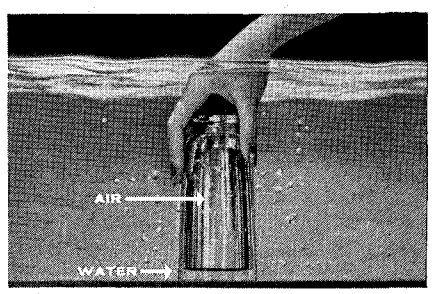
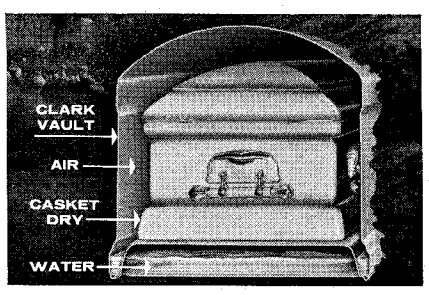


2. But you've seen what happens when you turn a tumbler upside down and put it under water. Water can't rise in the air-filled glass more than a fraction of an inch.



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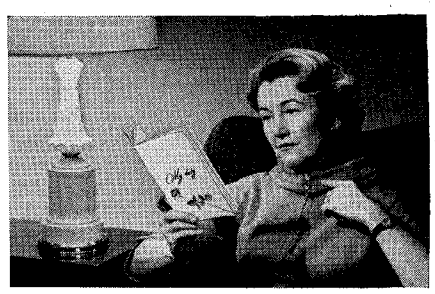

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side lines was in the shadows cast by the stands and was frozen so hard it didn't hold cleats. I told Conerly I would fake Bill Stits into the shadows, then cut sharply to the dry part of the field, where I could get good traction. By the time Stits regained his footing, I was behind him for a forty-yard touchdown pass.

"Rote came up with a corker on the Eagles last year when Chuck Bednarik's red-dogging was killing us. In red-dogging, a linebacker hops into the line just before the ball is snapped, and louses up your blockers by forcing them to contend with an extra man. It's a dangerous gamble because he leaves a gaping hole in the secondary if he guesses wrong, but Bednarik was anticipating our plays as though he heard the signals. So Rote told Conerly to throw me a pitchout the next time Bednarik red-dogged, and it was good for forty yards through the spot he vacated. To make the play work, new blocking assignments had to be devised in the huddle.

"On passes, the defense puts three men on two potential receivers in the same zone, but it gets down to a one-on-one situation if you can split them. Rote and I agree in the huddle which one of us is going deep or shallow, and how we'll fan out. That's determined by the speed, height and savvy of the defensive men. When Dick Lane is in there for the Cardinals ——"

He stopped abruptly. "Do you have to use the names of players in the story?" he asked.

As one reporter to another, I reminded him it was essential for documentation. "I suppose it is," he said, "but I hate to make the other guys look bad and give the impression I know all the answers."

The remark was characteristic of Gifford, who carefully conforms to the code expected of a big-leaguer. He is modest, generous and urbane in his relations with the public, and he conducts himself the same way behind the scenes.

A few months ago Jack Mara, president of the Giants, locked horns with an obscure lineman who wanted more money. "Without my blocking, Gifford never would've had a great year," the player insisted.

"How do you know?" Mara demanded.

"Because Gifford told me so all season," the holdout retorted.

Just before the play-off with the Bears last December, the Giants clashed in an internal hassle over the division of the prize money. It is said—although not by Gifford—that he was the vehement spokesman of a small group which unsuccessfully advocated giving full rather than fractional shares to everyone associated with the team, right down to the clubhouse attendants.

During the season Gifford soft-pedals talk about his movie work. Privately, he is awed by the nobles of Hollywood. His aplomb was shaken last year when Tony Curtis, his old celluloid teammate, came to the clubhouse to compliment him on a good game. "Everything he's wearing is silk," Gifford solemnly told the Giants after Curtis left.

Half the year Gifford goes out of the way to convince the football crowd that he is not an egghead, and the other half he seems to have a compulsion to prove—primarily to himself—that he is not an insensitive numskull. On a Sunday when the Giants met the Pittsburgh Steelers last November, a newspaper carried a story in which Gifford was quoted as saying that he always had a yen to sit in the sun in an Italian sidewalk café and sip wine. Gifford was so upset at the good-natured ribbing he took over this unfootballish statement that he never did get going that afternoon. The Giants barely squeaked through, 17–14, against one of the weakest teams in the eastern division. It was Gifford's worst day until the opening game of the current season, when the Cleveland Browns stopped him and the Giants, 6–3.

The spotlight first focused on Gifford ten years ago at Bakersfield High School. The youngest of three children, he was born in 1930 in Santa Monica, California, but his father, an oil driller, was transferred so frequently throughout the Southwest that Frank did not finish a term in one school until the family settled down in Bakersfield in 1944. As a quarterback under Coach Homer Beatty at Bakersfield High, Frank led the team to championships in his junior and senior years.

A score of colleges made bids for Gifford, but Southern California had the inside track through Joe Johnsen, an alumnus who was his adviser. After one semester at Bakersfield Junior College to satisfy an entrance requirement in French, Gifford enrolled at U.S.C., and promptly flunked coach Jeff Cravath's qualifications for an offensive back.

Shunted to the defense save for brief kicking chores, Gifford unwittingly was involved in a good deal of controversy during the next two years. Cravath was accused of mishandling the team in 1950, when it won only two games, and Gifford was Exhibit A in the indictment. With Washington State leading, 20–0, he went in at quarterback and salvaged a tie for the Trojans with two touchdown passes and a scoring run. The next week he was relegated to the defense again. The resultant blast helped blow Cravath out of the job, and led to the appointment of Jess Hill, who looked like a triple-plated genius when he built his attack around Gifford in 1951.

Consigned to the basement of the Pacific Coast Conference in preseason dope charts, U.S.C. confounded one and all by licking highly rated Oregon State and California in successive games. Oregon State bitterly protested the Trojans' 16–14 victory, in which Gifford heaved a touchdown pass and kicked a thirty-one-yard field goal. Oregon State claimed that the pass had been thrown illegally from beyond the line of scrimmage.

"The movies clearly showed the beef was justified," Gifford admits. "Papers in the Northwest demanded that we concede the game to Oregon State, citing the precedent set by Cornell in 1940, after it beat Dartmouth on a fifth down. That's Ivy League stuff. They play for blood on the Coast."

Against California, which was unbeaten in thirty-eight consecutive regular-season games, U.S.C. trailed by 14–0 at half time. Gifford then gave one of the most brilliant performances ever seen on a national telecast. He ran sixty-nine yards for a touchdown, passed to Dean Schneider to tie the score, engineered another drive that put U.S.C. ahead, and wrapped up the 21–14 decision by angling two punts out of bounds within the Bears' five-yard line.

California screamed afterward that its star, Johnny Olszewski, had been maimed intentionally by U.S.C. The Trojans retaliated with counteraccusations of dirty play.

"It was a rough game, all right," Gifford says laconically. "We just happened to be rougher and better that day."

Although U.S.C. tailed off toward the end of the season, losing its last three games, Gifford hung on sturdily to make one of the major All-America teams.

He gladly would have traded the glory for security in his personal affairs. He had married Maxine Ewart, a beautiful coed, at the end of his junior year, and in mid-June of 1952, their first child was born when his class was graduating. What with the hoop-la of football and other distractions, Gifford lacked fourteen credits for a degree. He eventually made up the deficiency, attending classes one night a week for three spring semesters, and earning his B.A. in 1955.

A more immediate disappointment to Gifford was that he had not been drafted by the Los Angeles Rams, a good showcase for furthering his ambitions in the nearby movie colony. The Rams, who led off with the bonus pick that year chose passer Bill Wade from Vanderbilt. Near the end of the first round of the regular draw the Giants grabbed Gifford.

He got off on the wrong foot with the Giants, although the fault was not entirely his. Collegians from the Pacific Coast are apt to start with one strike against them in the N.F.L. The pros, who have seen many specimens of the breed, call them "California wonders"—a derisive label for arrogant, know-it-all rookies. Moreover, Gifford had a habit that particularly irritated Steve Owen, then the head coach. He carried the ball loosely in one hand, a trick that looks showy but often results in fumbles when the runner is hit by 250 pounds of meat on the hoof.

Owen gave Gifford a dose of the classic treatment to deflate a swelled head. Everyone on his side neglected to block for him on an end run in a practice scrimmage. "So many guys clobbered me I thought they came off the bench to take whacks at me," he says.

Jim Howell, who was end coach under Owen, recalls, "The first few weeks I didn't believe Gifford was putting out. He had such a smooth, easy stride—the boys nicknamed him Tippy Toes—it looked as though he was loafing. We might've released him if he hadn't been our first draft choice."

Some of the cute and clever dodges with which he had bamboozled college tacklers were casually squelched by the pros. For the second time in his career, Gifford was demoted to the defense. In his sophomore season, in 1953, he began to get into the picture on offense, playing up to fifty minutes a game as a two-way back. He wound up being chosen on the defensive platoon for the Pro Bowl game.

In 1954 Howell succeeded Owen as head coach and switched Gifford to full-time offensive duty in a modernized T-formation attack. Gifford was bowling along nicely, averaging 5.5 yards, until a torn knee ligament in the eighth game put him on the shelf for the remainder of the season.

In 1955 he was good, although Alex Webster was the Giants' standout. In 1956 Gifford was great.

"Maybe Webster inspired me subconsciously," Gifford says, "but that's stretching a point pretty far. Webster has more speed and power than I have. He got the rough calls when we needed three yards in the clutch. He made my wide sweeps and reverses more effective by forcing the defense to mass its strength inside the tackles. The whole thing was as simple as that. I was a better player because the team was better."

Gifford is now playing under a new, two-year Giant contract guaranteeing him $35,000. The Warner studio recently picked up his movie option. His total income from various sources this year will be approximately $30,000. Yet the shape of things to come still worries him.

"A professional athlete can't get any real training for a trade or a business because a firm won't hire him for only six months," he broods. "I haven't more than two years of good money in football. That's why I'm batting off in all directions now, trying to get into something else. Hell, I don't even know how to pump gas or draw a beer."

In July, just about the time the Giants were assembling in New York for training camp, a glib bloke representing himself as Gifford walked into an automobile agency on Broadway, looked at a convertible, wrote the salesman a check and said he would drive the car off the floor.

Football players rarely are recognized on sight in New York, but the manager tabbed this impostor at a glance and yelled for the cops. That's the kind of prominence football has given to Gifford. No one yet has bothered to use the name of Frank Gifford, movie actor, in an attempted swindle. Not even for a scooter.

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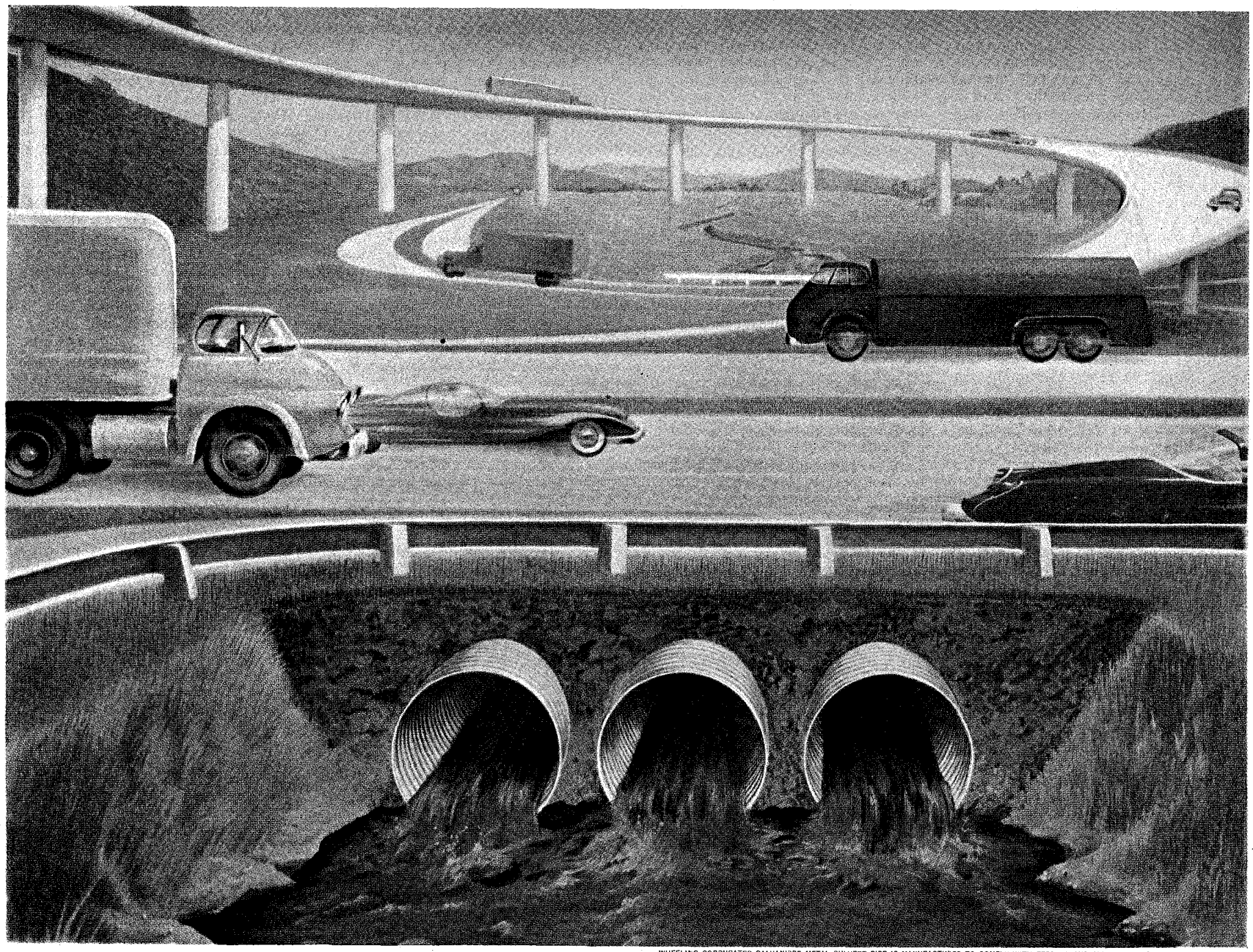

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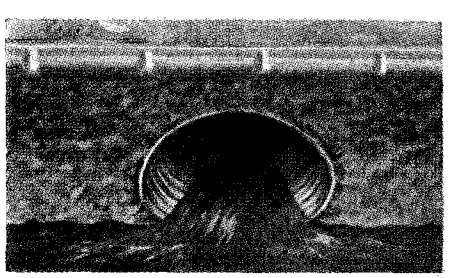

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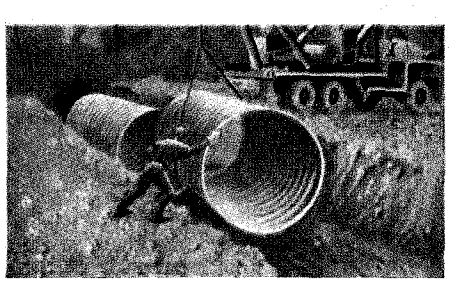

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Love is a Risk (Continued from Page 22)

pleased and intensely affectionate smile on his homely face. He stood up quickly from behind his desk where he had looked middle-aged and dumpy, and revealed himself to be straight, slim-waisted, vigorous.

"Sit down, my love," he said. "And when does your famous Peg arrive?" He sat down again at his desk.

"Late this afternoon. Now you know, Freddy, an important part I can't afford to turn down, if it appears. But for this next week while Peg is here, would you please sort of not hunt for a job for me? I'd like to be free."

"You've been looking forward to this visit, haven't you?"

"I guess so," she answered, looking off absently. Then she became aware of his eyes on her, kind and questioning. He said a peculiar thing.

"Why don't you just—run away today, and leave word for your friend that you're on location somewhere?"

She widened her eyes in surprise. "Why should I do that?"

"Then you wouldn't have to risk whatever it is you're afraid of risking."

Startled, she looked down quickly and did not answer. He stood up again restlessly, and came around from behind the desk. She felt that swift magnetism that was his and drew tight into herself, on guard against it.

But he simply said in his quiet, warm voice. "If there's anything I can do for your friend Peg, to make her visit pleasant, I'm here, Cynthia. You'll have dinner with me at least once, won't you, the two of you?"

"Thanks, Freddy."

She left and drove home.

Her mother heard the car come into the driveway and opened the front door. "I hope he didn't steal the liver as always," she said.

Cynthia smiled, kissed her mother, and said in her high, pleasant, guarded voice, "I told him to leave in every little thing that was supposed to be in."

"Cynthia!" wailed her mother. "Is this chicken dressed?"

"I'm sure it is, mother." Still smiling her cool smile, she went through to her own room.

Her mother's querulous voice came to her, down the hall. "If I weren't so terribly old, things would be better managed around here."

In her bedroom Cynthia stood looking out the window. The Hollywood hills above her were brown, dry, knifed and bitten into ugliness by land speculators leveling for building lots. Today they stood in a depressing mustard haze of smog. She was thinking that Freddy was right. He was frighteningly perceptive. Gazing out over the comfortless hills, she admitted at last to herself what she would not admit to him, that she wished with all her heart that Peg Eberhard was not coming.

Like another life it was, she and Peg in high school, in a small private girls' school in New York City. Such an odd, intense life of matinees and subways, of coming-out parties in hotel ballrooms, with long stag lines; of feather fans, velvet carriage boots, taxicabs; of young boys in raccoon coats and silver hip flasks given to them for Christmas by their fathers. It had been a fringe period of society, which included at the same time the chaperon inside and the parked automobile outside.

A fringe period for her and Peg, too—two young girls with emotions quite unstable, hysterical with laughter one moment, desolate with sobs the next. But there had been between them understanding unreserved and complete. Never anything like it since, not even in marriage. And because of that wholehearted love, there was this old memory, long-cherished, tenderly guarded, which with deep reluctance she was seeing move up upon her in flesh and blood.

Of course, if Peg was still Peg, nothing would matter—smog or heat or complaining mother or old undependable car—nothing. But, after thirty-four years, could Peg still be Peg? Cynthia sighed. Was she still Cynthia Harrison? Not at all. She was Cynthia Robb now, with a devastatingly unsuccessful marriage behind her and a home life made lonely by an old and querulous mother. She turned to glance into the mirror. How her face had set into the mold of Cynthia Robb! The face of a friendly duchess, society dame, sophisticated, humorous, reserved, on guard against more pain.

Peg came across the country by bus. Cynthia went to the station in Hollywood to meet her. It was with considerable shock she watched her step down—a ghost, though a good, substantial ghost, of the Peg she had known. Never had Peg been crisp and immaculate like Cynthia. As a young girl, impulsive, flighty even, she had been amusing and dear on account of straggly hair, clothes slightly awry. Now, with fifty pounds of excess weight, a tailored suit too tight for her, hat askew, and her familiar manner of breathless haste, she was a shocker, no doubt. Cynthia, crisp, self-assured, stepped forward with warm loyalty. They embraced.

"You are so beautiful, Cynthia!" That familiar, husky, bubbling voice! Cynthia's heart went out suddenly to her. "I see you all the time on TV and I love the parts you play. I should have sent you a picture of me. Then I wouldn't have been such a shock to you. But I'm always about to diet and I wanted to send you one of me thin—which, of course, was daydreaming. Just as I'm always buying dresses too small for me, thinking I'll diet into them, and all I ever do is bulge out of them. No character. How do you do it, Cynth?"

"With me it's not a question of character," replied Cynthia generously. "I'm just one of those lucky persons who eat everything and can't get fat." She smiled fondly at her friend. If she wasn't the same Peg, at least she was a Peg she could love.

The two women stood a minute in silence, regarding each other curiously. Then Peg Eberhard said, "Remember Robin Hood?"

All at once, and to her great astonishment, Cynthia felt a laugh welling up in her throat, a genuine laugh.

"You played Robin Hood; remember, Cynth? And Dotty Chevreau was Maid Marian, and when she died she crossed her feet. And I played Shadow of a Leaf and my father called me Shadow of a Pile of Leaves. Remember, Cynth?"

The laugh burst forth. Cynthia bowed her head. Her shoulders shook. "Stop it, Peg!" she said.

"We thought Sir Alfred Noyes was tops, didn't we? Do you know Dylan Thomas, Cynth?"

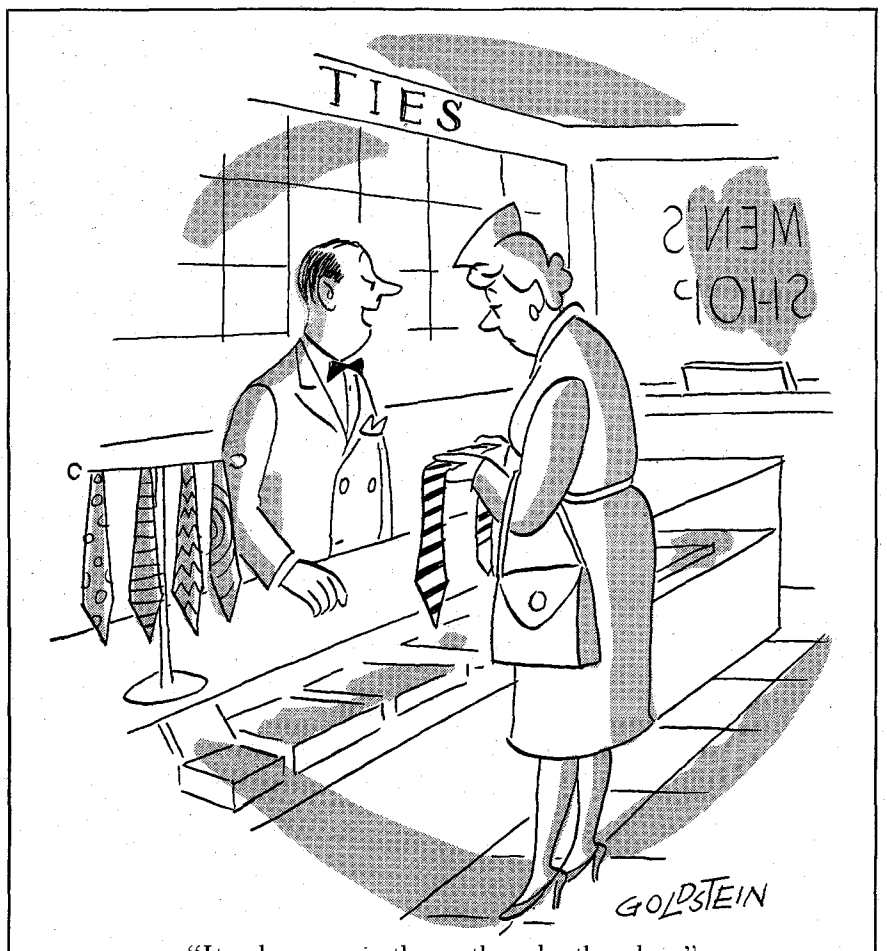
"Oh, stop it!" said Cynthia, fumbling for her handkerchief. "Where are your bags? My car is parked right here."

She hardly knew herself. It had been so long since she had laughed, really laughed. It must have been reaction after all the apprehension of the past days. Even now she felt the laugh in her throat and had to struggle to control herself.

"What ever happened to Dotty Chevreau?" she asked as they started off from the bus station. "This is Hollywood and Vine," she threw in.

"Oh, my," commented Peg dutifully. "Well, Dotty married very late, you know, man with lots of money. They were on their honeymoon in his private plane when they crashed and he was killed. Dotty wasn't even scratched. She came home to us. It was quite a time."

"To you, Peg?" repeated Cynthia, startled. "To you, with all your burden?"



"It only comes in three other ghastly colors."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Everyone seemed to think we'd be better for her than her own family. Quite a time. I wouldn't want to go through it again. It was Jeff who pulled her out of it, mostly. He's a—a giant of a man, Cynthia. I sometimes wonder—what is authority, exactly? Have you ever thought? There sits Jeff in his wheel chair, and when he speaks, people listen. The children, you know—they always knew that I could reach out and whack them. But when their father spoke to them, even from bed before he was able to use the wheel chair, they obeyed, boom! like that! Something in his voice. Authority. He really made Dotty pull herself together. She's all right. Been managing tours to Europe for the last five years."

"This is Hollywood Boulevard," said Cynthia, fighting a new emotion.

"The crosswalks are all made of stars!" commented Peg with childlike pleasure.

"We'll come down one of these days and do the boulevard," said Cynthia.

"I'll look at whatever sights you think I ought to, Cynthia. But you should know—I am no enthusiastic sight-seer. I'd just rather stay home and visit. How is your mother?"

Cynthia considered a moment. Should she warn Peg that her mother was old and melancholy, or let her find out for herself? She said guardedly, "Mother's all right."

She was glad she had not said anything more. When her mother opened the door, Peg stepped in and hugged her enthusiastically.

"Oh, Mrs. Harrison! It's just like coming home to see you! Remember when I was making a coat for myself and I brought it with me when I came to stay over the weekend? I didn't know the first thing about sewing, but I knew you'd do it for me. Oh, it's the next best thing to seeing my mother to see you! We'll have so much to talk about!"

"You haven't changed a bit, Margaret," said Cynthia's mother. "But I'm so terribly old, you know."

"I know! Isn't it wonderful! Cynthia is so lucky to have you. 'Most all our friends have lost their parents."

Cynthia glanced at her and wondered how ingenuous she really was. She took Peg's bags down the hall to the room which was to be hers. Once there, Peg stood, looking at her affectionately, smiling quietly.

"My mother was very heavy before she died, nearly two hundred pounds. It was a great anxiety to us. She insisted on going out alone. She was always starting out to see Sadie Sheldon, who had been dead twenty years. Remember Sadie, Cynth? Her niece turned out to be her daughter, just as mother always suspected."

Cynthia closed her eyes briefly and felt something inside her relax. She found herself laughing again.

"But it's a dear little house you have. And I love this little room."

"You probably expected something more sumptuous, didn't you? Alice Cory was on the Coast last year. She was quite disappointed that I wasn't very rich."

"Oh, Alice Cory, pooh! Do you mind if I take my girdle off? I'm allergic to girdles. At home I'm hardly inside the door before I'm ripping it off. No, Cynthia, I didn't expect you to be rich. No matter how much money you make you'll never be rich. We'll come to that later. I want to know where every cent went. Besides what you sent to us, of course, those first years." She paused. "Oh, Cynthia!"

Cynthia broke in hastily. "Those early days, Peg—just after my divorce from Art—I made so much money it was immoral. And I committed so many stupidities it was incredible. Large, grand, spectacular (*Continued on Page 92*)

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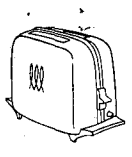

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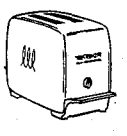

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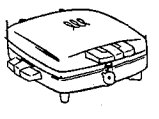

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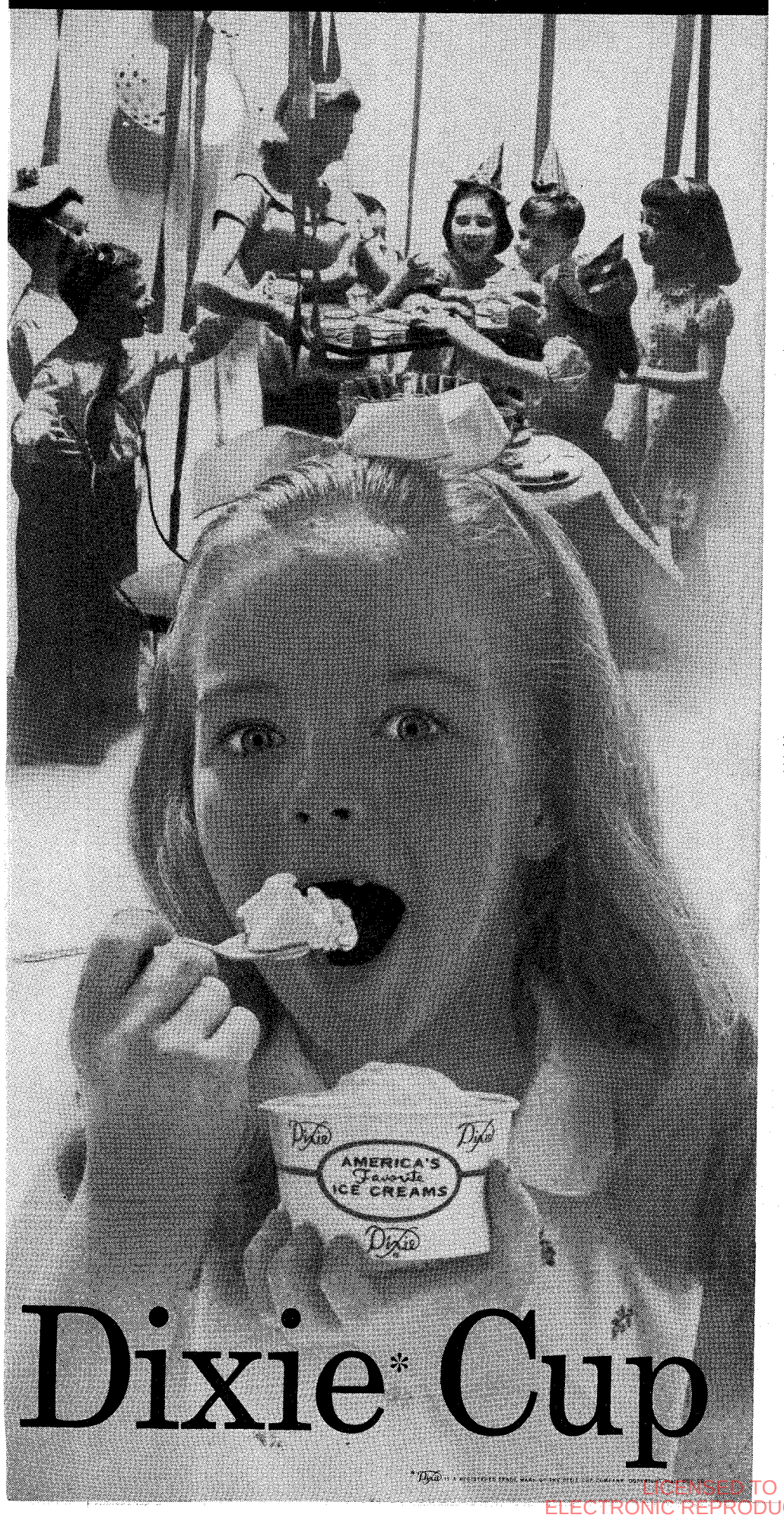

Dixie* Cup

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(*Continued from Page 90*) stupidities, trying to cover up the hurt of being a woman spurned. Ridiculous! And egotistic. Sending that money to you and Jeff was the only sane and authentic thing I did in those days."

Peg just stood, smiling, with steady eyes in which there was a peculiar look of affection and insistence. Because of that look, Cynthia hurried on. "Someone has said, Peg, the one who gives should kneel down in gratitude; the one who receives, stand up and receive. Please don't thank me."

"I wasn't going to," said Peg matter-of-factly.

Cynthia sighed in relief. "How is Jeff? Really?"

The other woman shook her head. "He'll never walk again. We finally faced that fact and conquered it. But he's in fine health. He has a good job, you know, in an airplane-parts factory; has been there for nine years. He drives a special car to and from work. I put him in; they take him out. You can imagine how I felt the first time I saw him drive off in a car—after that terrible accident. I really had to take hold of myself. I cried all morning and walked the floor. Then I got it licked."

Cynthia's mother called them to dinner, and over Mr. Henry's chicken, fricasseed, thirty-four years winked out like a bubble in the air.

"Oh, I remember these little flowered cups," said Peg sentimentally, and those were the magic words that did it.

"I used to give you girls hot chocolate when you came in from the theater," said Mrs. Harrison.

"Remember how we were in love with Walter Wolfe?" asked Peg.

"The Lady in Ermine," said Cynthia dreamily.

"Remember the kiss? She fell off the table into his arms right down at the footlights, and we went every week and sat in a different place so we could see the kiss from a different angle. Remember, Cynth? I've never been so in love. Not even with Jeff."

They all laughed.

"You girls used to do your Latin over the telephone," said Mrs. Harrison. "Drove us crazy. No one could ever get us on the phone in the evening."

"I have two teen-agers," said Peg. "We finally put in an extra phone. Telephonitis is an age-group disease. Like pimples. You have to accept it."

"I remember your graduation," said Cynthia's mother.

Cynthia took it up. "We voted to wear pale yellow, and Rosie Daniels said yellow didn't suit her, so on graduation night she wore a pink slip under the yellow organdy. Remember? It made one orange dress in the graduation line. We were all furious at her. She spoiled the picture."

"The Gold Room at the Plaza," said Peg, her eyes far off. "Believe it or not, I haven't been in the Plaza since. Remember our class song, Cynth?"

"Class song?" repeated Cynthia blankly. "Did we have one?"

"Why, Cynthia! I wrote the words and Elise Martin wrote the music. Let me see ——" She began to sing in a voice surprisingly high, sweet and young. "Tonight the Class of Twenty-three stands in the open door ——"

"Peg!" exclaimed Cynthia, staring incredulously.

"Wait. I think I can remember." And she sang:

"Tonight the Class of Twenty-three
Stands in the open door.
Our alma mater guides us
As we step the threshold o'er.
O alma mater, dearest, how can we
Bear to tell
The joys and mem'ries that you hold,
Our ling'ring last farewell?
To alma mater dear, we pledge our loyalty.
Your spirit will live alwa-a-ays—
In the Class of Twenty-three!"

Cynthia sat watching her in astonishment. Little and sweet, plump and untidy, she was like the White Queen of Looking-Glass Land. And suddenly she was very, very dear. Cynthia felt torn between laughter and tears.

"Oh!" she said, half groaning. "Incredible! The Class of Twenty-three in the open door! Do you mean to say we actually sang that in the Gold Room of the Plaza?"

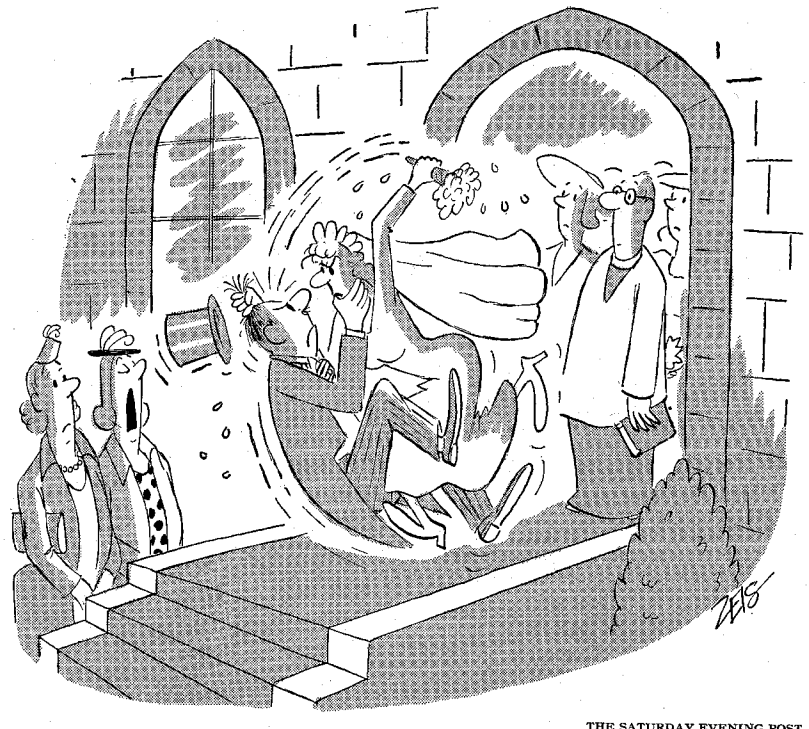
"We actually did."

"Sing it again," said Cynthia like a child.

Peg laughed. "A fine thing should not be vulgarized by too much repetition. I prefer to save it for an occasion."

Then, out of the present, in the middle of the week, Freddy called.

"Freddy," said Cynthia. "Please understand ——"



"I knew it wouldn't last."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"As bad as that, eh?"

"On the contrary. Oh, quite to the contrary. It's delightful. I'm living in the past."

"You always have been, Cynthia, dear," he said.

She hung up thoughtfully.

Late that evening, when they had taken off their actual girdles and taken down their figurative hair, Cynthia remembered Freddy's remark and said to Peg, "You know, I was afraid to have you come. I was afraid you'd be changed."

Peg laughed easily. "You should have been afraid I wouldn't be changed. How awful to have some sentimental, immature, flighty, middle-aged woman get off the bus."

"I mean—of course you have matured, but ——"

"Cynthia," said Peg suddenly, "what do you do with all the money you make?"

Cynthia's face reddened. She turned away.

"Please don't be offended. I don't mean to be impertinent. It's an academic question, nothing curious nor critical in it. Besides, I warned you I was going to ask. You could have had some lie ready."

Cynthia laughed then and turned back to her friend.

"I love you, Peg," she said impulsively. "I'll confess everything. It's not so bad. I have sent two nephews and a niece through college. There are two more nieces just starting." She hesitated, as if making up her mind, and then added, "I have supported, since she was born, a girl named Helen Robb."

Peg Eberhard took a quick breath. "You mean Art's daughter?"

"Art's daughter. Yes."

The silence was deep between them. Then Peg asked quietly, her lips trembling a little, "And her mother? Art's wife? They were married, weren't they?"

Cynthia looked away again. "Yes. Art's wife." She shrugged her shoulders, gave a rueful smile. "What could I do, Peg?" She looked back again. "The woman is a poor thing, just a poor thing. When Art left me for her, I had something. My career was established. I was resourceful. Between the two of us, she got the rough end of the deal. He practically drank himself to death, you know. It was pneumonia, and there was so much alcohol in his system ——" She shrugged her shoulders again. "I don't suppose he had worked—in pictures, TV, or even radio—the whole year they were married. She ruined him. But he ruined her too. When he died, she had nothing—no money, no job, no family, no brains even; just a baby eight months on the way. She came to me for help."

"Oh, Cynthia."

"Now for heaven's sakes, let's not mention it again!" said Cynthia with sudden sharp irritability. She got up abruptly.

Peg looked at her with narrowed eyes. She was not cowed by this sudden flare-up. She said calmly, firmly, "Why shouldn't we mention it? You're magnificent! As a matter of fact, we're both magnificent. Look at us! We've come to middle age without cringing or crawling or being mean. We've conquered despair and pride. We're a wonderful pair of women, Cynthia. Why shouldn't we admit it?"

Cynthia gave a short laugh. She stood, her back to Peg, looking out the window to the dark hills.

"Maybe you're wonderful. I'm not. Freddy's right. I live in the past. I prefer it that way. I don't like the present and I'm afraid of the future."

"Freddy?"

"Freddy Gollomb, my agent."

"Oh? He must like you a lot to know you so well."

"Yes. He wants to marry me," she said.

A slow smile broke over Peg's face. "Oh, I'm so glad I came, Cynthia!" she said with great emphasis.

Cynthia looked at her in surprise, and this time it was Peg who looked away. But she still smiled.

"Marriage is a great risk, Cynthia."

"Are you saying that to me?"

Peg went on as though Cynthia had not spoken. "As a matter of fact, everything is a risk. Love is a risk. Life itself is a risk. Every time you breathe, you breathe millions of germs. Every time you drive your car, or cross the street, or —— You know, Jeff used to have a friend who was a hypochondriac, constantly worrying about himself. The poor thing had to have his appendix out. He was really shocked by the operation, and afterwards terribly afraid that he would reopen the incision. Do you know? He hasn't dared to stand up straight since, and that was twenty years ago!"

Cynthia couldn't help laughing a little. But then she looked at Peg and her smile faded. "There really isn't any such person, is there?"

Peg laughed. "Yes, there is. But it wasn't twenty years, and I won't pretend

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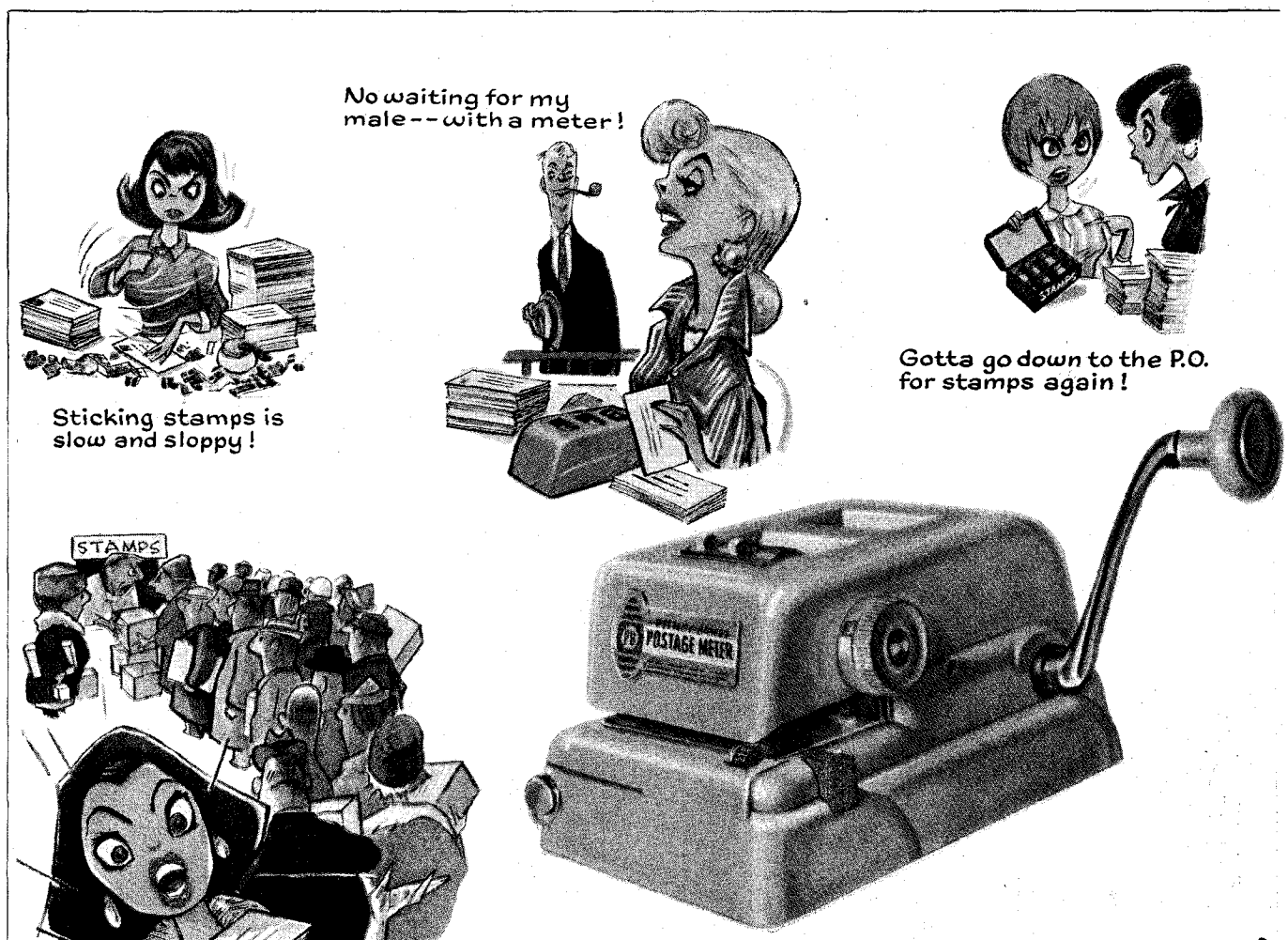
A juvenile delinquent's best friends are his parents, if he can find them home.

HERBERT V. PROCHNOW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I didn't haul him out of my memory for a purpose."

"You needn't draw the conclusion that I ——"

"Let me talk," said Peg. "I suppose the first breath a baby takes to fill his lungs is agony for him. But if he didn't take it, he wouldn't live. Our last breath we sometimes relinquish with pain and reluctance, but if we didn't relinquish it, we would be caged here, without a chance for a larger life. And in between that first and last breath, what is life but pain?"

Cynthia stirred uneasily. Peg went on.

"All right—life is terrible. It is also tremendously, unbelievably wonderful, Cynthia. If you step forward to meet it, it gives you joys, rewards all out of proportion to your risks. If you withdraw from it, you atrophy."

"You think I ——"

"Don't press me, Cynthia," interrupted Peg quickly. "You said you hoped I would not be changed after thirty-four years."

"I meant ——"

"I know. But how horrible! When I think of the things we learned because of Jeff's accident—the charity and the love that was poured in upon us from all sides, the courage and strength that grew in all of us because of our troubles ——" She paused. "Cynthia, I have to say something that I know you don't want to hear. I have to tell you now what you have been to us on account of what you did for us—every month that heavensent check, without a word, without a string attached, as dependable as the sunrise! Friendship was just a word for me before then. Since then it has been a—a glow in my heart!"

Cynthia sat silent, reluctant, shrinking away from her emotion.

"And I did not expect," continued Peg slowly, softly, "to find such a friend as you afraid of straightening up because of an old scar."

Then suddenly Cynthia's guard was down. For suddenly she understood herself. "Is that all it amounts to?" she asked herself in childlike surprise. And now she was able to raise her head and look into her friend's eyes, look through and beyond them, without fear or reluctance.

"Of course life is a risk, Cynthia. But it's great and it's terrific! As long as we're here living it, let's live it terrifically. Fully! Don't close up against it. Open our arms and take in everything, pain and joy together. Forget to be afraid! Because when we risk a little, we gain a great lot. And what we have suffered is lost—I give you my word, Cynthia—is forgotten in the rewards!"

"Yes! Yes!" whispered Cynthia. Again that feeling of tremendous relief swept her. She closed her eyes and felt tears warm against her eyelids. "Yes!" she whispered again, and it seemed to her that it was the first assent she had made in her whole life.

On the last night of Peg's visit, they had dinner with Freddy. Afterward, his man drove them all to the airport. Cynthia had insisted on buying Peg a plane ticket.

"Once you start for home," she said, "you want to get there as fast as possible. You know that."

The weather had changed. The night was cloudy and chilly. They strolled out along the barrier of the landing strip, the three of them, and were almost alone.

"Peg," said Cynthia suddenly, "isn't this an occasion? Sing our class song for Freddy."

Peg laughed her warm, unself-conscious laugh. And she started in her high, sweet, childlike voice, so surprisingly without huskiness: "Tonight the Class of Twenty-three stands in the open door ——"

Cynthia did not laugh. She looked with pure enjoyment from one friend to the other—from Peg's plump, kind, sophisticated, singing face, to Freddy's homely, well-loved face, which now wore the same incredulous look that once Cynthia had felt on her own.

"The Class of Twenty-three!" repeated Freddy.

"Don't look at me!" said Cynthia, laughing.

She was still laughing inside of her when they sent Peg through the gate and watched her board the plane. They saw her little pleasant face appear at one of the windows, and watched, fascinated, as she was taxied away from them.

"Magnificent!" said Cynthia, but she didn't mean the plane or the take-off.

"Magnificent!" echoed Freddy, and he, too, meant Peg.

He helped her into the car. "You want to stop somewhere for a drink?"

She shook her head.

"We'll take Miss Robb home," he said to his driver.

They were silent as they started off, each looking straight ahead, each one wrapped in his private thoughts. After a minute, without looking at her, Freddy reached over and took her hand gently. Gently he removed her glove and held her hand in his, palm against palm, firmly.

For a moment or two Cynthia allowed it to remain there, relaxed, passive. Then slowly, with unmistakable meaning, she tightened her fingers about his. She heard him take a quick, deep breath as he turned toward her.

"Oh, God bless Peg!" he said.

She looked up and smiled into his eyes. "Amen!" she agreed. THE END

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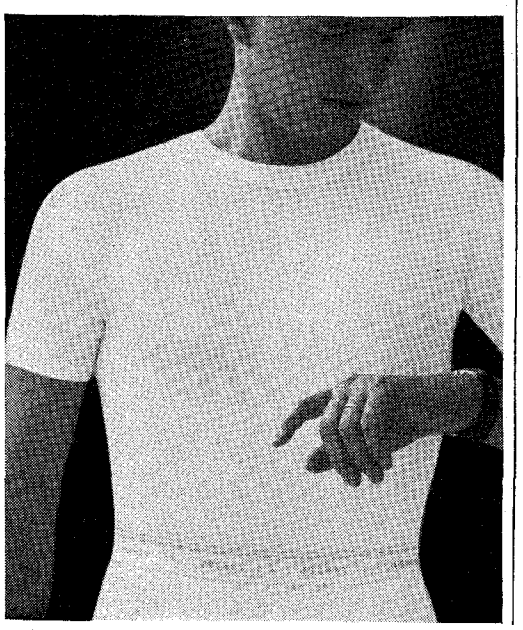

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Death on the Water Front

(Continued from Page 21)

there was smoke in the hold. Crew members went below deck and searched for the source of the smoke and could not find it. The fire grew and air in the hold became acrid and stifling. Longshoremen left the job, but waited at the pier end to watch the fire fighting.

Water introduced into a burning ship puts out fires, but damages cargo. Few skippers who want to sail again endorse the damaging of cargo except in dire emergencies. Capt. Charles de Guillebon ordered the hatches closed, and then turned live steam into the hold. This, supplanting oxygen, was supposed to smother the fire. It didn't. The captain finally ordered the crew to abandon ship and at 8:33 the fire alarm was sounded. Mike Mikeska and W. H. (Swede) Sandberg, vice president of Terminal, hustled to the scene. So did Henry Baumgartner and his hastily assembled firemen. Dick Wilson, one of them, had worked the night shift at the docks and was just leaving the yard when the alarm sounded. He was duty-bound to stay. Chief Baumgartner peered at him and said, "Dick, you look tired. Go on home." Dick did, and that kindly order saved his life.

News of the fire had spread in Texas City before the alarm was sounded. Before Terminal officials could close their gates 200 or 300 people had gathered near the wharf area. The town's schools were overcrowded and the upper grades were being taught in double shifts; some of the sight-seers were youngsters free for the morning. Many who came as spectators made themselves useful uncoiling and stretching hose and helping the fire fighters. Texas City's brand-new $14,000 fire engine made its first run since being commissioned.

About 450 employees were on duty at Monsanto at eight A.M. In addition, there were 123 employees of outside contractors who were doing construction work at the plant. Between coffee in the commissary and the excitement of fire in the adjoining quay, a good many of them were slow in going to their offices and control posts, and even slower in settling down to the daily grind. Ralph A. Ford, carpenter foreman, finished his coffee and said, "Smoke's thinning. The fire's about out. Let's go to work." Back at his office he began making out time slips for the day. Joe Mitchell, Negro porter, started on his mail-distribution rounds, saw Dr. Charles Comstock striding toward the scene of the fire. Comstock, in his middle thirties, a Ph.D. from Yale, was technical director of the Texas division and one of Monsanto's most brilliant scientific minds.

Back at the Terminal, both Mikeska and Collis Suderman, representative of the stevedoring company which was loading the Grandcamp, had requested the dispatch of tugs from Galveston; if the fire got out of control, the Grandcamp could be towed away from the wharves to the open water. At 9:07, Swede Sandberg, concerned with the nonappearance of the tugs, was talking to Suderman some fifty to seventy-five feet astern of the Grandcamp.

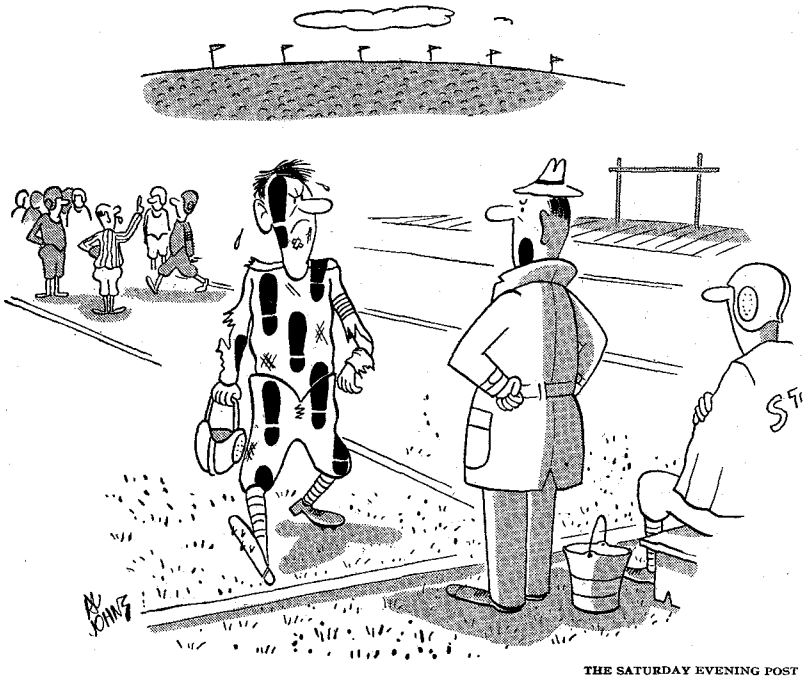
"Why don't you go out to the end of the T-head?" asked Suderman. "You'll probably see them coming."

"Gentlemen," said Sandberg in subsequent official testimony, "had I listened to him and gone out to the T-head, I wouldn't be here testifying this morning."

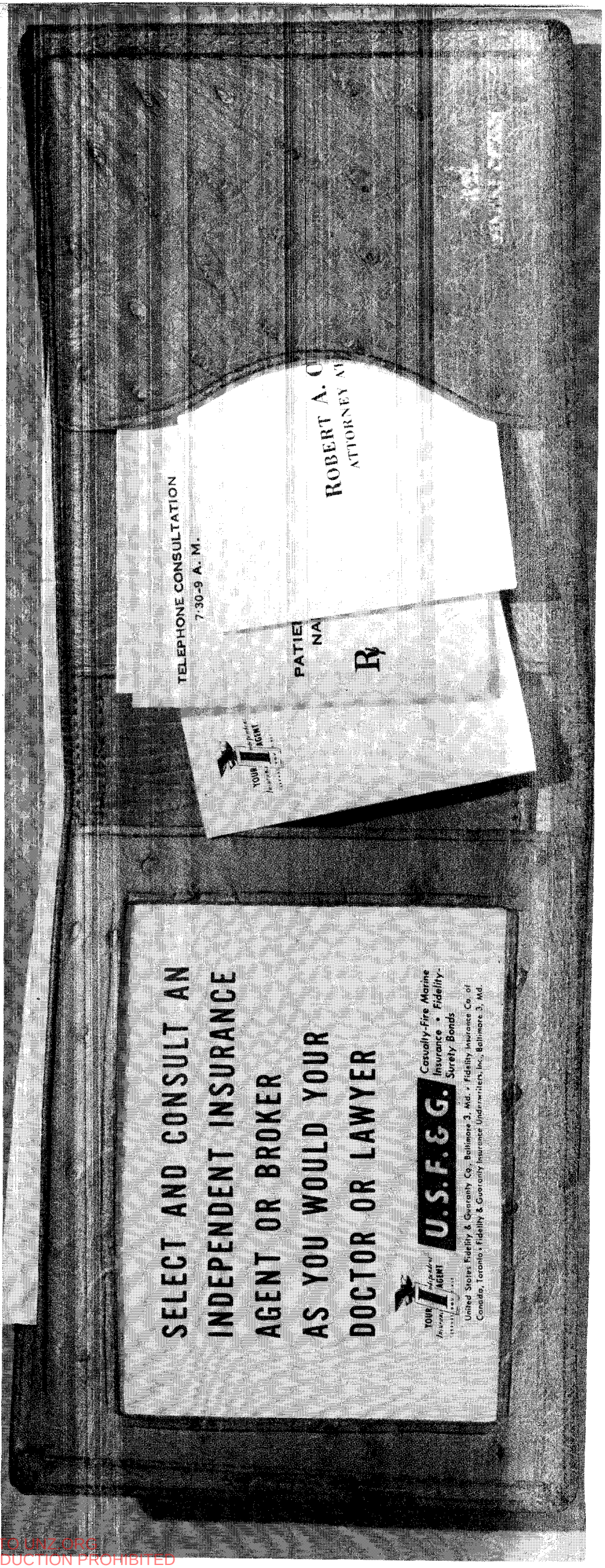
Instead, he left the dock and started toward his office to telephone Galveston. On the way he met Mikeska, who, after touring other docks, was on his way back to the burning ship. Mikeska gave some routine instructions, and a few minutes later Sandberg was back at his desk. He had just hung up the telephone when his roof fell in.

For Henry G. Dalehite and his wife, the morning of April sixteenth started too early. It was two A.M. when the alarm clock jangled insistently in their pleasant house on Causeway Road, Galveston. Elizabeth Dalehite automatically reached over and stilled the clamor. Twenty-five years married to a shipping man, she was a merry, plump woman accustomed to irregular schedules and the capricious demands of boats. Captain Dalehite was not only a pilot himself; he operated a service to incoming ships and had five other pilots in his employ.

From her honeymoon days, Mrs. Dalehite had functioned as her husband's chauffeur, secretary and ex-officio partner. It was Henry's job to send pilots promptly, on radio request, to all ports along the curving Gulf Coast. But for ten days a telephone strike had been in progress, and as a result he and his wife had traveled thousands of miles to keep in touch with his men. While Henry still



"Where were you on that last play, Ferguson?"



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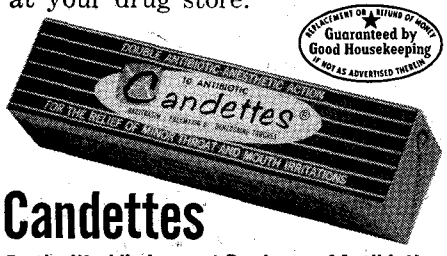

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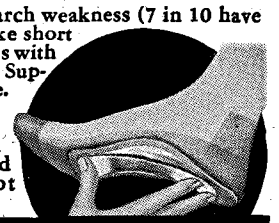

Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

slept, Elizabeth tried the telephone again. At Corpus Christi, 225 miles south, a ship waited for a pilot; at Baytown, 35 miles north, a pilot waited for an assignment. A sleepy stand-by operator said the Baytown call was "not essential."

The Dalehites left home at 2:15. At Baytown they picked up the pilot; he agreed to fly to Corpus Christi and they carried him to Houston airport. The pink of dawn now began to seep into the Texas sky, and Elizabeth's arms wearied at the wheel. There were fifty-odd miles still to go. The captain wanted to call at Texas City to find out when the next Seatrain was due to dock.

A few minutes after nine, Elizabeth parked in the shadow of the Terminal buildings. About a block away, she and her husband saw the Grandcamp burning. Neither spoke; a pier fire was no novelty to either. Captain Dalehite left the car, and about midway of the dock met his old friend, Suderman. Dalehite motioned to his wife to come and join them. She shook her head. She had picked up a small figure of the Virgin Mary which accompanied her on all her trips; she had already begun to say her morning prayers.

It was 9:12. Suddenly, spinning balls of fire shot skyward and the Grandcamp exploded. The result was one of the most fearful disasters in American history, greater in its loss of life than the celebrated San Francisco earthquake and fire. Some 570 people were killed and more than 3000 injured. Property damage has been estimated at more than $50,000,000.

Elizabeth Dalehite heard nothing. The doors of her car were jerked open by suction and she was flung across the road and into a deep ditch; a Mexican woman blown from a nearby shack fell atop her and grappled with her in panic. Mrs. Dalehite pulled herself free and was blown to the ground by a second explosion. Now she saw rolling clouds of smoke, great banks of fire which, she said later, looked like a "vision of hell." She rose again and, toward the harbor, the smoke momentarily parted. The dock where her husband had stood and beckoned to her had vanished.

Out of the Texas City disaster grew massive litigation of real historic interest. Mrs. Dalehite's claim for compensation for the death of her husband was chosen by a committee of lawyers to serve as a test case against the United States Government. It was before Federal tribunals for six years and finally went to the Supreme Court. But of that, more later.

It is impossible to estimate the force of the Grandcamp explosion, but it is difficult to exaggerate it. Terminal buildings ceased to exist. Monsanto's warehouse—a steel-and-brick structure—was flattened. The main power plant was similarly crushed, and, as the blast fanned out, walls of manufacturing buildings fell, partitions shredded, pipelines carrying flammable liquids were torn apart. Two sightseeing light planes, 1500 feet above the Grandcamp, were blown out of the air, with the loss of four lives. Windows in Galveston and Freeport were shattered; the explosion was felt in Palestine, Texas, 200 miles away.

Edgar M. Queeny, Monsanto's chairman of the board, flew to the scene of the disaster that same day. Queeny, in a moving and eloquent public letter, estimated that the impact was that of 250 five-ton blockbuster bombs exploding simultaneously. Because the atomic bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were exploded high in the air, he thought it possible that sheer blast in those unhappy cities was less severe than that suffered in the immediate neighborhood of the Grandcamp.

On the Monsanto reservation 227 persons were killed. Employees of independent construction contractors were in the areas of greatest exposure; the ratio of death and severe injury was greater than Monsanto's own. Of 123 on the grounds, 82 died; 145 Monsanto employees were killed and more than 200 required hospitalization. Queeny's official report explained why:

"A huge wave, rushing in from the basin where the ship had rested, inundated the area, while the explosion's heat ignited the benzol, propane and ethyl benzene pouring out of the ruptured pipes and storage tanks. Savage and cruel fires, feeding on these flammable liquids, scalded those who had survived the blast and were fleeing to safety; they cremated those who had fallen, and melted and twisted steel supports and girders."

Many died quickly and mercifully. One of these was Lucille Ward, beautiful secretary of the plant manager, H. K. (Griz) Eckert. Eckert himself walked out of his office under his own steam, but ultimately ended up in a hospital, where, in a hazardous operation, fragments of glass were removed from his brain. Robert Morris, assistant manager, was riding in a company jeep which overturned. He was hurled high in the air and saved from fiery death by the wall of water which covered him. This was the same fifteen-foot wave which dealt cruelly with others, drowning stunned and injured people in pits and pools and serving as a carrier for oil and flames.

Death cut almost a clean sweep through the rest of Monsanto's executive and technical force. These men perished: Doctor Comstock; B. F. Merriam, chief plant engineer, a onetime college diving champion at Harvard; R. E. Boudinot, production manager; R. D. Sutherland, safety engineer; F. A. Ruecker, chief power-plant engineer; and twenty-two of twenty-four young and promising chemists who were supervising production in different departments. Most of them left widows and small children.

Indeed, hundreds were widowed and orphaned that morning. Eight men died when a flatcar on a railroad siding was lifted like a jackstraw and dropped on them. Four stalwart brothers in their early twenties—Arthur, Clarence, John and William Hattenbach—stevedores all, died together. Hollie O. Youngman and his wife were decapitated in their moving automobile when a 100-pound piece of metal hurtled through the windshield.

Bales of cotton and balls of sisal twine which had been aboard the Grandcamp burned in the salt meadows, and, in the semidarkness, staggering and crawling figures began to emerge from the holocaust. There were others, naked, shoeless, coal-black, who ran in circles and fell and rose to run again. A small boy walked carefully down Dock Street; there was a hole in his side, and, stooping, he held his vital organs captive with his hands. For a few stunned moments after the explosion it had seemed as though the world was asleep. Now the awakened wails of the injured and the lost, the rushing roar of gasoline and crude oil set ablaze, brought battered humanity back to its senses and Texas City to a knowledge of its own agony.

Twenty-seven members of the fire department, including Chief Baumgartner and Assistant Chief J. M. Braddy, died when the Grandcamp disintegrated. Only four bodies were identified. Thirty-three of the forty-two men and officers of the Grandcamp lost their lives; they had abandoned ship, but remained on the dock. Captain de Guillebon died at his post. So did Mike Mikeska. His wife, Martha Jane, never left her back yard that day; frightened, despairing wives came to her for comfort. She was sure there was none for her. "I knew," she said later, "that if there was trouble at the Terminal, Mike would be in the middle of it. Where else would anyone expect him to be?"

Almost every house within a mile of the explosion either collapsed or was so badly damaged as to be a total loss. In the Texas City schools, glass fragments showered children and teachers; concussion collapsed partitions and crumbled walls, but—almost miraculously—there were no fatalities. In the business district, flying missiles tore holes in buildings, roofs groaned and fell, plate-glass windows were pulverized.

At the Bon Ton Café, Al Gerson threw himself under a counter as the roof fell. When he struggled up through darkness and dust, he heard his mother crying for help outside the front door. She and his father had been buried by the collapse of the restaurant portico. His father was dead, but a few moments later Al discovered his mother when he saw an eloquent finger emerge from the debris. With the help of another man, he unearthed her, carried her on a plank to an ownerless laundry truck and rushed her to Galveston. She was hospitalized for many months.

For a time a kind of shell-shocked madness seized the town. Streaming down on the business district came the dazed and groaning wounded from the disaster area. From residential districts came parents looking for children and children looking for parents.

Immediately after the explosions, Texas City could do little to help itself. There was no city water, no electricity, no facilities with which to fight the flames. The first appeal to the outside world came when a light blinked at a Galveston switchboard. Over the Texas City circuit came a telephone supervisor's voice, "For God's sake, send the Red Cross." From Galveston, by telephone, telegraph and radio, the dreadful news spread to the nation—and the nation responded.

Galveston, which had known tragedy when 6000 died there in the 1900 hurricane and tidal wave, was already in action. There was a county disaster plan. From a high window (*Continued on Page 98*)

In October

By Louise McNeill

Crow call and leaf fall
And spider spin your yarn,
Wheat field turn and sumac burn
And sheep come home to barn.

Wild geese cry and winged seed fly
And frost fern mark the pane,
Pods turn brown and shatter down
And summer die again.

But love prevail, nor fade, nor fail,
Nor like the sun depart;
With us abide this autumn tide.
Like April in the heart.

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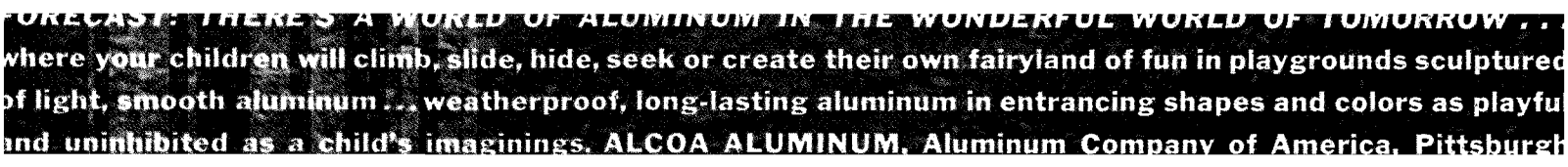
FORECAST: THERE'S A WORLD OF ALUMINUM IN THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF TOMORROW . .
where your children will climb, slide, hide, seek or create their own fairyland of fun in playgrounds sculptured
of light, smooth aluminum . . . weatherproof, long-lasting aluminum in entrancing shapes and colors as playfu
and uninhibited as a child's imaginings. ALCOA ALUMINUM. Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh

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(*Continuea from Page 96*) overlooking the bay, a physician connected with the Red Cross saw the not-too-distant water front dissolve as though in a bizarre hallucination. He and his staff alerted all city doctors for emergency duty; then called John Sealy Hospital, St. Mary's Infirmary, Fort Crockett and the United States Marine Hospital to advise them to prepare for mass intake of casualties. Fifteen minutes after the explosion, a Galveston transit company had buses and cars at the hospitals to take doctors, nurses and medical supplies to the neighboring community. Another fifteen minutes and they were on their way.

Gradually at Texas City some order began to emerge from chaos. Escape was the first impulse of many families; as oil tanks and stills exploded and burned at refineries, women and men and children took to the roads and the fields, wandering in dull terror. Mayor J. C. Trahan and Police Chief W. L. Ladish co-ordinated the activities of the relief agencies which now began to pour in by plane and automobile from the outside world. Dr. Clarence F. Quinn, who had served under General Patton as a combat surgeon in World War II, was appointed medical director and drew on his battle experience to set up efficient first-aid stations.

By afternoon, Army, Navy, Air Force and Coast Guard teams were there to supplement the efforts of Texas City and Galveston volunteers. From St. Louis and Washington, D.C., came Red Cross professionals. From Houston, Dallas, Fort Worth, Beaumont, San Antonio, Port Arthur and other communities came police to augment a hard-pressed force. From all adjacent towns came doctors and nurses and stretcher bearers. The Army established field kitchens to feed the homeless and bewildered.

Just an hour and fifteen minutes after the Grandcamp exploded, the first mercy planes were circling Texas City's small airport. Military, airline, civil-air-patrol and private planes—literally hundreds of them—brought in personnel and supplies from as far away as California and Massachusetts. Cargo included blood plasma and embalming fluid, blankets, beds, gas masks, X-ray equipment, penicillin, food, foam fire extinguishers, asbestos flame-fighting suits.

The flames had not been slaked as evening of the first day approached. At six P.M. Coast Guardsmen reported that the High Flyer was on fire. The Grandcamp's explosion had torn the High Flyer and the Wilson B. Keene loose from their moorings; they were jammed together and could not be separated. Now the knocked-down boxcars in the High Flyer's hold were burning fiercely. Apprehensive about the ammonium nitrate in the cargo, city officials at 7:30 ordered the town evacuated. Once again there was mass exodus, but, heedless of warnings, the rescue squads in the dock area, the embalmers, the soldiers and police and firemen worked on. Two huge searchlights from Fort Crockett helped them.

The Lykes Brothers steamship firm, owner of both the High Flyer and Keene, had flown in two company executives from New Orleans, and efforts were made to save the imperiled ships by towing them to sea. At eleven P.M. four tugs arrived from Galveston. Lines were put aboard the locked vessels, but after two hours of pulling and hauling, they had not been disengaged.

Swede Sandberg, a bloody bandage around his head, was again in command at the docks. J. C. Smith, a sixty-seven-year-old Salvation Army sergeant, was there too. He had taken his mobile canteen to every major disaster along the gulf for five years, and he continued to serve doughnuts and coffee. A few minutes before one A.M. Sandberg saw "what appeared to be Roman candles" shooting skyward from the High Flyer; he had seen Roman candles like those just before the Grandcamp blew. Sandberg gave orders at once to sound the whistle and clear the area. The tugs cast off their lines and headed out into the harbor. Two or three hundred emergency workers beat hasty retreat. At 1:10 the High Flyer exploded. A fragment of the ship sliced through the mobile canteen and amputated Sergeant Smith's foot. Sandberg was the last man to leave the docks. Almost miraculously, he had again escaped serious injury.

The High Flyer vanished. Half of the Wilson B. Keene climbed up out of the slip, turned end over end, traveled over a demolished warehouse and came to rest 300 feet away. Incandescent missiles set afire four oil tanks at the Humble Pipe Line Company, two dockside tanks of Union Carbide, a Republic Oil Refining Company tank and two more tanks at the already heavily hit Stone Oil Company. An 8000-pound turbine traveled 4000 feet through the air and crashed into a pump-house roof at Republic. The High Flyer explosions—there were two—were almost as violent as those of the Grandcamp. Yet this time the casualty list was gratifyingly small. One man was killed and twenty-four injured.

Fires continued throughout the night—indeed the last of the fires did not burn out until Tuesday, April twenty-second, but by morning of the seventeenth the worst was over.

The concern of Texas City immediately after its catastrophe was not inquiry or investigation, but plain survival. Some 2500 people were homeless and jobless; many of them possessed only the clothes on their backs. All commerce and industry was at a standstill. The dead had left behind them a total of 844 dependents—widows, children, parents, some utterly without resources.

In this emergency the Red Cross and the whole nation came generously to the rescue. But local businessmen, staring somberly at the ruins, thought about the future. Was Texas City finished as a port and industrial center? It well might have been except for the decision of one man. While bulldozers cleared pathways through rubble, while fireboats still played harbor water on twisted steel, Edgar Queeny publicly announced that Monsanto would rebuild its Texas City branch.

The announcement and its timing were highly important to the town's economy and morale. It undoubtedly prevented a general exodus of skilled labor to other areas; it probably affected the decisions of other major companies on whether to go or stay. Monsanto also set an example by moving in at once to alleviate with cold cash the hardships of its own people. A special fund of $500,000 was made available to its personnel officers.

Most of the employees of the major plants and refineries were covered by group insurance, and adjusters began making payments forty-eight hours after the blast. Individual life insurance and liability policies, in the main, were paid with similar promptness and celerity. But there were many in the morgues and hospitals who had little insurance or no insurance at all. Some had been at the docks as sight-seers and had no claim on workmen's compensation. Others were children, housewives, residents of nearby houses and volunteer rescue workers.

Where did the responsibility for the slaughter of the innocents lie? The Texas bar believed the responsibility belonged to the United States Government, and more than 100 lawyers elected to represent Texas City clients in damage suits. Some 300 suits were filed by 8485 plaintiffs. Basically their case can be summed up as follows:

The tremendous power of the blasts came from the fertilizer-grade ammonium nitrate (FGAN) in the holds of the Grandcamp and High Flyer. The fertilizer, sometimes described as a distant cousin of dynamite, had been manufactured in three Army ordnance plants and shipped by rail to Texas in 100-pound laminated bags for reshipment to France.

The Government, then, was guilty of culpable negligence because, (1) FGAN was a fire hazard and dangerous explosive and caused the disaster; (2) the FGAN was manufactured and transported under Government auspices; (3) the Government, "well knowing the dangerous nature" of FGAN, had failed to notify public carriers and their employees, the steamships and the town of Texas City of its innate hazards and thus failed to protect the public.

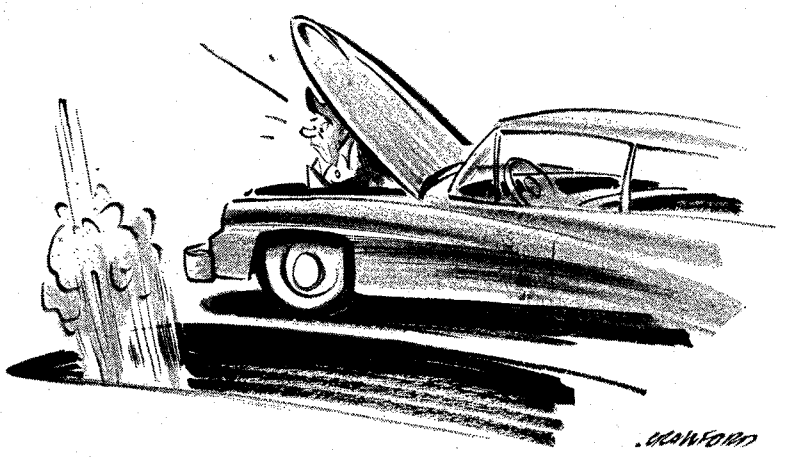
Obviously 100 lawyers and 300 lawsuits were too many lawyers and too many lawsuits. By agreement, and with court permission, it was decided to consolidate on one test case to determine the whole question of Government liability. Mrs. Dalehite's suit for compensation for the death of her husband became the test case.

When it comes to suing Uncle Sam, we Americans can never quite get the King of England out of our hair, for our rule that the Government—that is, "the sovereign"—cannot be sued without its own consent is a heritage from centuries-old British jurisprudence. However, a year before the disaster, Congress passed the Federal Torts Claims Act which permitted legal remedy for certain wrongs of Government officers and employees. It was under this provision that the test case was brought.

The Attorney General's office denied both the applicability of the provision and the charges of negligence. "Tests made over more than a quarter of a century," the court was told at one point, "have demonstrated that FGAN is not explosive in the ordinary course of handling, transportation and use." And, indeed, that had been the general belief before the Grandcamp blast.

Background facts about this particular cargo of FGAN reveal how even a small Texas town can be caught up in the rush of world events. In 1946 the occupied countries—Germany and Japan and Korea—faced famine. Commanders there said the choice was "additional food or additional troops to control the conquered people." Neither sufficient quantities of food nor ships to transport it were available. But the shipping of fertilizer to the occupied areas offered a solution; a ton of fertilizer, it is often said, will grow seven tons of food. However, there was a grave drawback. The entire production of commercial fertilizer in the United States was committed to an international body, the Combined Food Board, for domestic use and the use of our exhausted allies; none was available for the recent enemy.

In this crisis the War Department decided to reactivate fifteen surplus ordnance plants and manufacture its own fertilizer. This, as a matter of high policy, was approved by the Cabinet. But it soon became evident that the plants would not get into full production in time for the overseas planting seasons, so the War Department was permitted by the Combined Food (*Continued on Page 100*)



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

On a vacation tour, Tom filled his gas tank at a service station. He remained parked there while his wife bought souvenirs across the street. Walking through the station to the car, she fell into an unguarded grease pit. When the station refused to pay for her injuries, she sued.

"You owe it to your customers to protect them by doing business in a safe place," she contended. "Instead, that grease pit makes your station a trap."

"After your husband paid for the gas, you were no longer customers," the station's lawyer replied. "You were just using the station as a free parking lot, at your own risk."

If you were the judge, would you make the station pay?

• •

The station did not have to pay. The court said that the couple were not customers after buying the gas, and the station was therefore under no obligation to guard their safety.

Based upon a 1954 Vermont decision.

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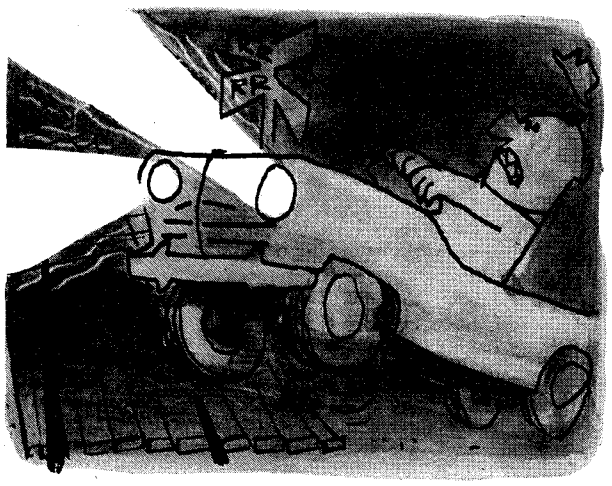
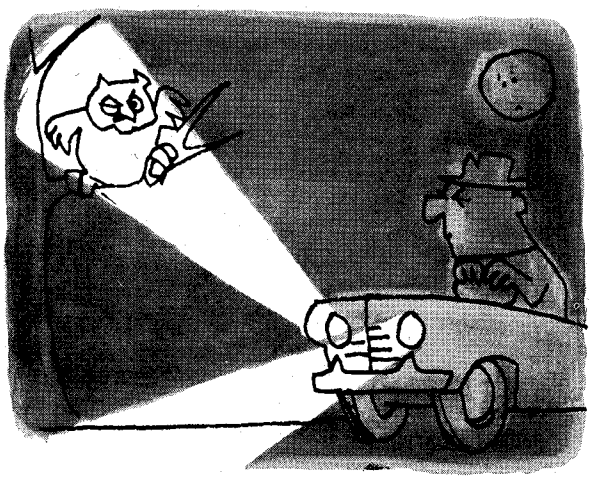
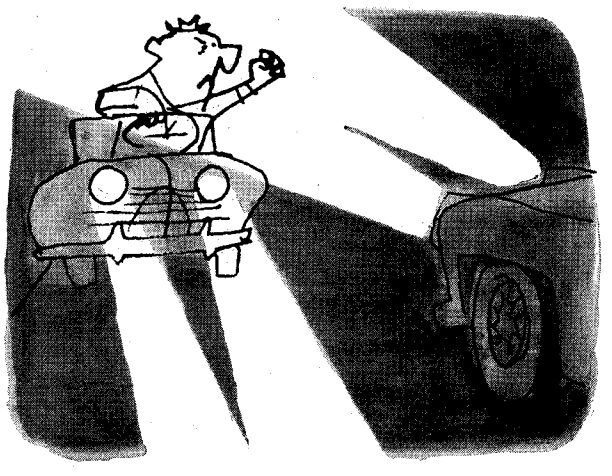
How to get more light on the road *from your present headlamps!*



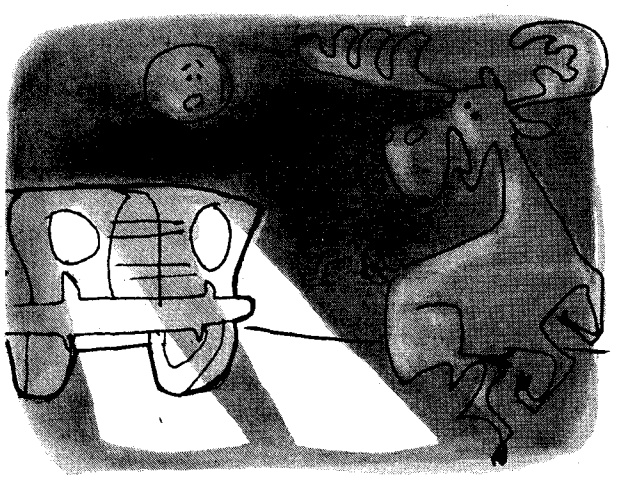
1. Since headlamps are detachable, they are subject to road shock and vibration which can jar them out of position and mis-direct their light.



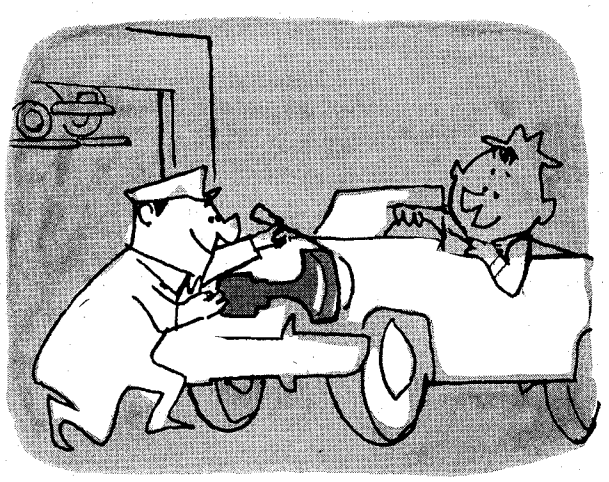
2. A very slight change in their position (so insignificant you can't even see the change) makes a big difference in the light you get down the road.



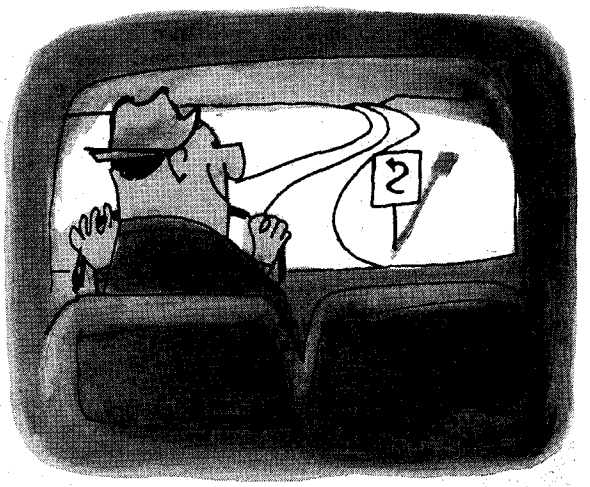
3. Ever have oncoming motorists "flash" their lights at you . . . believing you were driving with your "brights"? —when it was your *lower* beam . . . aimed high!



4. When headlamps are aimed low, the beam is too short . . . and you might not see in time to stop in time.



5. Your dealer can quickly determine if your headlamps are mis-aimed—and he can aim them accurately in minutes—even in daytime.

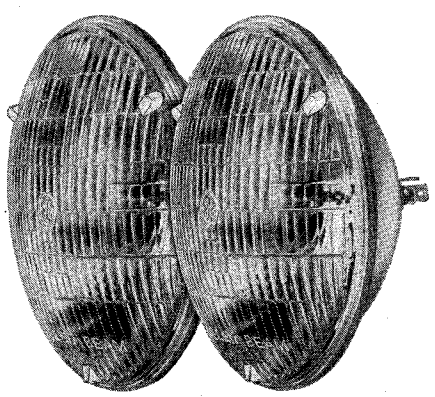


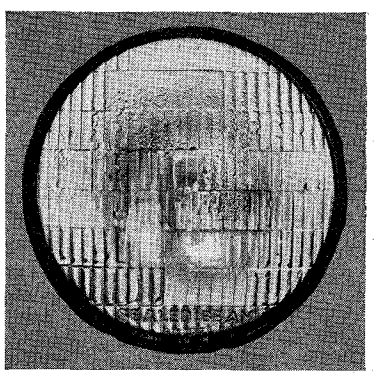
6. So, to get *more light* where it is needed . . . from your present headlamps . . . have them aimed *today!*

. . . and, if your headlamps are over 2 years old, here's how to get even more light!

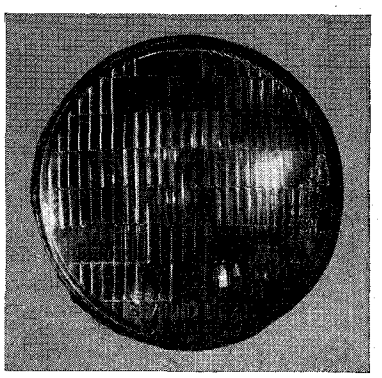
Next time you get into your car, take a look at your *unlighted* headlamps. If they look like those shown at right, you'll see why they fail to give you the light they should—and why even re-aiming won't give you all the light you need. Lamps like these should be replaced with new G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps. They're all glass . . . their reflectors always stay shiny. When driving on the *lower* beam, G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps let you see better in fog, rain or snow and against the glare of oncoming traffic. Their *upper* beam reaches far and wide for safer driving on the open road.

Get a pair of G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps today—and have your dealer aim them when he puts them in. You'll see the difference tonight. General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.

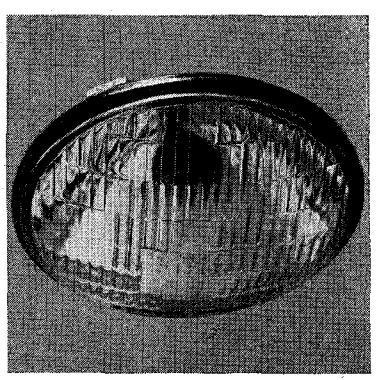




WATER DROPLETS inside the lens not only scatter the light, but they also help discolor metal reflectors. This can't happen with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps—*moisture can't possibly get inside.*



DISCOLORED REFLECTORS absorb light rather than reflect it, causing a loss of up to 50% of the original light output. Dirt and moisture can never enter G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps so the *reflectors always stay shiny.*



BLACKENED BULBS in old-style headlamps block out the light from the filament and cause a dangerous drop in light output. This can't happen with G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps because *there are no inner bulbs!*

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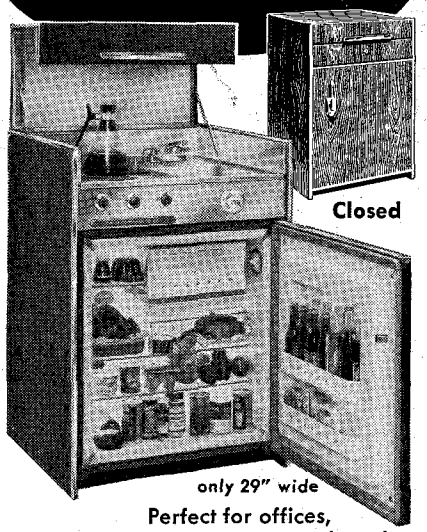

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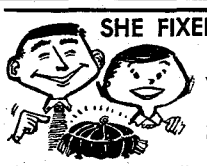

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LEECH PRODUCTS CO., Box 243, Hutchinson, Kansas

(*Continued from Page 98*)

Board to "borrow" from commercial producers sufficient fertilizer to meet its early needs. This was purchased under a sell-back arrangement. The FGAN shipped to Texas City in 1947 was part of the Government's repayment to the Lion Oil Company, a commercial concern, which, in turn, transferred ownership to an agency of the republic of France.

Two years after the lawsuit's beginnings, it came to trial in Houston. The trial lasted ninety days—including time out for a hurricane—and the record ran to 20,000 pages. Many millions of dollars in damages were at stake, including the large claims of insurance companies. Federal Judge T. M. Kennerly considered the complex case for five months. In the end he found the Government liable, and entered judgment in favor of all petitioners. Eighty charges of negligence and liability were sustained. Mrs. Dalehite was awarded $60,000, and her son, Henry G. Dalehite, Jr., $15,000.

The Government immediately appealed. In June, 1952, the six judges of the Court of Appeals, Fifth Circuit, unanimously reversed the Kennerly judgment. Now the plaintiffs appealed. In June, 1953, the Supreme Court in a 4–3 decision ruled that the victims of the Texas City disaster could not collect compensation from the United States under presently existing laws. It was the ghost of the King of England again, as Mr. Justice Reed, who wrote the majority opinion, made evident. No finding of fact was made as to whether the Government had or had not been negligent in its handling of FGAN.

It may have been that when Congress passed the Torts Claims Act it had in mind compensation for such bush-league torts as accidents resulting from negligent operation of mail trucks or military vehicles. Certainly it attempted to protect the state specifically from liability for errors "in administration or in the exercise of discretionary function." Justice Reed and his confreres decided the Cabinet-level decision to institute the fertilizer program was a "discretionary act" and that, thus, the Government was immune to suit.

Mr. Justice Jackson, spokesman for the minority, disagreed in an indignant and caustic opinion. He had no doubt of the Government's negligence and said the court would certainly hold a private corporation liable in a similar situation. The "discretionary-act" thesis, he maintained, did not carry over to the Government's activities as a manufacturer and shipper. And if it were liable only for minor traffic accidents, he concluded, "the ancient and discredited doctrine that 'The king can do no wrong' has not been uprooted; it has merely been amended to read, 'The king can do only a little wrong.'"

Texas City victims applauded this eloquence, but their legal resources were exhausted. Clark W. Thompson, member of the House of Representatives from Galveston, a former marine colonel who himself had served as a volunteer worker during the disaster, immediately began a fight to compensate them by a special act of Congress. Hearings opened in November, 1953, and hopes brightened—only to give way to frustration and bitterness as the slow machinery on Capitol Hill ground its gears crankily and almost came to a halt.

But Congressman Thompson kept up the struggle, and eventually the bill was passed. President Eisenhower approved it on August 12, 1955. The Secretary of the Army was directed to investigate claims and to determine and fix the awards which should be made to disaster claimants.

The new law ruled out payments to underwriters and insurance companies, on the premise that they had taken a commercial risk. It put a top limit of $25,000 on death claims, personal-injury claims and property-damage claims. Attorneys' fees were to be paid out of the awards and limited to 10 per cent. Awards for compensation were to be determined by the practice and standards of the state of Texas.

After long years of waiting, the people of Texas City now got action. It was a challenging and unprecedented assignment for the office of the Judge Advocate General of the Army. Col. Alfred Bowman, chief of the claims division, organized, trained and dispatched a task force of thirty-eight officers to Texas City; the field commander was Lt. Col. Tom Marmon, a Lone Star Stater himself. Consultant was Maj. Gen. C.B. Mickelwait (Ret.), former assistant judge advocate general, who had followed the disaster litigation from the beginning.

Met at first by grim suspicion in a town disenchanted with Washington officialdom, the task force soon won praise for its fairness and sympathetic handling of claims. In a little more than a year 1755 cases were processed, 1394 awards were made, and Treasury checks totaling almost $17,000,000 were issued.

When the final case was processed in February of this year, Congressman Thompson paid a visit to the JAG center at Fort Holabird in Baltimore, Maryland. Speaking for his people, he congratulated the Army on its speed and efficiency, and described the whole operation as "a magnificent job in public relations."

Texas City today would seem strange to the Red Cross teams, the Eastern reporters and radio broadcasters who knew it only in its dire extremity. It has doubled in population and more than doubled in area; one way or another, it has assimilated into its corporate limits large clutches of once-open country which now boast housing developments. It has spent many millions on impressive schools and erected a handsome new city hall. The days of desperation seem long ago.

Shortly after the disaster, a dispossessed but doughty local merchant named Charles Lerman put up a frequently photographed sign beside his collapsed department store: WE'RE DOWN, BUT NOT OUT. Indeed, a month later and with a brand-new stock, Lerman was conducting his business from a Quonset hut. The sign was prophetic for Texas City. In ten years there has been a marked influx of new industry. At night glowing towers and flare stacks light the brackish meadows like a splendid Coney Island. The original Monsanto plant occupied thirty acres. Today's Monsanto's operating units and buildings cover 133 acres and the working force has tripled in size.

Not long ago I went to Texas City to talk to survivors and to get the firsthand information on which this article is based. For all its prosperity, the town still bears the stigmata of its agony and the scars of old wounds. In a back yard of First Street, deeply imbedded and bordered by shrubs, lies an immense section of the hull of the Grandcamp. The Texas City Terminal—where fifty employees were killed and 129 injured—weathered difficult financial years, but its prospects are bright again. New buildings have arisen, but the docks and warehouses which disappeared with the Grandcamp have not been replaced. A tall concrete grain elevator, pierced by a molten section of the High Flyer, still stands, but is not in use. The Terminal now concentrates on the shipment of oils and chemicals.

Reminiscence brought back to those interviewed the panic, uncertainty and heartbreak of a decade ago. It also brought back a justifiable feeling of civic pride,

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for most of Texas City's residents acted with courage and generosity and self-reliance in the face of calamity. Local officials remained in complete control at all times; invocation of martial law was never even considered. Those who fought the fires, cared for the dead and sought to identify the unidentifiable literally had neither sleep nor change of clothing in many days. Their fealty to duty is not forgotten.

As a reporter, I was curious to discover how a community reacts when large amounts of Treasury money are suddenly siphoned into it, and I questioned threescore persons who received Government checks. Happily, I have no giddy extravaganzas to chronicle, none of the blunder and plunder and fool's-gold spending which makes the Irish Sweepstakes windfalls the tabloids' delight. Texas City again has reason for civic pride: the money has been handled sanely and soberly—as informed businessmen, bankers and lawyers all agree.

There are exceptional cases, of course, but not too many. I heard of one glowing pink automobile, but did not see it. I heard the phrase "living it up," but saw little evidence of carnival. Actually, the compensation voted by Congress—although the $17,000,000 total seems to bulk large—did not err on the side of liberality; a sign-off award of $25,000 for death or permanent injury is much less than usually arrived at in a jury trial. Top award on the Army records was $49,000. This represented compensation for the death of an earning husband and father, severe injury and prolonged hospitalization of his wife, and heavy property damage.

It seems that the next war is to be fought over disarmament.

JACK HERBERT

This part of the Texas City chronicle does not make high drama, but it makes heartening good sense. In the main, Government money has gone into the purchase of homes, savings accounts, investments looking toward college education for youngsters. Funds due orphaned children were put in escrow and can be disbursed only by permission of the courts, which have zealously and wisely safeguarded their interests.

Here are the stories of two of the many survivors I interviewed; their stewardship of compensation money is typical of the Texas City scene. Vern Linton, now fifty-one and night superintendent of the Monsanto plant, was on the top floor of a five-story building when the Grandcamp exploded. With crushed vertebrae, a badly torn arm and a useless leg that was later amputated, Linton escaped the approaching flames by sliding down the banister of a steel staircase to the fourth floor and then descending, hand over hand, by way of an outside water pipe. After that he crawled fourteen blocks to safety. Busted back, artificial leg and all, Vern Linton returned to work nine months later, and has missed only four working days in nine years. Vern's $25,000 Government check has gone into stocks and savings. Ultimately it will finance the medical education of his younger son. An older boy is already a mechanical engineer employed by an oil company.

Fred Grissom, a young engineer just graduated from the University of Texas, had risen from his drawing board and was standing by a window when the blast came. Glass blinded him, but somehow he reached street level. There he encountered a construction worker who could not walk. Their meeting is now a legend in Texas City. Fred Grissom furnished the legs and the lugging, and the construction worker furnished the eyesight. Both got to Galveston hospitals. Fred's right eye was removed, and later a cataract developed in his left eye. That required two operations, but with his one useful eye Fred has been continuously at work since May, 1950. He has acquired a pretty Louisiana wife, two promotions—he is now superintendent of utilities—and three engaging children. The $25,000 Treasury check has been used for a needed new car, stocks and bonds.

When I was in Texas City, doctors and civil-defense people were working on a plan for mass evacuation of the Houston-Galveston-Beaumont area in case of H-bomb attack, and lessons learned in the 1947 calamity were high on their slate. John Sealy in Galveston is the teaching hospital of the University of Texas Medical School and carried the heaviest part of the medical and surgical burden. The extraordinary efficiency of casualty care there is attributed by the hospital authorities to the fact that, in 1947, most of the medical faculty, the seventy-five residents and eighteen interns were former Army doctors who had served overseas.

Drs. Virginia Blocker and T. G. Blocker, of John Sealy, have made a survey of 3000 Texas City casualties who were in a 4000-foot radius of the explosion. More than one third of the patients had perforations of one or both eardrums. Only seven patients were treated for serious burns; burns occurred principally at the Monsanto plant, and were fatal burns. Fewer than fifty patients died in hospitals. There were seven instances of clinical gas gangrene but no deaths. Penicillin—then new to medicine—made the difference. The disaster almost exhausted the supply of the whole nation; two billion units of penicillin went there by air.

The passing of the years has in no wise watered down the gratitude the people of Texas City feel toward the Red Cross and the people of the nation who came to their aid in the time of trouble. Examined in retrospect, the performance of the Red Cross can be described as nothing less than superlative. Approximately 2000 families received financial assistance, and a few of them were a full or partial responsibility for several years. For a period of weeks 1400 homeless people were sheltered and fed at Camp Wallace, a wartime military establishment reopened for the emergency. In all, the national Red Cross spent $1,247,000.

The amount would have been much greater except for extensive benefits from other sources. Workmen's compensation helped many victims. All the larger industries in Texas City contributed liberally to relief. Then there were the heart-warming money gifts which, unsolicited, came in from the American people everywhere, reaching the amazing total of $1,068,000.

A local committee headed by Carl Nessler, businessman and onetime mayor, received and administered this Texas City Relief Fund. Unions, banking, business, industry and the clergy were represented on the committee. No money whatever was spent for overhead; even office space was donated. Every nickel went for good works. In examining the records, I discovered that the last check was issued on May 1, 1953. That closed the books.

There is a postscript to the story. Railroad cars carrying FGAN destined for Texas City were rerouted after the disaster. At Baltimore the FGAN was loaded on the SS Ocean Liberty. The vessel caught fire outside the harbor at Brest, France, on July 28, 1947. Twenty persons were killed and 500 injured. THE END

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Trial Surgery (Continued from Page 31)

controlled as he had told her it must always be in this country where loss of control was loss of the basis for respect.

The shape stopped. Gerald came to her, and she scrambled from the ditch as the mahout slid a foot into the curve of the elephant's trunk and came lightly to the ground. Ann saw that a small coconut-oil lamp on the brow of the elephant was in fact her dancing star. It seemed high and far away as the huge animal turned slowly toward them. Then the sinewy trunk leaped forward like a whip and snapped Gerald on the shoulder lightly.

"Why, it's Ngam!" Gerald said. "So it must be Biak." And again he spoke in Siamese, and the mahout answered. Ann came and leaned, trembling, against Gerald's shoulder.

"My wife is frightened, but apparently unhurt by this experience. She might have been killed, you know."

Biak answered the implied criticism with the bluntness of a countryman to an old friend. "I had a light. You had none. If Ngam's trunk had been injured, he couldn't have worked, and that would have been a tragic loss to me."

Gerald smiled in the dark, his anger gone. So they had argued as children, Biak and he. "In any case, come back to the house and have a cup of tea. You can turn Ngam into the lalang grass where we used to play. There's much to talk about."

Biak's father had given him the elephant when he was ten. It was just a baby at the time, weighing hardly half a ton. Gerald Pomeroy was ten that year, too, but his father wouldn't give him an elephant when he raced into the study where his father was writing a sermon, and asked for one.

"An elephant is different from a dog," Mr. Pomeroy had explained, and looked at Gerald to see if he saw the difference. "It's not just a matter of size and appetite, but rather one of purpose." He cocked the boy's quivering chin with a bony finger and explained. "Biak's elephant is his career. He'll live as long as Biak or longer. Once he's trained to work timber, Biak will never be without a good living."

He shuffled his papers a moment as his mind drifted to his sermon. Then the problem of that quivering chin caught at his sense of responsibility, and he went further: "So you see, Gerald, Biak's father gives him an elephant and your father gives you a college education. An elephant would be no help to a surgeon, and that's what I hope you'll be. We need one here. We need one very much."

He closed his eyes a moment, as if he saw the procession of broken bodies it was beyond his power to succor and added, "May God help you, boy." Then his sermon claimed him, and he patted his son absently in dismissal.

Biak and the elephant were eying each other stiffly out behind the cookhouse. Biak's father was leaning out the window of his domain where he lived in the hot glare of the charcoal braziers on which he did the cooking for both families. A delectable atmosphere of garlic and curry hung over him like an invisible umbrella. Biak squatted on the veranda steps at a level with the elephant's head. He looked cool in a loin cloth. Gerald peeled down to his shorts and kicked off his shoes. His mother couldn't see him from the main house, and, anyway, he wasn't afraid of the sun on his skin as she was.

He put a bare arm along the elephant's neck and jerked it away again. The animal was prickly with stiff little bristles. It flapped an ear at Gerald and examined him cautiously with one eye. Then it turned its whole body around and did the same with the other eye. The boys burst out laughing, and the three were friends.

The compound had been bought for a school that was never built, and was as large as a city block. The boys raced off into the lalang grass with the elephant stumbling behind. Already the small animal's legs were round and solid like the stumps of palm trees. He lifted them as though they were strangers to his fat barrel. He couldn't catch the boys and he couldn't jump the drainage ditch between the main house and Cooky's, so he squealed like any baby that has been left behind. Biak named him Ngam, short for *Ngum Ngam*, which meant clumsy.

Ngam's trunk was short. He swung it like a rope tied to his forehead and bruised his playmates happily. He leaned against them in affection and knocked them over. They liked it best when they played hide and seek in the lalang grass, which reached above their heads. Ngam could snuffle them out, but they could hear him coming like a monsoon storm and ran before him. In the end he always caught them because they wanted him to.

The boys were constantly hungry and so was Ngam. Biak spent hours every day cutting grass for him and chopping up banana stalks. The elephant stole bananas from neighboring gardens unless he was watched, and he liked Cooky's biscuits as much as the boys did. He would give them a hard time whenever they had a fistful, since his little trunk soon became skillful at sucking biscuits out of their hands and tucking them into his own mouth.

They tied a rope harness on Ngam's shoulders and fastened the butt of a palm frond to a rope end, and Ngam dragged them. They linked a dozen palm fronds in parade, and Ngam pulled the whole neighborhood of shrieking children across the lawn.

Then it happened as Gerald's father had said it would. Ngam went back to the timber camp to be trained as a work elephant, and Biak went with him. Their association was for life, and both had much to learn. For Gerald, it had been Chicago and the university, the laboratory and the operating room, but with the knowledge that someday he would return to Ban Malai and the sad procession of need that his father had made him see. Now at last in the spring of 1920, with Ann and a new Model T touring car and money for a modest hospital of wood and atap, he had returned.

They had tea on the *mook*. The old Pomeroy house was a bungalow set high on brick pillars and surrounded with a porch. In front, the porch had an addition at its middle extending out some fifteen feet to make an outdoor living room, roofed and railed, but otherwise open to the air. It had rolled bamboo curtains that let down during the rains. This was the *mook*.

Even after the tea had come, and they had sipped it with cakes made by the new Cooky—Biak's father had died only a year after Gerald's—the reserve of long separation remained. They had explored the years between as courtesy demanded. Biak had five children and three elephants now. They had asked all the polite questions, showing the mutual interest that country ritual required, without haste, letting time roll on in accordance with custom, which did not condone the counting of hours or minutes in friendship. Still Gerald knew that the barrier of the years remained.

Then, disregarding the fact that to the Thai people indirection and courtesy were synonymous, Gerald had recourse to a direct question, "What's wrong, Biak? Aren't we friends any more?"

"We are friends," Biak answered, and was silent.

Gerald waited. If Biak did not choose to say more, he could gauge from that fact how high rose the walls between him and the villagers he had come to serve.

"Is it true that you are a surgeon?" Biak asked hesitantly.

Then Gerald knew. "Now, Biak," he countered, "my father used pills to deworm children and to break the fevers of malaria and to seal up weepy bowels. Wasn't that all right?"

"That was all right."

"But you think it is wrong to cut evil and pain out of the body with a knife?"

"It is wrong!" Biak was emphatic. "It's dangerous to disturb the balance of the four elements; earth, air, fire and water. Such disturbances cause damage and even death."

"That's nonsense."

"Not to us. When we are ill we know it is the air element at fault. '*Ben lom*,' we say. It is the wind, meaning that the air element is out of proportion within us. Or, if we have a fever, we accuse the fire element. '*Ben kai*,' we say, meaning that we have too much of the fire element. After childbirth our women have an imbalance of the water element and must lie beside a fire for a time to recover health."

"Or destroy it," Gerald said.

Biak shrugged and withdrew within himself.

"Look at your king, at your ruling class, the educated people. They have many Thai surgeons in Bangkok."

Biak was not impressed. "They are a breed apart, the heaven-born ones."

Together Ann and Gerald worked to make a home and initiate his practice. The new hospital was built, a simple structure with an examining room, an operating room, two wards and one private room. The patients came, but, as Biak had warned, it was only for pills and unguents, except for local officials assigned from Bangkok. In his daily clinics Gerald treated trachoma and dysentery, malaria and every sort of skin disease. He saw tumors that made his fingers itch, as big as melons. He was permitted to examine them, but never to remove them. It troubled him deeply to see case after case requiring surgery, then to have the merciful knife rejected and the patient carried home to die.

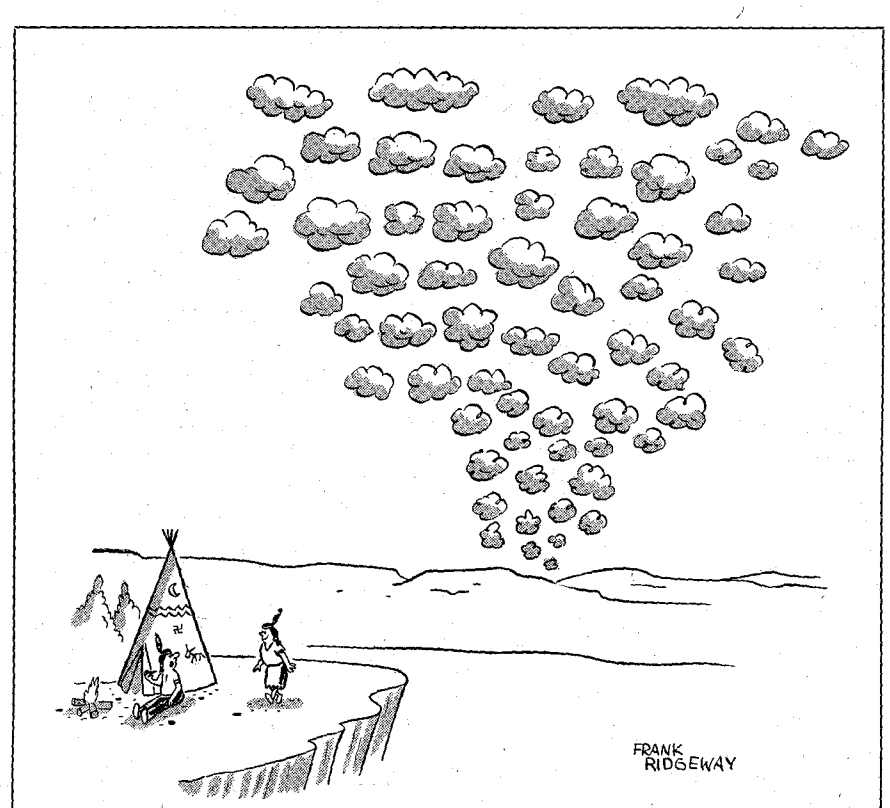
The low point came one afternoon when he was called to see a village girl in prolonged labor. The family would not permit him to remove her to the hospital or to operate, even when he warned them that otherwise she would die. He sat with her through the night, and only when the family saw that death was inevitable did they give the necessary permission. He removed the dead child and did what he could for the mother, but she lived only briefly. Yet the family, unaccountably, was almost hysterically grateful.

"Why do you thank me now when it was too late to help?"

"Because you have saved us from the evil spirit," they explained. "If she had died with the child still in her, the spirit would have haunted us, for there is no spirit so malignant as that of a woman who dies with her child within her. We would have had to tear a hole in the floor and lower her body through it, then carry her by a circuitous route to the jungle while dropping gifts to delay the evil spirits. We could have no cremation, of course, but would have had to bury her deep and drive a stake through her to hold the spirit down so it could haunt only that one place."

They crouched before him, even the old men and women of the family, with their hands raised in grateful salute. He stumbled away, sickened with fatigue and despair, threw his instruments on the floor of the car and drove slowly home.

The road was narrow, and high above the paddy fields, which were deep in water for planting. He drove almost unseeing until he found his way blocked by Ngam with Biak on his back. They appeared to have arisen out of the disillusioning experience through which he had just passed, as if to taunt him. He brought the car to a halt, and the elephant halted also. Angrily, Gerald rejected the idea that he was being rude, that he might work the car closer to the edge of the road and let them by. At the moment, it seemed of supreme importance not to permit it, to force man and beast off the road, out of (*Continued on Page 105*)



"What did your mother have to say?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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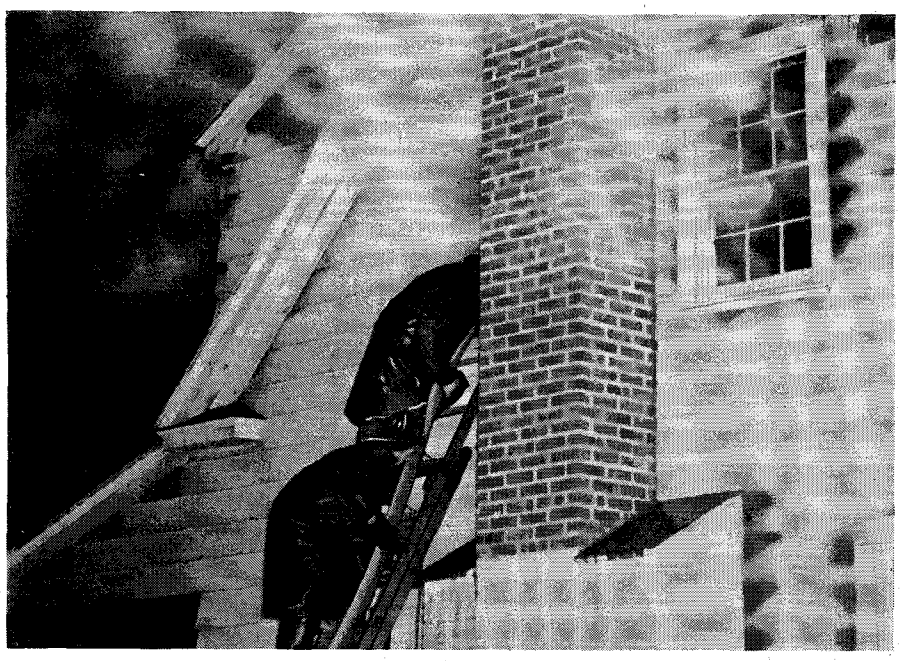

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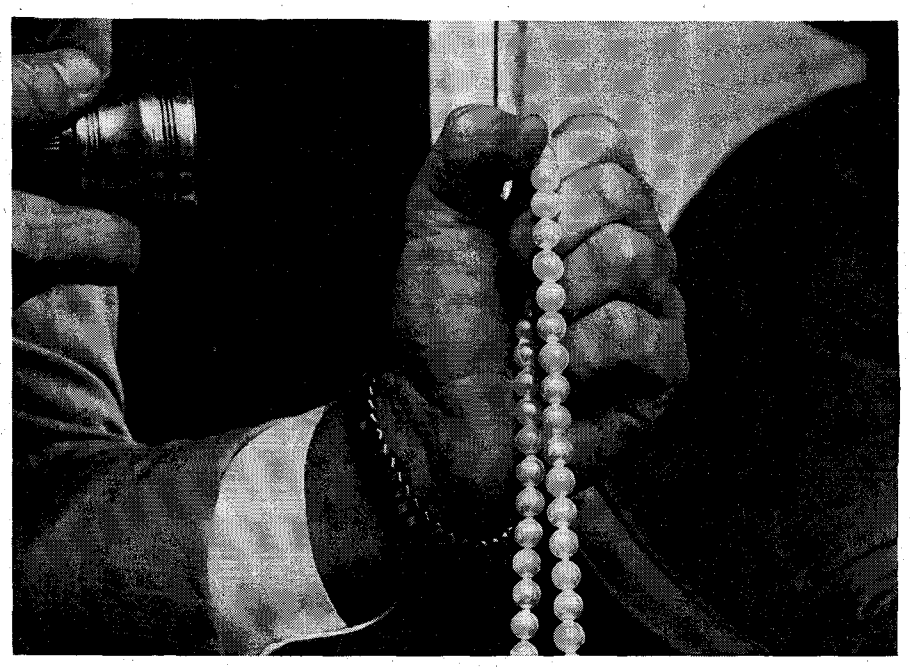

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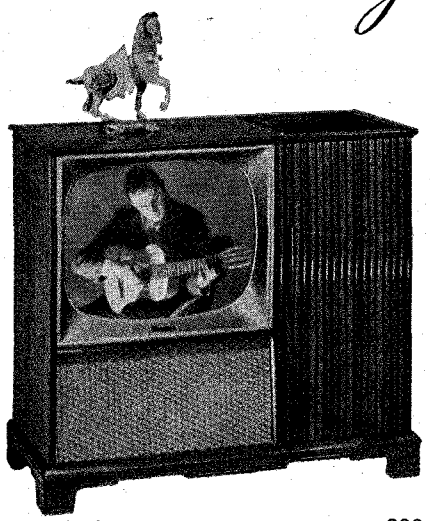

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(*Continued from Page 102*) the way. *I represent progress*, he thought. *They are superstition and prejudice.*

With a friendly wave of the hand, Biak tried to compel the elephant to go down into the rice field, but Ngam refused until Biak kicked him vigorously behind the left ear and applied the goad. Then, groaning and grumbling, the elephant extended its front feet, and slid from the road to the field; but it was plain that he resented the indignity.

As he came level with the car he dipped his trunk into the mucky field water and lifted it deliberately to spew the whole filthy mess over Gerald. With great speed Ngam repeated the performance again and again and again, blowing the field muck over Gerald and the car until the man was unrecognizable and the car was awash.

In his shock and surprise, Gerald was slow getting the car into motion. Biak shouted and struggled with the elephant, but Ngam raced the car for a hundred feet before it gained speed, spraying his enemy until he was out of reach.

Gerald drove home in fury, washing his eyes out with tears of rage and frustration. So this was his answer, this was his reward. He climbed slowly out of the car. Taking a bathing cloth from the line, he shed his foul clothing beside the well-head and washed himself there. Then he climbed the back stairs and went past Ann without speaking. The Chinese boy shouted to the cook for hot water and came running with two teakettles.

Gerald poured the hot water into a basin, and scrubbed himself down in the tinned bathing area. Then he threw dipper after dipper of cool water over himself, dried himself, put on his pajamas, took a sedative and went to bed, refusing food. He slept the clock around.

When morning broke again, he had no time to lick his wounds. An epidemic of influenza had filled his clinic, and for several days he was kept busy with its victims. Then early one afternoon a Chinese driver from the Nong Pet tin mine came to fetch him. A Chinese laborer had been caught by a sudden rockfall while directing a powerful blast of water against a steep hillside, as was customary in that kind of alluvial hydraulic mining. The manager thought that the worker's crushed leg would have to be removed. The Chinese, unlike the country Thai, had no prejudice against surgery.

It was late afternoon before he had removed the leg of his Chinese patient. The mining village was a shabby row of atap-roofed hovels, one of them a teashop where Gerald stopped for a pot of hot Chinese tea before returning home.

He was the only customer. He sat with his back to the street to avoid the glare of the sunlight. The shop was no more than a bamboo shed, open to the street and not very clean. The cook brought the tea and some English biscuits from a tin under the counter, and retired again to the rear of the shop. Gerald was on his second cup of tea with a biscuit in his left hand when the roof seemed to rise above him and a dust storm break over him.

A snakelike object slid swiftly around his neck and deftly nipped the biscuit from his astonished fingers. He turned his head quickly and looked up into Ngam's eye. Even as he looked, Ngam sucked up the rest of the biscuits from the plate, stuffed them hurriedly into his mouth, touching his trunk daintily to his lips. The roof of the shop rested athwart his neck. Only his head was inside.

The shopkeeper came yelling and cursing in Chinese and threw a fistful of biscuits at the elephant, which ducked its head and backed into the street, letting the roof settle into place. The air was adrift with flakes of atap and dust. The tea was unfit to drink.

Gerald got up and went out into the street where Ngam stood alone, head hung low, rubbing one hind foot against the ankle of the other like a sheepish boy caught with his hand in the cooky jar. The street was empty in the heat of the afternoon. Biak was nowhere about.

"You're a bad boy!" Gerald said reprovingly, and the elephant swung his head back and forth as though abashed by the consciousness of his wrongdoing. He was so funny that Gerald, forgetting his anger, bought a box of cookies and fed them to him one by one. The elephant rumbled with pleasure. Gerald admired the shining black of the hide with its underlying gleam of blue. Ngam was a splendid beast, he thought, as Biak appeared on the run.

"Ah, doctor," he said in relief. "You found him. I had thought to ask your help. He has a boil, there on his other shoulder, see?"

The boil was as big as a watermelon and about that shape. It was apparently the result of irritation from the halter chains used in hauling timber.

"It's hot as burning charcoal," Biak said.

Gerald touched the boil gently and felt the fever. Ngam stirred restlessly. "What do you plan to do?" Gerald asked.

"I thought you might have a pill," Biak said hopefully.

"No pill could cure that," Gerald answered. It was then that the idea came to him. Lance it. But what instrument could probe Vesuvius? What sedative quiet behemoth? And who would be so foolhardy as to get within mowing distance of that mighty trunk?

Gerald did not stop to weigh the difficulties or measure the consequences of failure. "Why don't you let me operate?" he asked. "I'll open the boil and drain it, and in a few days Ngam will be as good as ever."

Biak's face was full of disbelief. "You are serious?"

"Bring him to the hospital, and I'll show you. Unless you'd rather see him suffer and perhaps die."

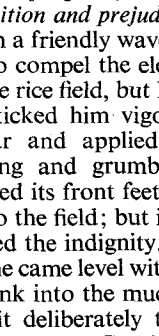
The Siamese looked at him uncertainly, half in eagerness, half in distrust. "I will think about it," he said.

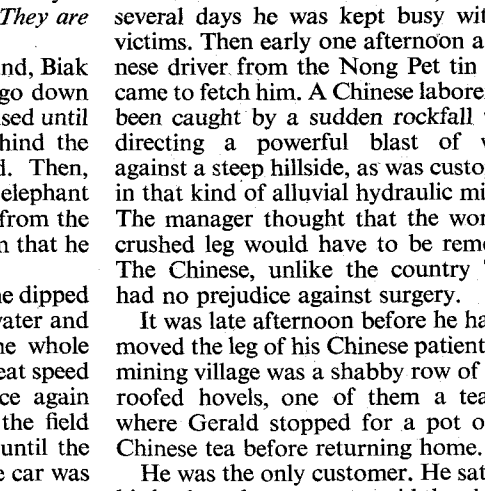
Gerald shrugged and walked toward his car. "But don't bring Ngam unless you bring the village elders too. I won't operate without official witnesses." It had come to him that, if these country elders watched a successful operation of such Gargantuan magnitude they would never forget it. The operation would become a legend to be sung, to be set to music, to be play-acted by the children, to be believed, to be accepted—*if*—if it could be performed, and if it was successful.

Biak did not come that day or the next or the next. It was ten days later when Gerald was awakened at dawn by the jostle of a multitude of voices against his ears. He bounded out of bed and peered out toward the road, and fear gripped him hard. He began to tremble. They had come! He dropped on his knees beside the bed and uttered the shortest and most sincere prayer of his life, "God, help me!"

He quickly dressed and went out to the *mook* barefooted. Ann was already there, a frown of bewilderment on her face. Ngam was standing dejected in the shade of a giant cinnamon tree. In front of him was a tub of water. Biak stood beside him with a palm branch which he dipped into the tub and used to splash water over the animal's feverish hide. The elephant had lost condition greatly during the interval. He was thinner, obviously sick, the shine of health gone from his hide.

It was the crowd that engrossed them, however, flowing out over the compound





The Perfect Squelch

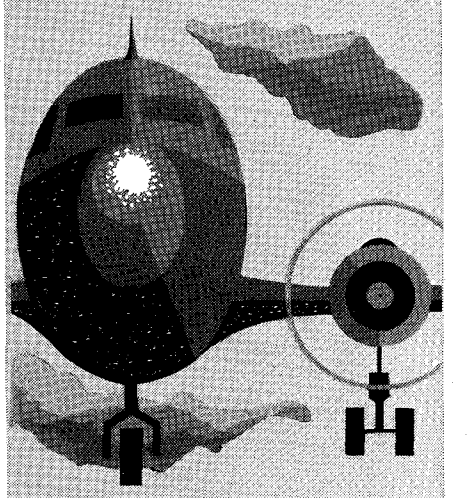
As the proud young mother of an only child, Marguerite felt sure she had brought a genius into the world. She said as much at every opportunity. Her little daughter undoubtedly was bright, and undoubtedly was one of the worst-spoiled brats in an unruly generation. One evening the little darling pitched an exceptional tantrum. A guest whom she had managed to kick was stung into asking, "Where does she get her temper, from you or your husband?"

Haughtily Marguerite replied, "I'll have you know that my child has a personality all her own."

"Oh, I see," the guest said softly. "No one is willing to take the blame."

Charles Tracy

PROVEN



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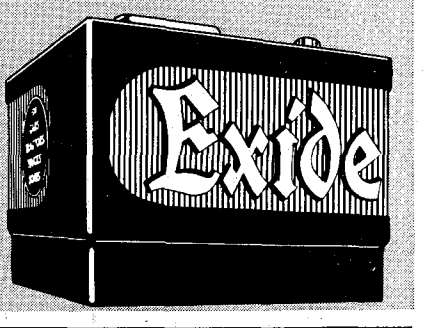

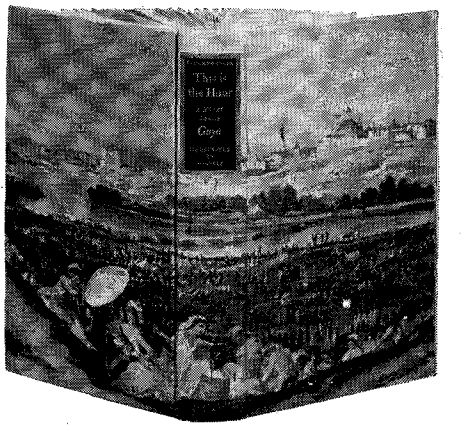

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like a lake. It was an orderly crowd, as Siamese crowds usually were. Their murmurs and cries seemed mannerly. The village elders had brought not only their own families but others from villages miles around, so far as Gerald was able to judge. They had come en masse as for a family event of great importance, like a cremation or the entrance of a son and relative into the priesthood. They had come with children, dogs, mats, cook stoves, fighting cocks. There were cake, drink and fruit sellers setting up shop by the simple expedient of stepping out from under their tote poles and lowering the loaded baskets on either end to the ground.

As Gerald stood on the *mook* high above the heads of the people, the full import of why they had come struck him in the heart. Beneath the festive appearance of the occasion was no casual interest. They had come to see a surgical operation for themselves. A hush fell over the crowd as the doctor went down to his mammoth patient. They drew around him in a large quiet circle and listened as he gave Biak instructions for building a stockade, triangular in shape, large enough to hold the elephant.

Then he went to the cookhouse to order Cooky to prepare pots of boiled water. He got out the nozzle of the new bucket pump he had bought for spraying his fruit trees and sterilized it. He went to his office and took down two Thai spears that had come to him as a gift from an educated Thai judge on whose daughter he had performed a successful appendectomy. He tested the strength of the shafts and found them solid, ground down the points and finally gave them a careful honing until they were razor-sharp. It was a long and careful process. Ann made him stop for lunch, but he could hardly swallow food.

About three, the Chinese coolie came to tell him that Biak and the men had completed their preparations, and he went to inspect them. Ngam stood in chains in a stockade, the apex of which consisted of an enormous palm tree. On each side were three massive posts with heavy crossbars lashed into place by rattans. The rear of the triangle was also heavily barred. Ngam's front feet were hobbled and lashed to the tree by a chain. Each back foot was similarly fastened to a heavy post. The elephant could move only a few inches in any direction.

A platform five feet high had been built of bamboo. It commanded the elephant's left shoulder where the boil rose angrily to view. Ngam's head rested wearily against the bole on the far side of the tree. Gerald climbed the short ladder to the platform, and the Chinese coolie handed him the spray gun, the spears, a broom and two buckets filled with a mixture of carbolic acid and boiled water. He was ready.

The crowd drew in close, silent except for the occasional cry of a baby or complaint of a child. Gerald stood alone with his patient as though on a stage. He knew the Thai love of drama and did not hurry. He spent long, careful minutes examining the boil. He dipped the broom in the disinfectant and brushed Ngam's hide over the swollen area several times, waiting between times, feeling the tension mounting in the crowd. He lifted the spear shoulder high and twirled it over his head to get the feel of its balance.

A murmur of interest went through the crowd as they saw what he held in his hand, their traditional weapon of war. It was the same kind of spear depicted on the walls of Angkor Wat eight hundred years before, where Thai warriors strode at the head of the shock troops of the Cambodian emperor, clad in kilts, brawny fellows, holding their spears aloft much as Gerald was now holding his. Instantly for the people assembled there the spear took on personality. It was an understandable instrument to use in attacking the evil spirits bedded under Ngam's hide, and many of the people responded at once by saluting the weapon with palms together uplifted in salaam.

The time had come. Gerald took a deep breath. Carefully he selected the heart of his target and drove the spear through the tough hide into the festering mass beneath. A geyser of filth, yellow and stinking, spouted across his body, chest-high, but luckily missed his face.

"A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah," the crowd sighed, and there was a shrill squeal of agony that blasted the air as Ngam lunged against the palm tree. If he had had only that one tree to conquer, he could have pushed it over, but his back feet were tightly chained also. Even so, the tree yielded and then sprang back, but not until Ngam had slipped his head to its near side. His trunk wrapped around the bole of the tree like a boa constrictor and he heaved to uproot it and free himself.

He can get at me now, Gerald thought, but almost dispassionately, and returned quickly to the task of enlarging the hole for better drainage. He used the second spear to ram a second slit at the right of the first. A blast of hot air hit his legs, and the tip of Ngam's trunk found his knee. It rested heavily there as though warning him to take care. Ngam's head was turned, and his eye was fixed on Gerald. The veins of the eye stood out like red silk cords.

"It's going to be all right, old boy," Gerald said, while Biak chanted soothing lullabies old in elephant lore.

And Ngam seemed to understand that he was being helped, and remained quiescent as Gerald quickly cut through the four or five inches of hide between the two incisions and then climbed down from the platform to wait ten minutes or so to let the wound drain as much as it would. After that he inserted the spray nozzle into the cut and ordered the coolie to begin pumping. The result was astonishing and dramatic. With every stroke, a gush of the congested matter rolled out and down Ngam's side.

"There's nothing more to do," he told Biak and the crowd when this was finished. "Feed Ngam if he wants to eat, give him plenty to drink, and later I'll flush out the cavity again. I'm going to get a bath."

The villagers took over the compound. Before dark they had set up a bamboo hut for a shadow show. It amounted to no more than a platform ten feet square on high posts, with an atap roof and sides, a sheet of white cloth across the front, and the back open where the orchestra would sit. The players used leather cut-out figures of Rama, Sita and other mythical characters to depict the story they chanted. A lantern provided the light to throw shadows of the figures onto the screen. The show began at ten and continued until dawn. Gerald, who couldn't sleep, joined the audience at midnight, squatting on a mat, eating fruit with them, and later bowls of hot congee, followed by tea.

The people remained throughout the next day to watch Gerald care for Ngam's shoulder. There was continuing drainage, but by evening the fever had decreased, and the elephant was eating. Still the villagers stayed, some coming and some going. They stayed that night and the next day and the next night. There was a stronger beat to the drum as it beat out the invitation to the play on that third evening: "Boom——Boom——Boom—Boom—Boom—Boom—Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom."

The crowd was larger than on any previous night. The girls were more gaily dressed. The men's voices were louder.

The show began as usual, but a new scene had been written into the ancient script. It was the sort of improvisation around a new theme that Thai poets, like minstrels of other countries in bygone days, wove into their classic tales, never missing a beat or a rhyme. Ngam became a god, a sick god needing a miracle to enable him to use his great strength in the war to rescue the lovely heroine Sita. Gerald became a rishi, a jungle mystic of local fame, who had traveled afar to study the eternal mysteries and come back with knowledge imparted to him in one of the higher heavens.

He had worked the necessary miracle before their eyes, bringing the four elements of the body into balance again, draining off the excess water element by use of his magic spear, gift of the great god Siva, while cooling off the fire element. And so Ngam, the god, brother of the heavenly elephant Airavata on whom mighty Indra rode, was enabled to go in strength and help in the rescue of the beautiful Sita from the wicked prince who held her prisoner. And Gerald, the rishi, great and good, was rewarded by being made himself godlike, endued with the power to work similar miracles on other needy gods, even on people whom the gods loved, the villagers themselves.

"The name of the miracle? A-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah?" they sang.

"*Pa-dat*" (surgery). A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah. Yes, *Pa-dat!*" they replied antiphonally. They sang this as a chorus again and again with endless verses, like a Gilbert and Sullivan theme. They sang it as though *Pa-dat* were something to handle, to see, to touch, to worship, as though *Pa-dat* were the name of a god, the personification of medicine, a familiar object in every village.

Ann and Gerald went into the house and leaned silently on each other for a long, long time listening to the rise and fall of the chanting epic that seemed to have neither beginning nor end.

In the morning the Thai were gone.

Two days later Gerald had his first surgical patient from the villages, a Thai woman with a tumor as large as a soccer ball. The next week he had an appendectomy. The day he performed a Caesarean section and saved both mother and child he knew that the barriers were down. By the time the cool season ended and the hot season began, bringing the end of the year of the monkey and the beginning of the year of the cock, he was so busy it seemed impossible that he had once longed for more patients.

Down the road at the monastery, the New Year's festivities began. The traditional celebration included the pouring of water over friends as a token of blessing, a kind of sympathetic magic. The act of water pouring was supposed to stimulate the glands of heaven to release their life-giving rains so that the planting might begin once more. The fun-loving Thai were like children dashing one another with water.

Part of the ceremony in Ban Malai involved a parade of elephants dressed in festoons and collars of flowers and silver and gold cloth. They came down the street from temple to temple, and, while the villagers used tree branches to dip water from their pails and spatter the human objects of their veneration, the elephants knelt and lifted their trunks in salaam to the temple buildings. Ann and Gerald stood on the *mook* to watch the ceremony.

The lead elephant was Ngam. Without hesitation he turned in at the familiar gate and came to stand before the *mook*. The whole parade followed him in. Ann and Gerald stood at the rail on a level with his eye.

"Cooky," Ann called, "bring some biscuits, please." But Ngam had other things on his mind.

A young man set a pail of water beside him, and with a swish Ngam sucked up its contents, tossed his trunk high, brought it down again, and delicately blew a gentle mist of symbolic blessing over Ann and Gerald, then knelt, raising his trunk in salute as he had been doing at the temples along the way.

A murmur of approval and some laughter ran through the crowd. Then the other elephants sank ponderously to their knees and raised their trunks in salute also, and the crowd followed their example, men, women and children, kneeling on the ground, pressing their palms together and raising them to the position of salaam with a graceful bend of the head. THE END

"Wilbur has very little to offer a girl, but I'll take it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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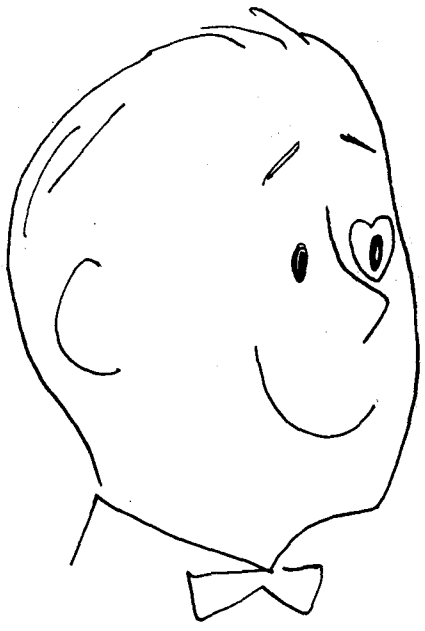
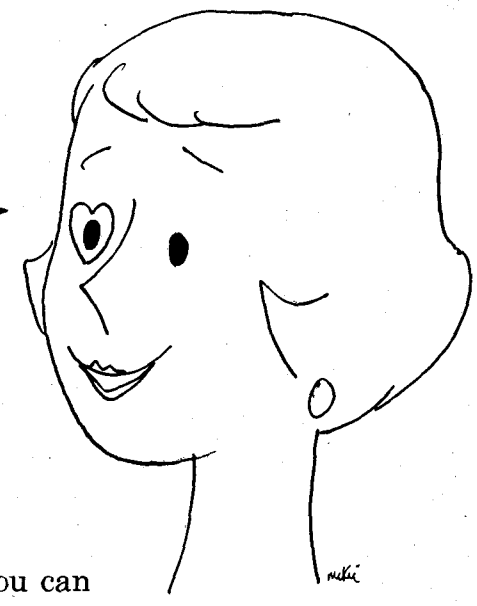
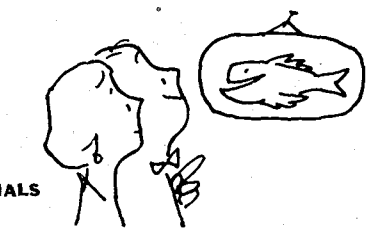
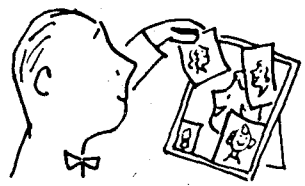
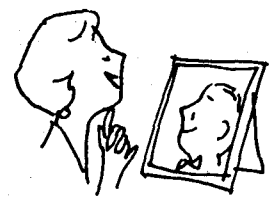
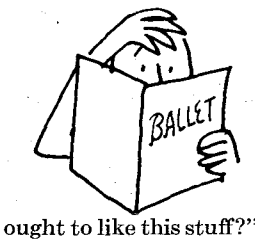
A man's guide to women: **No. 14**



How to tell the sexes by the way they fall in love



Men and women are different. Different in every way you can imagine. They are not only different in the way they look, but also in their way of thinking, talking, behaving. Take falling in love, for example. Have you ever noticed that men and women behave quite differently when pricked by Cupid's dart?

	Male Behavior	*Female Behavior*	*Male Behavior*	*Female Behavior*
EXCHANGE OF GLANCES	"Did you notice the way she looked at me?"	"Who, him? I hardly noticed him."	 "It took me a good hour to land him."	"It's just something I whipped up in a few minutes."
EXCHANGE OF SNAPSHOTS	 "You should see her in a bathing suit!"	 "Doesn't he have the most divine ear lobes?"	 "You mean I ought to like this stuff?"	"Oh, but I *do* like fishing!"
EXCHANGE OF LETTERS	Dear Anne: I am fine. How are you...?	It's beautiful here tonight... the stars...	**EXCHANGE OF VOWS** "I do."	"I do."

Just as men and women have different attitudes toward falling in love, they also have different attitudes toward what they read. Because the Journal is edited for *her* and her alone, more women have fallen in love with the Journal than any other magazine on earth.

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Johnny Can Read in Joplin

(Continued from Page 27)

Take the case of a nine-year-old who used to hate the sight of a book. About the only time he'd open the pages of one outside class was to hide a bad report card. A semester ago he was exposed to Joplin's reading program and caught the fever. In a few weeks, he began to open his reader whether he was told to or not. And one day last spring he reported for baseball, carrying a book, his finger carefully marking the place. When the athletic instructor asked him why he'd brought the book out, he remarked, "It was a good story. I didn't want to leave it in class because somebody might pick it up."

All this sounds a little incredible. Yet the facts back it up. In Joplin, I found, not only can Johnny read but it's hard to stop him. Furthermore, since skill in reading is usually the basis for doing well in other subjects, Joplin's students have improved in all their studies.

Let's suppose you suddenly wander into a Joplin reading class. Here's what you're likely to see: Forty-five eager youngsters lapping up the queen's English as if it were a chocolate sundae. All are sitting erect, all interested in whoever is speaking or reading at the moment, whether it's student or teacher. All have not only their textbook but a large dictionary on the desk as well, ready to dispute anyone at the drop of a syllable about the precise meaning of the word "homonym" or whether a pilgrimage must be a religious journey.

After you have taken in this unaccustomed gusto, the next thing you'll notice is the wide discrepancy of ages. Over there sits a young girl of nine years, next to a strapping boy of thirteen. Close by is a youngster from the sixth grade sitting alongside a fellow who happens to be in the fourth grade. And they're all getting on very well because the desire to be literate seems to have infected everyone in the room.

For parents elsewhere, long plagued by nightmares involving illiterate offspring, the Missouri community represents a kind of classroom miracle. And, for a onetime schoolteacher like myself, it's easy to imagine that when good teachers die, they go not to heaven, but to Joplin.

What, then, is the secret of Joplin's success? In brief, it's a reading program that abolishes marks and frankly recognizes that some students are brighter than others at reading. At first glance, the system might appear undemocratic, but on closer observation it obviously gives a break to all the students, the bright as well as the not-so-bright. It also demonstrates that not all the retarded pupils are the slow learners; poor reading habits can hold back smart students too.

Roughly, this is the way the plan works. When the hour rolls around for reading, the class—let's say it's the fourth grade—forgets it's the fourth grade for an hour. Its students break up into groups that go to reading classes on anything from the second- to the ninth-grade level. There they work with other students who are at their own stage of development. They advance just as rapidly as they can. Nobody is frustrated by being behind the rest of the class, and nobody is bored by being ahead. Everybody's a success.

After the class is over, the students return to their fourth-grade home room for a twenty-five-minute period of "recreatory reading." At this time, the pupils are free to read anything they like, and a variety of books and magazines is kept on hand for this purpose. The only stipulation is that they enjoy what they're reading.

Teachers have various ways of acknowledging each book voluntarily read. Some award students gold stars, others red keys or blue arrows. No written book reports are required, because it is felt that this would take the fun out of reading. An oral report is given the teacher. And when a specified minimum of books is read for the year—it varies according to the grade—the state awards a certificate. This year, for example, twice as many reading certificates were awarded as were given out five years ago, before the reading program started.

Although it may seem curious to some, Joplin's educators largely ignore the first three grades as far as the "program" is concerned. They concentrate their teaching artillery on grades four, five and six. These represent children ranging in age from nine to twelve. In the opinion of the school board, this is the critical time as far as reading is concerned.

When children enter school in the first grade, they are more or less at the same level. By the end of the first three years, wide differences have developed. This may be due to any number of factors—intelligence, illness, personality, emotional problems or frequent moves on the part of parents. In any event, by the fourth grade, children read on a wide variety of levels.

For the next three years, their real skills at reading are made or broken. Because of present swollen classrooms, it's impossible in most schools to give the kind of individual instruction which will produce the best reading ability. Consequently, when the three years are over and the youngster is ready to enter junior high school, his reading is often inadequate, a situation which handicaps his whole educational career, if not his life.

Joplin decided to do something about those three crucial years. Not that the town's reading achievements had been distressingly low. As a matter of fact, they were about on a par with the public schools of the rest of the nation. But like many other places, there were all too many Johnnies going out into the world who couldn't read and speak properly, too many youngsters slipping through high school and even getting to college without the basic skills. In short, there was room for improvement.

Accordingly, Joplin determined to teach kids to read and like it. And in 1953, it started a system which has come to be known in educational circles as the Joplin Plan. There are other variations on the system, some worked out quite independently of Joplin, but in the opinion of Dr. A. Sterl Artley, the University of Missouri's outstanding authority on education, "Joplin's is the most successful of all the reading programs, because it seems to make every child a success. And when a child is happy, he progresses faster."

Although Joplin's plan itself is less than five years old, the story really goes back to 1944, when the town appointed a new superintendent of schools, thirty-nine-year-old Roi S. Wood. Once the youngest superintendent in the nation when he was made head of the Wright City, Missouri, schools at the age of twenty, Wood, despite his youth, had some old-fashioned ideas. He felt that the three R's were being neglected. He was unhappy at the way the fundamentals, the so-called "hard courses," were being watered down in schools or dropped altogether in favor of frill courses—or, as some people euphemistically called them, "useful" courses.

He believed firmly that a basic grounding in the mother tongue—reading, writing and spelling—was essential, as well as mathematics and the sciences. He also believed that there was no reason why everything should be geared to the lowest common denominator. Furthermore, he wanted to do something for the forgotten child—the above-average child—as well as the below-average one.

With the English language as the foundation of the educational structure he hoped to build in Joplin, Roi Wood decided to look for an architect. He found one in Cecil Floyd, a brilliant elementary-school principal in the Joplin system. Wood encouraged him to go to the university, take special courses and make a study of reading—the primary tool of learning—in particular. Before long, he made Floyd director of elementary-school education, and later, assistant superintendent of schools.

Floyd, a grass-roots teacher who had taught in a one-room schoolhouse in Southwestern Missouri, knew the value of individuality in instruction. But with a population burgeoning after the war, classes were shooting up to forty or forty-five pupils. There were not sufficient funds or teachers to provide the kind of personal attention that small classes would mean. A system had to be devised which would not cost more, but would get away from assembly-line results.

He made some tests. A study of one fifth-grade class, for example, revealed that only one child was actually reading at that grade level. The other children were capable of reading anywhere from the second to the eighth grades. The teacher, however, faced with forty-two students, obviously couldn't divide the class up into seven sections and teach that number of levels in one hour's time. And so she taught at the fourth-grade level, which would suit the biggest number of pupils, and tried to give a little attention to those above and below. The results were not very good. What to do?

Grades, Floyd decided, were merely an administrative device for grouping children. And he strongly suspected that the children were being sacrificed to administrative bookkeeping. Since the greatest variety of reading skills occurred in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades, why not group the children into their proper reading levels and let them learn at the speed which was proper for them? In this way, a teacher would be handling a group of students who were all on the same level or, at the most, two levels.

The beauty of the idea was that it required no new teachers and cost no more money—except, of course, for new books. Floyd was adamant that a pupil going back to a lower grade level for reading should not be faced with the same material he had found so distasteful a few years before.

With the backing of Superintendent Wood, Floyd launched his plan timidly in one elementary school during the first semester of 1953. Students were carefully screened in a series of tests to determine their reading achievement. Even more important, parents were called together and told exactly what was about to happen. "I wanted the parents with me," said Floyd, "and I felt they would go along if they believed their children were going to get something better than they'd had before."

The school, incidentally, did not tell pupils the grade level at which they would be reading. They were merely told that they would be assigned to reading rooms where they could make the most progress. This was actually the way Floyd viewed it. He was not so concerned in his experiment with grade levels as he was with the youngster's being put with a group that was reading the kind of stuff at the speed which was right for him.

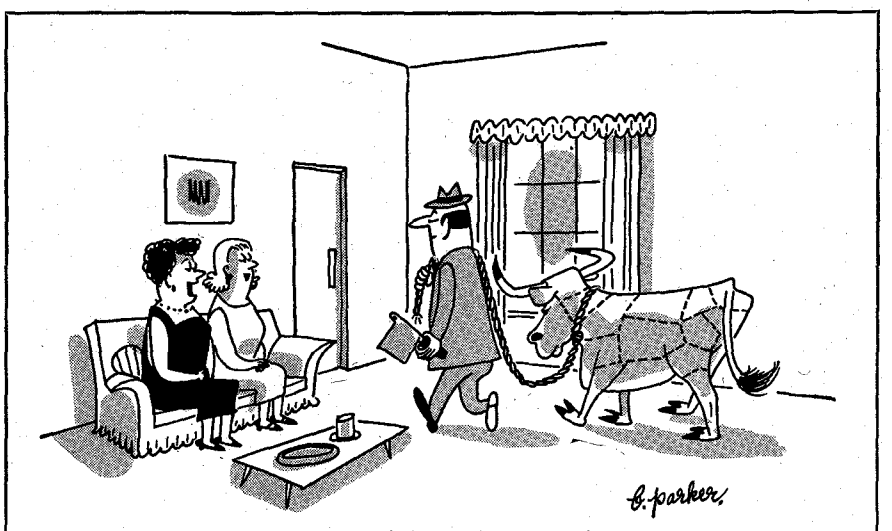
With his program launched, Floyd sat back and worried. He knew his plan would work in theory, but there's a big difference between theory and practice. What if he got hundreds of complaints from parents and teachers? After all, he was demoting a good many favorite sons and daughters for one hour a day.

Floyd didn't have actual proof that his plan would succeed until the semester was over, four months later, but there were a few road signs along the way.

One day several weeks after the program started, Floyd met a fifth-grade boy who, he knew, had just about given up reading. He was thirteen and big for his age. Floyd remembered him because he knew the other children snickered every time he was called upon to read. Consequently, he'd become completely withdrawn and disinterested. When it came time for him to join the reading program, he was put on a second-grade level. Two days after classes started, his teacher reported that his hand was up, ready to answer questions. Working with youngsters of similar ability, he found that the material suddenly interested him. And on the day Floyd met him, he looked like a new student—bright, outgoing and eager. He said he'd just finished the best book he'd ever read. "Why?" asked Floyd.

"Because I can read it," shot back the youngster.

On the other end of the scale was a fourth-grade girl who had been goldbricking through the first three grades. When she was tested, she was found ready for the sixth-grade reading level. She was put there, and went home immediately to complain to her mother. The work, she said, was far too hard for her. The mother called Floyd and asked him to explain the situation. (*Continued on Page 110*)



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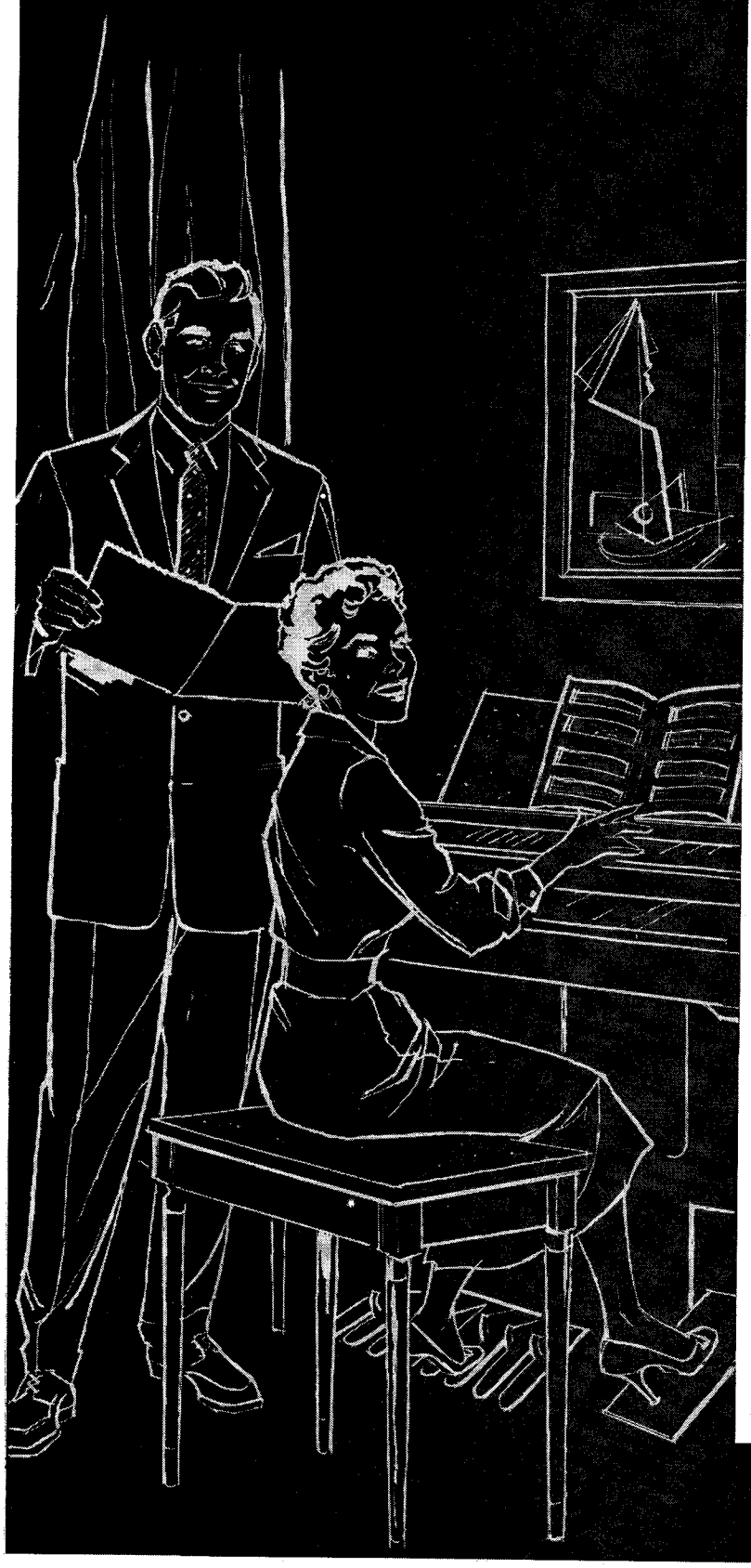
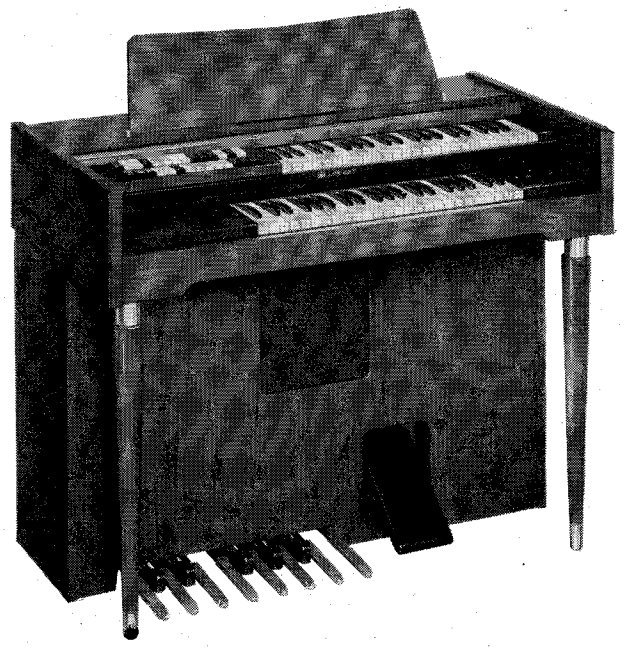


LOWREY Holiday organ



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(*Continued from Page 108*) When he had done so, the mother decided to go along with the school. Within a few days, the daughter was caught up in the excitement of the material and decided she liked the class after all.

Teacher reaction also was favorable. They all reported a new enthusiasm in their groups which in turn made them enthusiastic. And much to Floyd's surprise, there was no squawk from the parents at all.

"We had been told and retold that it was impossible to take a fifth-grade pupil and put him in a second-grade reading class," he said, "and yet we never found a single instance of revolt. You can't fool parents about how much a child knows, and you certainly can't fool children. When an older child is asked to read and can't, he gets laughed at. He never forgets it. This sort of humiliation has stopped happening in Joplin."

Although pupil, teacher and parent reaction pointed to a success, Floyd didn't have the statistical proof until the end of the semester, when the children were carefully tested again. Results showed that, on the whole, the students' reading had progressed about twice as fast as usual. They had done a whole year's work in one semester. Furthermore, their report cards showed that their other subjects had improved too.

Individual cases were more dramatic. One girl had gone from the middle of the second grade to the fifth, and one boy had shot up from the sixth to the ninth grade.

Cautiously, Floyd tried it in another school. The results were as good there, if not better. Soon, the system had spread to twelve other schools, and Joplin's neighbors began to take notice. Missouri, which is a "show me" state and doesn't take to every glittering idea that comes rolling down the pike, began to be impressed with the results. The capital, Jefferson City, sent its director of elementary education, Don Jones, to look the program over and decided to adopt it. Lebanon did the same, as did Fayetteville and Fort Smith, Arkansas. In the last several years, representatives of a dozen states, as well as Canada, have come to look over the Joplin Plan, and many have adopted all or part of it. For example, Wayne White, head of Fayetteville's schools, feels there's a new emotional climate in his classrooms since the program was adopted, and he feels it is especially good for gifted children.

Despite these testimonials, Cecil Floyd didn't have the ultimate answer he was looking for until last spring, when Joplin's 500 top students, who had been exposed to the reading plan for three years, graduated into junior high school. Although they were ready to begin the seventh grade, tests revealed that their average reading level was on approximately a ninth-grade level. In other words, a good two years ahead. Previous tests, made in 1950, showed that the top 500 students at that time averaged only slightly above the beginning-seventh-grade level.

Under the circumstances, Floyd is understandably proud of the literacy of Joplin's school children as well as their general knowledge, a knowledge he feels has been considerably enhanced by their reading skill. He was stung to the quick not long ago when some members of the local Lions club protested that kids "weren't as well educated today as they used to be."

Floyd offered to prove the men were wrong. Accordingly, a luncheon was set up during which a contest was to take place between some sixth-graders and a group of Lions. The subjects to be tested were spelling, arithmetic and current events.

The day arrived, the lunch was eaten, and the contestants squared off for battle. It didn't take long. And when it was over, it appeared that the lion not only had got his tail twisted but had almost lost it altogether.

In arithmetic, for example, the youngsters had eight answers right, the men three. In spelling, the former had missed four words, the latter fourteen. But in current events—the field in which Floyd himself believed the grownups would triumph—it was complete disaster: the children scored twenty-four correct answers; the adults only eight.

"I guess we'd better not say kids aren't learning anything nowadays," admitted one of the Lions who had originally flung down the gauntlet.

To a casual stranger visiting Joplin's reading classes, the unusual atmosphere is immediately noticeable. When I was in Joplin, it was the tail end of the spring semester, a hot week which had all the sting of full summer. I expected to find students slumped over their desks, staring out the window or dreaming about swimming. I was in for a surprise.

The first class I wandered into was a seventh-grade reading group studying an article on Louis Pasteur and his microbes. The teacher, Mrs. Helen Belford, asked a question and—whammo!—thirty hands were fluttering like pennants in a breeze. Not a student had his eye wandering. Mrs. Belford might have been Sarah Bernhardt herself.

I went into another class—one studying a story about Thomas Jefferson—and the children there, too, were waving like semaphores. During an hour, I wandered from room to room by myself. The reaction was much the same everywhere. The last class I visited was reading on a second-grade level, and there I saw a youngster with his head down on his desk. *At last*, I said to myself, *a laggard!* Ultimately I made inquiries of his teacher, Mrs. Eva Croddy. She said he had not been feeling well that day, and she'd told him to rest. The next day I went back to look and, sure enough, she was right. He was as eager a participant as the rest of them.

Children, of course, don't just read books and answer questions in Joplin's classes. All phases of reading—comprehension, pronunciation, spelling, phonetics, syllabication—are studied. Particular attention is given to reading aloud. One day I visited a class on the seventh-grade reading level where Howard Harned, a bright-eyed sixth-grade youngster of eleven, was fluently reading the others a short story by H. H. Munro. I thought him quite good until I read the comments Miss Eunice White, his teacher, had written on her card: "Reads with fair amount of fluency. Needs more training in voice projection and accurate pronunciation. Needs further work in grasping relationship between facts. More definite word study needed to insure accurate pronunciation and meaning." Obviously Howard was not going to end up just an average, or slightly better than average, schoolroom product. When Miss White finished with him, he was going to be all that he was capable of becoming, the true test of education in a democracy.

Since conventional report cards with marks are not used in Joplin's reading classes, detailed progress reports are sent to the parents instead. These discuss word skills, oral reading, silent reading, comprehension, and so on. This means more work for the teacher, but as one of them said, "You don't mind working harder when you can see that the effort is worth while."

I met no teachers disgruntled with their profession in Joplin, and I could see why. It was not unusual, for example, when the bell sounded to signal the end of a class, for the students to send up a general sigh. They didn't want to leave. And many didn't; they hung around, if their schedule permitted it, to discuss the book they had just been studying. Few teachers can resist this sort of enthusiasm.

On the parent front, I found none who did not endorse the system. Mrs. Mayo McBride, for example, whose daughter, Betty, is in the fifth reading grade, was impressed by the improvement in her child's vocabulary. "When Betty says that a word is spelled a certain way, I've learned not to dispute her," she told me. "You know, they all study with a big dictionary on their desk, and they stop to look up any word they don't know the meaning or the spelling of."

Betty, incidentally, represented one of those cases where critics of the program predicted a breakdown. When she was tested for the proper level of reading, she was put in the fifth grade. This also happened to be the grade in which her next-door neighbor was put. The only trouble was that her neighbor was two years older and a full two school grades ahead. It was felt at the time that the older girl might object.

On the first day of school, the neighbor's child was momentarily taken aback to find her young playmate in the same reading class with her. It wasn't long, however, before they both got so interested in the subject matter that they forgot all about it. In fact, the shared classroom experiences made them closer friends, and their parents were delighted with the progress they made.

Mrs. Hal Harwood, on the other hand, had a different problem with John, aged ten. He had been handicapped by illness and by his family's having moved around a good deal. He hated the schools he'd been to. He was so loath to be educated that one day in California, he hung onto the school-bus door, refusing to let go so that he could be led into the building.

When the Harwoods moved to Joplin, Johnny was put into the third grade, although his reading ability was really on a first-grade level. He was not much happier than he'd been in California. He complained that everyone read faster than he did, and he was embarrassed. Consequently he read less and less.

By the time he'd reached the fourth grade, however, Johnny entered the reading program and was assigned to a second-grade level. In the words of Mrs. Harwood, an ex-teacher herself, "The change was dramatic. He actually started picking up newspapers on his own and reading bits to us." Best of all, it changed his attitude about school. One day not long ago Johnny got sick. The first question he asked his mother was, "I don't have to miss school, do I?" Mrs. Harwood could scarcely believe what she had heard.

All of this, of course, is vastly gratifying to Cecil Floyd, a slender, dedicated, quiet man in his forties who looks not unlike a bookish version of actor Tom Ewell. His experiment has worked. As assistant superintendent of schools and director of a reading program that has spawned so many offspring in other states and communities, he still is paid only $8500 a year, but—well, money isn't everything.

One day not so long ago, for example, he had occasion to appear on an educational program at the local radio station. One of the participants was a young sixth-grader, Skippy Granger, who was reading on an eighth-grade level. Skippy had been excused from classes for the morning, and everybody felt he would be honored by his selection. Skippy was honored, but he was also impatient. At least a half dozen times he asked the radio announcer when they were returning to school. Finally, the announcer asked him why. "I don't want to miss reading class," declared Skippy.

This remark, overheard by Floyd, was the assistant superintendent's real reward, just as similar things provide the incentive for thousands of other underpaid heroes of the country's schoolrooms. And whenever any of Joplin's 8000 school children do anything outstanding anywhere, Cecil Floyd is as proud as a papa. For, though married, he is without children of his own. "My children," he said, "are everybody's children!" THE END

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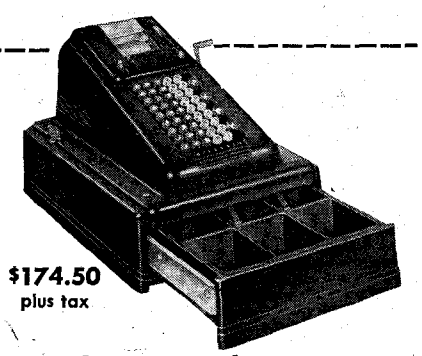

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Keeping Posted

Lively Lennie

Columnist Leonard Lyons in Moscow railroad station.

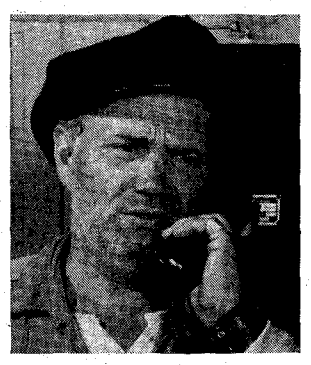
When columnist Leonard Lyons, of the New York Post and 85 other papers, was asked what he had been doing lately, he said nothing much besides working from 1 P.M. to 5 A.M, Then he recalled that he *had* been abroad three times recently, once flying around the world in 21 columns. He also flew to Libya and Ceylon to visit movie locations, and he went to Paris and answered a challenge from Ernest Hemingway to a nose-measuring contest—Lyons' nose won, 3″ to 2⅛″. By flying across the International Date Line he celebrated St. Patrick's Day twice, in Tokyo and Honolulu; "and I had suits tailored for me in Hong Kong and Rome to replace those discarded after I lost 18 pounds getting 18,000 words out of Russia uncensored."

In spare time Lyons tucked in such odds and ends as these: lectured at Syracuse and Columbia universities; played baseball with Toots Shor's Crumbums against the 21 Club Gentlemen in Yankee Stadium; attended the Metropolitan Opera debut of one of his four sons in the boys' choir in Carmen; was admitted to practice law before the U. S. Supreme Court, his sponsors being Solicitor General Simon Sobeloff and Adlai Stevenson; got a suntan swimming in Beverly Hills, Waikiki, New Jersey and the Indian Ocean; and dashed off the interesting opus on page 36.

First in the Post, Then on Television

If you need proof that the files of the Post are proving a gold mine of great fiction characters, consider what Television has in prospect for this season. Already showing are two series, Phil Wylie's Crunch and Des stories, presenting Forrest Tucker as Crunch; and Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason, with Raymond Burr as the famed mystery solver. And in preparation are Bill Upson's Alexander Botts, with Don Adams selling the tractors; Burnham Carter's fascinating Tio Martinez (Ricardo Montalban); and Norman Reilly Raine's immortal Tugboat Annie (Minerva Urecal). Late news: Abe Burrows is script-writing You Know Me, Al, Ring Lardner's great Post tales (1914 to 1933).

"Tugboat" Urecal and her colleagues, including Walter Sande as Bullwinkle, have been turning out films at the rate of one a week, doing the shooting not on Puget Sound, but for technical reasons on Lake Ontario, at Toronto. The producers: Normandie Productions, Inc., of Canada, a subsidiary of Hollywood's Edward Small Productions; the directors: Leslie Goodwins and Hal Yates. Do you remember the wonderful movie version of Tugboat Annie with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery? Author Raine happily expects Miss Urecal and Sande to repeat that triumph.



Walter Sande as Bullwinkle.

Miss Urecal as Tugboat Annie.

Tales of the Authors

Kenneth and Margaret Landon.

Kenneth Landon explains that from 1927 to 1937 he and his wife, **Margaret,** were missionaries in Siam; he ran churches and she ran a girls' school. Later, in war-clouded 1941, Landon helped organize Siamese underground operations for the Office of Strategic Services; then he served in State Department roles; and now he's with the Operations Coordinating Board. This author of Siam in Transition and other books and articles has his first fiction published on page 31. But his wife is a veteran at fiction. She wrote the immortal Anna and the King of Siam—its latest version is the movie musical, The King and I.

Mrs. Lowell Wall, of New York City, recently visited **Mrs. Aristides Mayorga** in Hollywood; they were old school friends who hadn't met in 34 years. One day, as they awaited a bus on a street corner, Mrs. Wall for some abstruse reason decided to sing their 1923 class song. While she made the welkin ring, Mrs. Mayorga was smitten by the idea she develops on page 22. Thank you, Mrs. Wall.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Kids Say the Darndest Things!"

Art Linkletter has been stunned by the uninhibited remarks of youngsters on his TV program. Example: "I've got a secret," said one lad. "Dad and mother's getting married next Tuesday."

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